THE

European Magazine,

For NOVEMBER, 1810.

[Embellished with, 1, a Portrait of her late Royal Highness the PRINCESS AMELIA: and, 2, a View of BLACK-GANG CHINE, ISLE of WIGHT.]

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At the BIBLE, CROWN, and CONSTITUTION,

No. 32, CORNHILL.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

Mr. Asperne wishes to refer to the advertisement upon the Wrapper respecting the circular letter that has been sent to him, and the liberty that has been taken to print his name to the work referred to without his consent or approbation.

Literary Gleanings, No. II. is received, and shall be attended to.

The conclusion of the review of Stewart's *Philosophical Essays*, though prepared for the press, is unavoidably obliged to be deferred till our next.

The poetical favours of *C. T. S.* in our next.

We did not receive the address upon the Jubilee till it was too late to insert it this month.——The same observation will apply to the poem of *Britannicus*.

The favours of *B. T.* and other Correspondents have been received, and are under consideration.

The note of *R. E.* is an *advertisement*, which we wish we could *satisfactorily* answer.

Observator's note is curious; but he will see the subject *amply* discussed in this Magazine.

We had prepared a review of Mr. Burdon's able Pamphlet on the Privileges of the House of Commons; but, on reconsideration, are of opinion, that as the matter is so soon to come before the highest Law Court, it may be more decorous to avoid any thing that might appear like prejudgment of the case.

Erratum in page 23 of this Volume, col. 2, for *Cows from Corn*, read *Crows from Corn*.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN from November 10 to November 17, 1810.

MARITIME COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
Essex	96	8	49	0	44	0	32	6	50	9
Kent	96	9	58	0	42	3	32	0	46	9
Sussex	105	6	00	0	00	0	32	0	00	0
Suffolk	91	9	00	0	42	2	31	11	43	6
Cambridge	86	7	39	0	39	6	21	5	49	4
Norfolk	88	2	42	0	38	6	30	0	41	1
Lincoln	88	9	42	10	41	8	23	1	51	6
York	85	4	56	0	41	2	24	9	56	3
Durham	83	4	00	0	46	0	26	2	00	0
Northumb.	77	5	60	0	38	3	27	8	00	0
Cumberlan.	89	7	54	2	46	3	29	1	00	0
Westmorl.	95	9	54	10	44	9	29	5	00	0
Lancaster	95	8	00	0	51	4	30	8	62	8
Chester	94	9	00	0	50	10	34	3	00	0
Gloucester	122	9	00	0	46	10	00	0	54	9
Somerset	115	4	00	0	46	9	24	0	61	0
Monmouth	122	9	00	0	50	6	00	0	00	0
Devon	110	7	00	0	46	5	27	10	00	0
Cornwall	96	5	00	0	45	1	26	2	90	0
Dorset	112	10	00	0	45	2	00	0	00	0
Hants	107	3	00	0	47	7	32	6	57	0

INLAND COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
Middlesex	99	5	40	10	42	0	32	10	55	6
Surrey	105	8	50	0	47	0	34	2	52	0
Hertford	90	4	53	0	45	0	31	0	50	6
Bedford	91	2	49	6	43	6	30	6	56	0
Huntingd.	88	4	00	0	43	5	26	4	44	2
Northampt.	94	9	52	0	43	1	23	0	48	0
Rutland	89	6	00	0	45	9	25	6	47	0
Leicester	90	8	49	3	43	5	25	1	45	2
Nottingh.	93	2	46	4	46	0	29	2	56	2
Derby	93	8	00	0	49	8	30	0	55	8
Stafford	103	2	00	0	47	3	33	1	58	10
Salop	109	3	65	8	49	8	34	4	00	0
Hereford	114	7	64	0	48	6	31	11	50	1
Worcester	120	2	00	0	47	8	36	4	55	1
Warwick	111	2	00	0	49	4	34	4	59	4
Wilts	108	4	00	0	44	6	32	0	66	0
Berks	106	3	00	0	45	0	32	9	58	3
Oxford	109	4	00	0	42	10	32	4	54	8
Bucks	98	6	00	0	41	5	31	10	49	6
WALES.										
N. Wales	93	0	00	0	48	6	24	0	00	0
S. Wales	97	6	00	0	46	8	17	11	00	0

VARIATIONS OF BAROMETER, THERMOMETER, &c. at Nine o'Clock A.M.

By T. BLUNT, Mathematical Instrument Maker to his Majesty, No. 22, Cornhill.

1810	*Barom*	*Ther.*	*Wind*	*Obser.*
Oct. 26	30.30	44	NE	Fair
27	30.15	45	NE	Ditto
28	29.54	47	SW	Rain
29	29.61	38	N	Fair
30	29.80	39	NE	Ditto
31	29.92	38	W	Ditto
Nov. 1	29.60	47	W	Ditto
2	29.62	43	N	Ditto
3	29.90	43	NNE	Rain
4	29.64	40	N	Ditto
5	29.53	38	W.	Fair
6	29.04	39	WNW	Ditto
7	28.90	41	S	Rain
8	28.96	42	SE	Ditto
9	29.40	41	N	Foggy
	28.67	41	E	HWind & Rain
10	28.47	noon	E	Hea Ra
	28.43	3p.m.	E	Ditto

1810	*Barom*	*Ther.*	*Wind*	*Obser.*
Nov. 11	29.15	40	N	Rain
12	29.45	43	N	Fair
13	29.93	40	N	Ditto
14	29.99	41	N	Ditto
15	29.90	50	S	Ditto
16	29.19	55	SW	Ditto
17	29.25	51	W	Ditto
18	29.45	50	W	Ditto
19	29.50	49	SW	Rain
20	29.55	47	NW	Fair
21	29.31	52	SE	Rain
22	29.42	50	SW	Fair
23	29.75	48	S	Ditto
24	29.60	51	S	Rain
25	29.47	50	S	Fair
26	29.22	47	SSE	Ditto
27	29.05	44	ENE	Ditto

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

LONDON REVIEW,

FOR NOVEMBER, 1810.

MEMOIR OF HER LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS AMELIA.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

IN the long and anxious course of our *literary labours*, no period has before occurred to us when we have set down to compose this, our *biographical article*, under the impression of *sorrow* more *sincere*, than that which has arisen both from the *cause* and the *effect* of a late melancholy event. *Distressful circumstances* excite *sensibility*, *affliction* produces *sympathy*, and *individual sufferings* may elicit *general sorrow*. Such have operated in the period that has just elapsed; and such have been, and still are, the feelings of the public with respect to the lamented death of the lovely and amiable PRINCESS AMELIA, whose PORTRAIT, alas! all we can now contemplate, precedes this brief Memoir: yet, viewing what *she was*, our distress is considerably heightened, not only by the reflection that the *faint shadow* to which we allude is all that now remains of her *once beautiful* form, but also by the afflictive consideration of the effect which her decease has had upon her Royal Father, the best of MONARCHS and the best of MEN. Yet unavailing is our affliction for the *Princess* whose loss we now deplore: indeed, in a religious point of view, IT IS SINFUL; for although her death was *early*, her sufferings had been so great, that, rather than abandon ourselves to inordinate sorrow, we ought to reflect that her *mortal part* has undergone a *celestial transition*, and, sanctifying her *exequies*, while humbling ourselves before the throne of the ALMIGHTY, say,

"O LORD! THY WILL BE DONE!"

Repressing, therefore, that sensibility from which this exordium emanated, it is now necessary to state, that, however we may regret the early death of this truly amiable Princess, we must derive consolation from her virtues, and from the idea that her patient endurance of *sufferings*, to which no human aid could afford relief, had prepared her for that *heavenly bliss* which her *exalted spirit* now enjoys.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE LATE PRINCESS AMELIA was the youngest daughter of their Majesties. She was born August 7, 1783. She was, from early youth, of a very tender and delicate constitution, occasionally subject to indisposition, but still amiable in her temper, and, although languid in her persòn, and in her countenance, such was the interest that her lovely form and benignant manners excited in the bosoms of those that had the honour to approach her, that, while they admired her beauty, they were struck to observe *affability* blended with *fortitude*, and *exquisite sensibility* combined with the *strongest mental qualities*, and the most elegant *feminine graces*.

Upon this subject we could be much more diffuse, but that it has already so fully possessed the *minds*, and sunk so deep into the *hearts* of a *loyal people*, that we do not deem it necessary. The sorrow of a *whole nation* is *sacred!* to endeavour to add to *its* strength would, at this period, be improper: and nothing we could say would weaken it. We shall, therefore, conclude this Memoir with the *poem* of an ingenious friend, who, upon this melancholy occasion, feels as we do, though he has, in the following lines, expressed his sensations far better than we can.

COMMEMORATION OF THE

PRINCESS AMELIA,

Who departed this Life November 2, 1810.

BY JOSEPH MOSER, ESQ.

Thy morn *All Souls* in solemn gloom arose,
Where turbid Thames with languid current flows.
Ascending mists the grassy plains o'erspread,
And ev'ry weeping willow droop'd its head,
Hoarse sounds the gale thro' WINDSOR'S woods and bowers,
The trees are torn, their leaves descend in showers.
Oaks seem to bend beneath the weight of years,
And thro' the haze the *Castle's front* appears.
Scarce gleams the Solar Orb, whose weak'n'd rays
The ancient towers with radiance faint displays;
While sable clouds, contending with the light
Now *dim*, and then receding *cheer* the sight!
For ah! yon *Castle* bounds our hopes and fears;
Hark! shrieks are heard; the people melt in tears;
From ev'ry bosom heartfelt sighs arise;
Responsive echo bears their mournful cries;
Resounding *Thames* repeats, from shore to shore,
" AMELIA! lov'd AMELIA! is no more!
Hope flies from earth, th' eternal fiat's given;
Her soul ascends, and joins the host of heaven:
Before the throne of GOD her spirit stands,
Return'd unsullied to her Maker's hands;
Angels rejoice!" And shall we then below
Deplore *a saint*, reliev'd from pain and woe?
Yet woe must still be ours; for oh! what heart
But bears a parent's, brother's, sister's part;
Feels their sensations, emulates their grief,
And only from her virtues draws relief;
Virtues that dignified the ROYAL MAID;
For ev'ry action of her life display'd
Duty, affection, piety, and love,
Accomplish'd sense, the softness of a dove,
Sensations strong that felt for others' woe,
Bounty that bade their tears no longer flow,
And meek-ey'd Patience, acting on a mind,
Gentle, yet firm, tho' suffering, yet resign'd.
Such was the ROYAL MAID we now deplore;
But let reflection to our sense once more
Recall her form, where every female grace
Once shone superior, while her lovely face
Express'd those mental attributes combin'd,
And shew'd benignity, with beauty join'd.
The nation grieves; but ah! who can aspire
To paint the sorrow of her Royal Sire?
Or, while affliction every where appears,
Describe maternal and consanguine tears.
Sensations strong as these, grief unrepress'd
Are keenly felt, but cannot be express'd;
Yet consolation's by religion given,
When contemplation lifts the mind to heaven,
Where lov'd AMELIA, freed from mortal pain,
Exemplifies the word, "TO DIE IS GAIN."

BLACK GANG CHINE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

[WITH A VIEW.]

PROEM.

The " HOLIE LEGENDE *of* ST. CATHERINE" *versified.*

Where *Vecta's* cliffs oppose the raging waves,
And foamy billows lash the stony shore;
Where *mariners* too often find their graves,
Their shrieks unheard amidst the tempest's roar,

High on the rocks, a solitary cell
Hath long withstood the fury of the storm;
There once a *Holy Virgin* chose to dwell,
And, near to heaven, her orisons perform.

Say! was it *love* that forc'd the beauteous maid
To " waste her sweetness on the desert air?"
Or piety? that sought seclusion's aid,
And urg'd strict penance, and continual prayer.

Ill-fated love first turn'd her thoughts from home:
Romantic Tagus lav'd her father's lands;
But DOMINIC, on pilgrimage to *Rome*,
Left his domestic cot, and golden sands.

Alarm'd the maiden at her lover's loss,
She vow'd to follow where he'd led the way;
She took the *cockled* hat and *Palmer's Cross*,
And sail'd advent'rous from the *Iberian* bay.

Driven by a storm toward the British coast,
The giddy vessel dash'd 'gainst *Vecta's* shore;
Engulph'd, to pieces rent, was instant lost;
CATHERINE was sav'd, the *crew* were seen no more.

" Adieu to *love!*" the *Holy Virgin* said;
" To *piety* alone my thoughts be given:
It is decreed, that here, a lonely maid,
My prayers aspirate to the *highest heaven.*"

On site sublime, she fix'd her lone retreat,
Close by the cliff where stands ST. CATHERINE'S TOWER;
At whose broad base the angry surges beat;
There she invok'd the providential Pow'r:
" To save the *wand'rers* on the stormy main,
And o'er the *raging sea* bid quiet reign."

M.

THE legend above inserted is, we conceive, peculiarly appropriate to the subject of our View, because it recognizes the very spot that an ingenious friend has most admirably delineated; which we shall, before we transcribe his notes upon it, allude to, in

the words of a *learned prelate* and *intelligent topographer*.

"On *St. Catherine's* hill, above *Chale Bay*, 750 feet above high water mark, at the back of the *Isle of Wight*, is *St. Catherine's Tower*, an octagon building, square within, thirty-five feet and a half high, the sides four feet wide, which served for the purpose of a chapel, tower, and beacon; and here had been a *hermitage* before 1312, and a chantry 1323."*

We now proceed to those notes which more particularly illustrate our View.

"In page 399 of *Britton* and *Brayley's* History of Hampshire," says the delineator, "is a very full and interesting account of Black Gang Chine; which so much coincides with what I have seen of that wild piece of scenery, it would be impossible to give a better description: it is situated in *Chale Bay*, to the south west of the *Isle of Wight*; and near it is the *landscape* which is described at page 400, in *Britton's Hist. Hants*.

On the south-western declivity of St. Catherine's Hill, commences the rude chasm, distinguished by the name of *Black Gang Chine*, which has partly been formed by the springs that rise here. "Two currents from the distant parts of this hill, have made their way to its brow, and from this height, have excavated two large and separate chasms, but their waters form a junction at the foot of a high prominent point, the sides of which have been torn away by the respective torrents. The chasms at this junction become one, and, consequently, much deepened; the waters more rapidly hurry down the steep channel, for about 200 yards, till they arrive at an impenetrable precipice of rock, from which they fall in a perpendicular sheet, of 40 feet upon the shore. The declivities of this *Chine* are lined, alternately, with *strata* of rock and of a dark crumbling earth, from the latter of which the name of *Black Gang* is probably derived. This earth having been washed away by the current, the rock above it, of course became undermined, and has fallen; the stones lie in large fragments throughout every part of the channel; but a long and upright *stratum* of rock extends itself on each side the chasm, and gives the appearance of a regular and grand embankment to the declivity.† The view of this Chine, from the shore, is very striking; from the impending and over-hanging cliffs, and the dark hue and nakedness of the mouldering precipices. The grandeur of this scene is much lessened in dry weather, from the want of water; but after hard rains, in stormy seasons, its appearance is impressively awful. Many smaller *Chines* exist on this exposed coast; but none of them of sufficient interest for description.

During the continuance of a hard frost, in February, 1799, a remarkable phænomenon happened on this coast; about half a mile south eastward from Black Gang Chine. The whole of a farm called *Pitlands*, on the confines of the parishes of *Niton* and *Chale*, and consisting of 100 acres of various kinds of land, was observed to be in motion, and continued so during two successive days, directing its course towards the sea, in nearly a direct line. The changes which took place upon the surface were extremely curious, as there was scarcely a square yard but what had altered its appearance; both rocks and trees changing their situations, and forming as confused a scene as if the ground had been convulsed by an earthquake. In many places the earth sunk to the depth of *thirty* or *forty* feet; and a *cottage*, which had been tastefully fitted up as a *prospect house*, was partly thrown down, and buried in the *fissures*. This *Landslip* appears to have been occasioned by the freezing of the springs in the chasms of the hill. The expansive force of the ice causing a separation at the base of the cliff beneath the hill; the ground began to move forward, and the lands of the farm, being pressed on by the descending mass, were torn from their original foundations and sullenly moved forward, till all further progress was stopped by the stability of a ridge of rocks, which, like an opposing barrier, prevented the dreary wreck from rushing headlong to the sea.

Mr. Albin, bookseller, at Newport, who has published a very faithful History of *the Wight*, describes *Black Gang Chine* as being, at the sides of this awful chasm, little short of 500 feet to its summit. It is composed of several strata of a rich black earth, with many copperas stones, which lay at the foot of this mountain in a native state; and a little portion of rock allum is

* Tanner's *Biblo-Britan.-Hiber*. p. 170.

† Wyndham's *Isle of Wight*, p. 126, 127.

found; but not in such quantities as at Allum Bay, a little to the west of the Chine, and just beyond the Needle Rocks. The appellation of *Black Gang Chine*, *tradition*, the stability of which is very uncertain, says, is derived from a *Gang of Pirates* who made this place formerly their retreat; but more probably, the word *Gang* means an opening for ascending and descending: thus the *gang*-way in a ship—*to gang* is *Saxon*: and even now in the *North*, the word they use to go forward is *gang*—*gang yere gaite mon*, 'go forward man.'

"It has a much more terrific and grand appearance than *Shanklin Chine*; but is not so much frequented as the former place, being less known; though, in my opinion a traveller visiting the island should not quit it without taking *Black Gang Chine* in his tour; and if he has a taste for wild romantic scenery, he certainly will not regret having contemplated this place; of which the expansion of *nature* into all the exuberance of the *picturesque*, is the distinguishing *characteristic*.

Mr. Wyndham's remark is a just one. He says, that, "if the mind of any person can remain tranquil on the first view of this wonderful country, or if he can gaze with indifference on the sublime scene above and below him, I do not envy the cool phlegm of his constitution; but I should advise him to confine his future airings to the level and dusty roads that surround our metropolis."

This View is taken about midway down the path leading to the shore, which commands the whole extent of the *southern coast* of the *island*.

"Authors before they *write* should *read*."
PRIOR.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

LUCKILY, the same page of your last Number as contains the production I am about to remark upon, has furnished me with so appropriate a motto, that I need not at all ransack my recollection for one. It is not my wish to give the least pain or offence to the author of the letter signed T. S. S. (of whom, indeed, I have not the slightest knowledge, or the most distant idea), but rather, sir, to cast some little blame on *you*, for having inserted a composition so full of faults and puerility, and evidently so unlearned, as, I conceive, I shall shew it to be. Under this impression, I could not but feel much surprise at the expectation of T. S. S. that his observations would be sufficiently (or at all) satisfactory to the numerous readers of your Magazine, whose circulation is so extensive; but as that circulation, and the credit of your Work, can only be sustained by your attention to compositions of merit, and as it is not unusual for juvenile minds, just after quitting school, and at that age which is most likely to receive fixed impressions, to guide their studies, and form their literary taste and style, by periodical more than other publications, it is certainly both your interest and your duty to exercise some little severity in scrutinizing the several contributions sent you, and in excluding from the public eye whatever you may deem unworthy.

In the letter in question, we soon meet with a solecism in language (vulgarly called *a bull*); for, in the second paragraph, we read, "I examined *my edition*, which is *Dr. Samuel Johnson's*"—and in a subsequent passage it is called, "*Dr. Aikin's* edition." But the chief faults to be found are with the author's *incompetency* to the task he undertook, and the shallowness and futility of his remarks; both arising from the poverty of his learning, and the inadequacy of his research. He tells us, he could not find the lines in "the *humorous* poem of Hudibras;" that *a literary friend* found them in "*The Pleasing Companion; or, Guide to Fame*;" a farrago of scraps compiled for the delectation of children, of such modern date, that, of itself, it could be no authority; and indeed T. S. S. (without stating the fact) leaves us to infer that "The Pleasing Companion" was *no* "*Guide*" to the father of the strain. But could any thing be more puerile than T. S. S.'s comparing the quotations from Hudibras contained in "The Pleasing Companion" (as he informs us he did) with a view of finding the four lines in question amongst them, after he had satisfied himself, on what, of course, was a careful investigation, that they were not in the work itself? By the way, I cannot pass over the epithet "*humorous*," applied to Mr. Butler's poem, without an observation; I do not say it is incorrect, but that I think it *diminutive* without some concurrent term; as "learned and humorous," or, "exquisitely satiric and historical;" for, Dr

Grey and his associates, and Sir Roger L'Estrange before them, have, at infinite labour, very successfully proved, that such are the characteristic qualities of the work. And the best writers of France, as well as England, have all agreed in bestowing the palm of *learning* upon its author. Dryden's commendation of Butler is very strong: he says, "He is above my censure—his good sense is perpetually shining through all he writes—it affords us not the time of finding faults—we pass through the levity of his rhyme, and one is immediately carried into some *admirable useful* thought."—Voltaire, speaking of Hudibras, says, "I never met with so much wit in one single book as in this." Hume, who was not a panegyrist of Butler, says, "Hudibras is, perhaps, one of the most learned compositions that is to be found in any language." Dr. Joseph Warton, in his edition of Pope's works, in a note upon the author's life, ranks Mr. Butler 4th, in a comparative scale of our poets, as to their learning; and Dr. Grey has even done more, by his very voluminous notes, to display his success in attaining to the knowledge of Mr. Butler's erudition, than he has to set forth his own genius in elucidating the doubtful characters or passages of the poem. Still, I once heard a person contend, that Hudibras was a *foolish* book; but I refrained from speaking on it, considering, that those only who are insensible to the beauties of satyrical burlesque, and ignorant as much of the history of their country as of the learning and spirit of the author, and therefore incapable of understanding his latent meaning, as referring to the political and fanatic juggles of the memorable epoch at which the work was written, *could* entertain so *foolish* an opinion; and that, as *they* must necessarily be determined incompetent to judge, it would be *foolish* to venture into argument against them.

I come now to the ridiculous assumption of T. S. S. that Drs. Johnson and Aikin altered the four lines, by curtailing them to two; which may well enough be prefaced by the following lines from Hudibras itself, canto 3:

> "Thy other arguments are all
> Supposures hypothetical,
> That do but beg; and we may chuse
> Either to grant them, or refuse;"

And for the knowledge so exhibited, one may almost hazard the fancy, that he in Ralpho's

> ————"way came by't,—
> Some call it *gifts*, and some *new light*,—
> A lib'ral art, that costs no pains
> Of *study*, *industry*, or *brains*.
>
> *See Canto 1st.*

Nothing could so clearly evidence the incapacity of T. S. S. as a commentator, or critic, as this unfortunate venture; for he puts it out of doubt, that he can never have consulted any other than the edition he possesses, and which is a very recent one. Had he looked into the older editions, from 1684 to that of 1710, he would have found them to tally exactly with the reading contained in Dr. Aikin's, and that there is not the slightest pretence for supposing, that *any one* has had the presumption to vary the text of Butler in the passage in question, or that *he* ever expressed the idea it conveys in any other than a distich.

As to T. S. S.'s preference of the four lines to the two, as striking the ear more sensibly, and possessing more ease and simplicity, and not the "*studied formality*" of the two, that may be his taste, and he is very welcome to enjoy it—it is not mine; but with regard to his venturing to assert the same for Butler, if he were living, that is trespassing a little beyond the pale of reason; for it is arrogating rather too much to attribute sentiments of similarity *to the living*, and quite ridiculous to do so with respect to *the dead*, in the total absence of all materials of proof.

The character of Mr. Butler's style is conciseness; and to such extent as the ancients would have called subtle or austere; and to this, the state of the times he wrote in, and the follies of which he so severely lashed, not a little contributed; as he no doubt reflected, that the strength of his satire would be rendered more forcible, and more generally known, by its being brief. Neither Horace or Juvenal were very diffuse or excursive; and Persius (whose fame has increased considerably since Dryden translated him) was extremely short, and even obscure. It is not my intention to enter into a comparison of Butler with those satirists; but we may fairly allow him all the "*Curiosa felicitas*" of either of them; and if we must acknowledge that he has more of the "*Ars recondita*" of Persius, than

of the "*Limæ Labor*" of Horace, we must account for it, from *the necessity* he was under of couching the personages and sentiments he meant to ridicule and counteract in half-concealing dresses; sufficiently puzzling to the conception of his readers, and particularly his adversaries, to protect himself; our author, like Persius, being opposed by the ruling power, during the tyranny of a combination, acting in defiance of the principles of the Constitution, and most lawlessly (*though most fortunately for the realm subsequently, and to this day*) asserting right with might; and administering justice, by the measure only of political opinions, at the point of the sword, even when a victorious result should have induced the interposition of clemency.

I think, therefore, that there are greater reasons for supposing that Butler would *not* have been of the same opinion as T. S. S. than he imagined. Dr. Blair states it as a principle, that "A concise writer compresses his thoughts into the fewest possible words; his ornament is intended for the sake of force, rather than grace; his sentences are arranged with compactness and strength, rather than with cadence and harmony: the utmost precision is studied in them; and they are commonly designed to suggest more to the reader's imagination than they directly express." —And on this, I need only add, from Dr. Grey's preface, "that the shortness of verse, and quick returns of rhyme, have been some of the principal means of raising and perpetuating the fame which Hudibras has acquired: for the turns of wit and satirical sayings, being short and pithy, are, therefore, more tenable by the memory: and this is the reason why Hudibras is more frequently quoted in conversation than the finest pieces of wit in heroic poetry."

I trust I have now exemplified all I engaged to do in the outset of this letter: better would it have been if T. S. S. had prevailed on his literary friend to undertake the reply to N. S. than to have obtruded his own into your Magazine; and I shall leave him with a recommendation for the future, of long repute, which is strangely applicable to his initials, "*Tace, Si Sapis.*"

These observations I have deemed due to the public, to rescue literary men, and the character of your Magazine, from stigma: it is your province, Mr. Editor, as I have before stated, to decide on the propriety of publishing them; and if you shall consider they merit a place in the Magazine, I shall thank you to insert them; but should you think otherwise, your suppressing them will not disoblige, sir,

Yours respectfully,

14th Nov. 1810. N. O. S.

EPITAPH *on the* EASTERN WALL *of* KENSINGTON CHURCH, *to the* MEMORY *of* *Mr.* JAMES ELPHINSTON.

A MARBLE slab has lately been erected on the eastern wall of Kensington church, to the memory of Mr. Elphinston, a Memoir of whose Life appeared in our Number for December last year. The following is the inscription:—

Sacred
To the Memory of
JAMES ELPHINSTON.

His mind was ingenuous,
His heart was affectionate,
His manners, though polished, were simple,
His integrity was undeviating.
He was
A great scholar,
And a real christian.
Jortin, Franklin, and Johnson,
Were in the number of his friends.

He was born at Edinburgh, Nov. 25th, O.S. 1721,
He died at Hammersmith, Oct. 8th, 1809,
And his remains are deposited near the south wall of this Church-yard.

In grateful remembrance of his virtues and affection,
His widow has caused this tablet to be engraven.

RECEIPT *for the* MANAGEMENT *of* SHEEP, BY MR. FAIR, LATE OVERSEER AT PENCAITLAND.

IMMEDIATELY after the sheep are shorn, soak the roots of the wool that remains all over with butter and brimstone; three or four days afterwards wash them with salt and water; the wool next season will not only be much finer and softer, but the quantity will be in greater abundance.

THE ADVENTURES OF
MAHOMET,
THE WANDERING SULTAN;
OR,
A SKETCH OF
MEN, MANNERS, AND OPINIONS
IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.
Written in 1796.

BY JOSEPH MOSER, ESQ.

(Continued from page 257.)

VOLUME THE SECOND.

Chapter XXVIII.

THE period at which *Mahomet* purposed to leave *Vienna* approaching, he had already begun to make preparations for his journey; and among these, farewell visits were a branch of ceremony not to be dispensed with. The two days preceding that on which he was to depart, he, therefore, spent in taking leave of the *Minister*, and of his few friends, or those that professed themselves to be such, that belonged to the court, and also those that moved in a less elevated sphere, and had their residence in the city. The morning, at length, arrived; and, although it afforded the promise of as bright a day as ever shone, a gloom pervaded the mansion of *Othbert*. The carriage and servants were in waiting; and when the *Sultan* entered the drawing-room, he observed that the *Count* was also in his travelling dress.

"Are you, my friend," said *Mahomet*, likewise prepared to take a journey?"

"I am," replied *Othbert*. "With your permission, I mean to accompany you as far as the frontiers."

"Happy," returned the *Sultan*, "as I should be, in having a companion so agreeable, I must insist upon declining the offer, if it will be of the smallest prejudice to your affairs."

"On the contrary," said *Othbert*, "it will be of the greatest advantage to them: as I can, in the course of my excursion, visit several of our fortresses which demand my attention, and inspect several corps, in their country-quarters, which my duty frequently obliges me to see."

"But *Louisa*!"

"Let her speak for herself," continued the *Count*, as she entered the room.

"If," said *Louisa*, "I were to disclose the sensations of my heart on this solemn occasion, I should increase the gloom that pervades the company: yet how can I conceal my unavailing regret for the departure of so dear a friend—a friend to whom we have such obligations, who has honoured *Louisa* with his esteem, and permitted her to address him by the tender and endearing epithet of brother. However, there is one part of my sorrow that I will communicate, secure that the candour of *Mahomet* and *Othbert* will not impute to the stimulation of curiosity what may be more justly ascribed to sentiments of gratitude."

"Of our candour," said the *Sultan*, "I will now answer for both, the lovely *Louisa* may be assured."

"I have," continued *Louisa*, "just said, you permitted me to call you brother; and to me your regard has been, if possible, more than fraternal, except in one instance."

"What instance is that?" cried *Mahomet*, with some emotion.

"Pardon me!" she exclaimed, "for my temerity, and permit me to ask if it is like a brother for you to conceal your situation in life. We know, from circumstances, that your rank is far above ours, and, therefore, fear that we have not treated you with the respect which you might from that superiority, combined with your virtues, have claimed. Let, then, *Othbert* and *Louisa* know to whom they have been so highly indebted, that, with their prayers for the happiness of their benefactor, they may mingle his *real* appellation, and teach their children to repeat his name, even in their first efforts to articulate."

At this request *Mahomet* started, and, after some moments' consideration, replied, "To shew my esteem for, and confidence in, *Othbert* and *Louisa*, and exemplify, by one strong instance, how little it is in my power to refuse any request urged by the latter, I will inform her and her husband of the title and situation of their brother, upon two conditions."

"Name them!" they both, at one moment, exclaimed.

"The first is, that they preserve an inviolable secrecy with respect to my communication."

This they promised.

"And the second," said he, addressing *Othbert*, "is, that you, *Count*, permit *Louisa* to wear this token of my remembrance. You see here a jewel which I have ordered for the purpose of presenting it to her on my departure. It is in the form of a picture. Why it is not a miniature likeness of me you will pre-

sently conjecture. The hair which forms the central ground is that of *Mahomet*; the diamond cypher upon it is composed of my initials; and the crescent at the top is the symbol of my country. I see that your astonishment increases every moment. You are, probably, surprised at the magnificence of a bauble, which I only consider as deriving all its value from her that is designed to be its wearer: but were it ten times as splendid, it would still seem inadequate to his esteem, when it is presented by the *Grand Seignior* to a lady whom he loves as a sister."

The sensibility of *Louisa* overpowered her spirits: she, though supported by her husband, was so oppressed by her mental emotions, that, had not a shower of tears relieved her, she would have fainted: the sensations of *Othbert* were nearly similar: they would have prostrated at the feet of their royal guest; but *Mahomet*, by throwing his arms around both, prevented them.

"I shall," said he, "for ever repent my indulgence of female curiosity, if I observe, during the short time that I have to stay, you suffer any inconvenience from it. *Othbert* has offered to accompany me part of my journey; but I cannot now accept this friendly offer, as I know it must be painful to him to leave his wife in her present situation."

"Pardon me, august *Mahomet*!" exclaimed *Louisa*.

"I will not," returned the *Sultan*, "pardon your beginning! If I am not treated as a friend and brother, I shall depart this instant; if I am, in consideration of your susceptibility, I will defer my journey for a few hours."

"This," said *Louisa*, "is the strongest possible tie to bind me to my *good behaviour*."

* * * * * *

Early in the afternoon, the *Sultan*, *Othbert*, and a numerous suite of attendants, set out from *Vienna*, and, leaving *Hungary* on the right, to be explored at the conclusion of the tour of the former, took the road that led toward *Poland*; a country of which the political transactions and warlike contentions had inflamed him with a strong desire to see.

Eastward they shaped their course; and, without encountering any very remarkable event, travelled through *Silesia*; near the frontiers of which *Mahomet* took an affectionate leave of *Othbert*, to whom he promised to communicate an account of his reception in his own dominions.

Pursuing his journey through *Poland* with as much celerity as the roughness and impediments of the worst roads in *Europe* would permit, he had frequent occasion to lament his solitary situation, to regret his loss of *Pedro*, and to mourn his want of an intimate friend, to whom he might complain in circumstances of difficulty, and consult in cases of danger. As he could not find either the relief of regular posts, or the comfort of inns, he was, frequently, obliged to depend upon the hospitality of *peasants* both for lodging and subsistence. Sheltered in, perhaps, a lonely cottage, he had several times been forced to share black bread, and still coarser viands, with the boors of *Poland*: and as he had now an opportunity of viewing human nature in its degraded, as he had formerly seen it in its most elevated state, he sorrowfully contemplated this, the shady, side of the picture; and when he could conquer his disgust to their manners, thought the conversation of the vassals still more sufferable than that of their lords, with whom he occasionally came in contact.

As he had, with an attentive eye, contemplated the country, and observed, with great satisfaction, the unbounded luxuriance that loaded the lap of nature, he had also, with many a sigh, reflected on the condition of the middle and lower classes of the community.

Almost absorbed in a mental disquisition upon the subject of *slavery*, he was, one evening, slowly proceeding on his way through a wood, which, had the passage been more practicable, would, from its gloom, have been most admirably adapted to the expansion of serious thoughts; when, in consequence of the intervention of an immense break, the prospect opened upon him, and he was roused from his reverie by the sight of a castle, august in its situation and picturesque in its appearance, which crowned with venerable grandeur the summit of a considerable acclivity. The tremendous battlements of this fabric seemed, while they indicated security to its inhabitants, also to menace defiance to the vicinity. As the prominent feature of an exquisite landscape, the *Sultan* considered it an object supereminently beautiful. Its *Saxon* architecture, mural appendages, moated boundary, and vegetable decorations,

together with the adventitious circumstance of the rays of the declining sun spreading over the whole, and tinging the heights of the principal parts, combined to produce such a sublime effect, that he gazed with a degree of enthusiasm which could only emanate from consummate genius. A cottage, as if for the sake of comparison, was placed apparently in the vicinity of the building that we have just celebrated, at the door of which *Mahomet* found himself before he had taken any notice of so small an object. A *peasant*, however, appeared; and he indulged his curiosity by inquiring who was the feudal lord of the adjacent castle?

"The *Baron Inglestrom*," said the cottager, who, bowed with age, reclined upon a well-worn spade.

While this short conversation passed, a black and heavy cloud, slowly sailing from the north, dashed against the neighbouring rocks, and now, accelerated by the wind which arose, produced a storm so tremendous, that all creatures, human and animal, flew to shelter.

"How far," said the *Sultan*, "is it to the castle?"

"Though it appears so near," returned the peasant, "yet, from the winding of the road round the inclosure, it is a full mile."

A *Polish* mile was a distance which it was impossible, with tired and frightened horses, to travel in the midst of such a violent tempest: *Mahomet*, out of pity to man and beast, was, therefore, reluctant to make the effort, though there seemed little probability of either meeting with accommodation where they were, or of finding any superior place of shelter. Obliged, however, to come to some determination, as the trees under which they had retreated, saturated with rain, poured torrents of water upon himself and his retinue: they, consequently, accepted the offers of the *peasantry*, who saw their distress; and, while the *Sultan* retired with the old man whom he had first seen, his attendants quartered themselves in the adjacent huts, which formed an irregular, and, therefore, delightfully romantic, village.

Behold, then, the "Commander of *the Faithful*," the sublime sultan *Mahomet*, shrinking from the pelting of the pitiless storm, under the turf-crowned roof of a *Polish hut*, and in danger of sharing the scanty meal of a *Cottager*, whose family seemed to regard their accidental visitor with looks of jealousy, lest he should abridge them of any part of their supper. Fortunately for him, he was not, at this time, reduced to the necessity of partaking of such homely fare as that which he saw before him; for one of his attendants, who now appeared, had, at the last town at which they stopped, provided plenty of more delicate food, and, for themselves, some very tolerable wine. This well-timed supply had an almost instantaneous effect in relaxing the features of the wife and daughters of the *Peasant*: the avidity with which they devoured dainties, of which they scarce had an idea, amused him; and he almost lost his own appetite in admiring the manual rapidity that the effect of theirs produced. When the meal was over, he, addressing himself to the ancient *Peasant*, said,

"You seem, father, to live in the bosom of a country most luxuriantly fertile: how comes it, therefore, that the labouring class of the people are so poor? Does it proceed from indolence? If their aversion to exertion is so great, that they will not work to procure a maintenance, their situation must, indeed, be deplorable."

"It is," returned the *Peasant*, "sufficiently deplorable; but their misery does not arise from corporeal laziness. If we have an aversion to labour, which I confess we have, and do not use much exertion, unless compelled, this inaptitude proceeds from another cause."

"I am," said *Mahomet*, "a sufficient philosopher to know that there is in mankind a natural reluctance to toil. Few, indeed, among us, would shake off their innate indolence, except urged by pride, stimulated by avarice, or compelled by hunger. These are the all-powerful springs that impel the human machine to motion and activity; and I apprehend, the latter is the compulsive mean to which you alluded."

"It may be so in some degree," returned the *Peasant*: "but, alas! sir, we have another equally forcible, that acts as a strong stimulative, and a third which operates as a repellent."

"What incitement to labour can you have equal to that arising from hunger?"

"The WHIP!" replied the *Cottager*.

"The *whip!*" exclaimed *Mahomet*, shuddering with horror.

"Aye!" returned the *Peasant*: "the whip, aided by brutal force, which drags

us from our cottages, and yokes us to the plough. We are obliged to toil through the day, under the observation and discipline of a severe task-master; while the idea that we are labouring for the profit of another, and cultivating the fruits of the earth to swell the coffers of *avarice*, or to deck the tables of *luxury*, at the same time that we are ourselves pining in poverty, and sometimes really starving, acts as a repellent, and not only represses the manual exertions of industry, but damps the mental ardour of application."

"Heavens!" exclaimed *Mahomet*, "are you not paid?"

"Yes," answered the *Peasant*, "they think us *overpaid* in the scanty provision of black bread that is diurnally doled out to us, together with the more permanent establishment of a *hut*, and a small portion of land which is attached to each family."

"Why do you not leave the place?"

"At the hazard of being, at least, imprisoned as soon as taken!" replied the *Old Man*. "Besides, where could we remove? This is not a local evil. It is not connected with any particular spot; the whole country is in the same situation. *Poland*," he continued, "is divided into thirty-four *palatinates*, and these subdivided into a great number of *baronies*, *waywodes*, and other *fiefs*. The Palatine nobility have, in their districts, the power of inflicting capital punishment, and, consequently, of pardoning capital crimes. The *peasants* are considered as *slaves*; sold with their lands, or leased with their *farms*; and, in fact, deemed a part of their *live stock*."

"Mercy!" cried *Mahomet*, "this is worse than even the Turkish system. How degrading is such a practice to human nature, even in its lowest ebb of intellectual endowment. How mortifying must it have been to you, who seem, by your conversation, to have been intended to fill in the world a station superior to that which you occupy at present."

"In this," said the *Peasant*, "you are not mistaken. I was educated at *Cracow*. My father held the post of steward to the nobleman that was formerly the possessor of this estate.

"*Count Baldwin*, the friend and favourite of *Sigismond*, was the most mild and humane of our boyards. Under his protection, his *peasants* were treated like men, and his estates flourished in consequence. On these, plenty seemed to smile, and cultivation to expand the terrene power in a manner far beyond what was to be observed with respect to the husbandry of other districts. This agricultural system did not escape the attention of the neighbouring noblemen; but, instead of producing imitation, it fanned to a flame that jealousy which had already been excited by the *foreign* manners of *Count Baldwin*; for he was not a native of *Poland*, but had been invited into the country by the monarch; upon whose abdication they, by cabal and false accusations, procured his banishment; which was rendered still more severe by the confiscation of his property. By these means, this estate, with its magnificent appendages, came into the possession of *Baron Inglestrom*, the present lord of the castle. This nobleman began his course of domination, by reversing every thing that had been done by, and abrogating every order of, his predecessor. Under charges of incorrectness in his accounts, and of too *great lenity* toward the slaves, my father was displaced. He was reduced to the condition of a *peasant*, and, consequently, obliged to work in the fields. I was, at the period of his disgrace and humiliation, in the capital; but hearing of the misfortunes of my parent, I flew to relieve them, by making an offer of my service in lieu of his. My tender, being advantageous to our new lord, was accepted; I was taken to the farm, but had the mortification to find, that although I had condemned myself to a life of toil, I had not meliorated the condition of the beloved author of my being, who soon after fell a martyr to constant exertions at his advanced period of life. He died while at his daily labour. Since that time, I have had no remission of the same, or, perhaps, still severer toil. On the contrary, as my children have advanced toward maturity, they have been considered as so many additions to *the stock* on the estate, which is supposed to increase in its value with its increase of population."

"Gracious God!" exclaimed *Mahomet*, "can such inhumanity, and its concomitant misery, exist in *Europe*? Inhumanity which the most savage nations would shudder at the practice of, and misery such as the inhabitants of the most sterile soils do not suffer! Would to Heaven that I could relieve all the distress of the surrounding pea-

santry! that I could emancipate the myriads which are groaning under the lash of petty tyranny. But as this is impossible, I will, at least, endeavour to better the condition of yourself and your family. I will wait on the *Baron!*"——

The *Peasant* shook his head, saying, "I fear, sir, your interference, greatly as I am obliged to you for your benevolent intention, would have little effect, even if you could see him; but the *Baron*, haughty, reserved, and retired, is not, of course, very easy of access. However, difficult as it may be to obtain admission into his presence, this is not, perhaps, the greatest difficulty that you would have to encounter. To relieve us from the intolerable toil under which we, at present, groan, is, I believe, only to be effected by this, and many other of our small farms, becoming the property of a more humane nobleman; and, with respect to this in particular, I have, I fear, been labouring against myself; for, from its flourishing condition, to which my incessant exertions have contributed, he purposes, I understand, to sell it at an advanced price."

"The farm, you seem to hint, is not large," said *Mahomet*.

"The smallest on the whole estate," returned the *Old Man*.

"How many *peasants* does it include?"

"About ten families," was the answer.

As the night had already far advanced, and the storm continued with unabated violence, the domestics of the *Sultan* were obliged to lodge in the different cottages that composed the hamlet, whither they had at first sought for shelter; while *Mahomet*, and his principal valet, remained under the roof of the *Peasant*, with whom the former had been so long conversing. In all the variety of hardships which, in the course of his long journey, our august traveller had endured, he had never before passed so uncomfortable a night. The hut was small, and not only occupied by a large family, but, in the adjacent homestead, by a cow, and under the same roof pigs, &c. the stench of which was intolerable. Yet as he had his own bed spread upon the floor, and near the hearth, his accommodation might have been deemed an object of envy to every other inmate of this lowly dwelling, and, indeed, to that of every other person who composed his suite.

(To be continued.)

ORBIS;

OR,

THE WORLD IN THE MOON.

A DRAMATIC SATIRE.

IN THREE ACTS.

BY JOSEPH MOSER, ESQ.

Act II. Scene I.

A view of a beautiful and romantic grove: rocks on one side: water in the distance, and majestic trees on the foreground; shaded by those trees, an elegant cottage appears. Plants and flowering shrubs are dispersed around; light and fleecy clouds are spread on an azure sky, and over the whole a silvery tint is diffused, which seems mildly to illuminate the scene.

Enter DIANA *and her two* NYMPHS. *Hautbois, horns, &c.*

Diana sings.

Thro' the groves, and dingles round,
Echo spread the enlivening sound;
From the forest, from the plain,
Summon quick my virgin train:
From Scythia, clad in *Arctic* snows,
Bid pallid maidens haste;
From *Asian plains*, where *Phœbus* glows,
Or where the smooth *Thamesis* flows,
And *western dames* outblush the rose,
Attend my vot'ries chaste.

First Nymph.

If dishonour'd your fane,
To Juno complain;
Too oft has she mourn'd a false love:
When *Mercury's* genius,
To please Madam *Venus*,
Has dup'd the omnipotent *Jove*.

Second Nymph.

Should her lord go astray,
Her wrongs she'll display,
'Till his temple's too hot for to hold him.
If her hands keep from battle,
Her tongue she will rattle,
And make all her nymphs join to scold him.

Diana. This punishment, I understand, he most richly deserves; for, assisted by *Hermes*, he is now in pursuit of an illicit amour.

First Nymph. I do not wonder at it: the terrestrial ladies seem peculiarly to attract his lordship: however, this may be a false report.

Second Nymph. Impossible! for I brought it myself.

First Nymph. But from whom did you learn it?

Second Nymph. From a deity that knows every thing. We call her the universal intelligencer.

First Nymph. You mean Fame.

Second Nymph. I do.

Diana. She always knows more than is good; frequently more than is true: however, with respect to this report, I mean to try her credit; for I learn, from the same prolific source, that the lady is concealed in this cottage.

First Nymph. You have an absolute command over *Stella.*

Diana. Therefore, summon her into our presence.

[*Second Nymph knocks at the door of the cottage*: STELLA *appears at the window.*

Stella sings.

In this region of silence, where scarce the soft breeze
Is heard, as the leaves of the poplars it moves,
Scarce murmur the zephyrs that play thro' the trees,
Or the rill from the rock as it steals thro' the groves.
Loud as messenger of fate,
Who dare thus assail my gate?

First Nymph.

From the chase on yonder plain,
A huntress of Diana's train;
By that power whose word is fate,
Commission'd to assail your gate;
Let us, then, no longer wait,
But descend, and ope your gate.

Stella.

Stella, sure, was never rude;
Why, then, should you thus intrude?
When girls of the chase thus step out of their bounds,
I wish they'd reflect they're not calling their hounds.
I always opine,
That airs masculine
In virgins are sadly misplac'd;
The men will all leave
Such females to grieve,
And, therefore, no wonder they're chaste.

Second Nymph.

Gathering thus, from speech detractory,
That your mind is quite refractory,
Vengeance certain comes, tho' slow:
For, behold, appears below,
The goddess of the silver bow.
Therefore, Stella, quick despatch:
Instantly lift up the latch,
And perform her high behest,
Or we shall no longer jest.

[STELLA *retires from the window, and enters from the door of the cottage.*

Stella. Lud! I am frightened out of my wits. Sure I have committed some involuntary crime, or I should not thus abruptly have been summoned into the presence of the goddess that presides over chastity, whose influence is, I hope, universal.

Diana. Whether this be exactly the case is immaterial. It is plain, that you do not regard my influence as you ought, or you never would defy my power.

Stella. I defy your power! your goddess-ship is certainly misinformed. I bend with humble adoration to your superior brilliancy, and am, at all times, ready to acknowledge your omnipotence.

Diana. Yet you have dared to deviate from my principles, to spurn my decrees, and to receive from earth a mortal nymph upon whose virtue *Jove*, that universal libertine, has the most infamous designs.

Stella. Designs!

Diana. Yes! tremble when I announce it: *Jupiter* has the most vile designs upon the virtue of *Felicia. Mercury* is, from consanguinity, bound to assist him. *Disk* is prepared to lend his aid. You are inclined to shelter the fair, and receive her celestial lover; and, therefore, to begin my intended reformation, I will certainly punish your husband and yourself for keeping a disorderly house.

First Nymph. You see, *Madam Stella*, your designs are obvious.

Second Nymph. And that your conduct has created you plenty of enemies among the virtuous.

Stella sings.

To prove my guilt I loudly dare 'em,
Goddess, hear the *Vox Stellarum.*
Therefore I defy each cluster,
And profess superior lustre.

Let me meet the fierce *Orion*,
Ursa Major, or the *Lion;*
From the east, west, north, or south,
Every one with open mouth;
Why should little Stella fear,
With her heart and conscience clear
As your own celestial sphere?
Therefore I defy each cluster,
And profess superior lustre.

Diana. This self-confidence seems to indicate innocence: and yet appearances are against you.

Stella. Probably they are! but I will appeal to *Felicia.*

Diana. This is exactly what I wish: summon her into our presence.

Stella. She is a lovely creature; but, like myself, rather timid.

First Nymph. Yes! you are wonderfully timid.

Second Nymph. Is she in your cottage?

Stella. She is! and at this instant studying the celestial fashions.

Diana. Aye, whether celestial or terrestrial, fashion turns the heads of all the girls, above and below, I think—however, if she is too timid to appear before me, I must, as it is absolutely necessary that I should see her, appear before her.

Stella. Will your goddess-ship honour my poor dwelling with your august presence?

Diana. Certainly! I delight occasionally to peep into all places where the radiance of my beams can make any discoveries.

Sings.

In the evening, how frequent an unconscious pair
Retire to the gloom of the grove;
The swain, quite enrapt'ur'd, will often declare
That his heart breathes the accents of love.

The nymph sighs and trembles; affects to be coy:
And exclaims, she no further will roam:
That virtue forbids her to kiss and to toy,
While she leaves her fond mother at home.

The youth, at this instant, more amorous grows;
The virgin begins to recede:
With virtue and passion her heart chills or glows:
When I see for my presence there's need.

In this dangerous moment I dart forth my light;
The foliage seems all in a blaze:
The damsel, thus rescued, escapes in a fright,
And blesses for ever my rays.

[*Exeunt into the cottage.*

Scene II.

Enter Mercury *and* Momus.

Momus. Make me a judge?

Mercury. Why not? a judge may be made of worse materials: but in this instance, friend *Momus!* your ideas, borne on the wings of self-adulation, have taken too high a flight; consequently, you already *judge* wrong; for we only mean to make you a *fortune-teller.*

Momus. Good! that is exactly the same thing.

Mercury. There again you are mistaken: *fortune-telling* is rather the province of *a jury.*

Momus. But a *judge* pronounces sentence, and so must I; therefore, what shall I do?

Mercury. That is as it may happen. If you only augur *good fortune*, you may do well enough below; but here impartiality will be expected.

Momus. Whip me if I understand you.

Mercury. Yes, you do! as appears by the readiness with which you associate *whipping* with *fortune-telling*: however, I'll explain.

Momus. Do! and as quick as possible; for I'm engaged to meet *Hesperus* at a gaming-house in —— (*whispers.*)

Mercury. The deuce you are!

Momus. I am indeed—deep doings—a chicken peer is to be plucked—*Sir Caleb Crop*—is to be shaved close—We intend to have a squeeze at the purse of young *Mordecai Mammon*—the son of *Old Mammon*—whom you would not usher to Elysium because he cheated you.

Mercury. The rascal! so he did.

Momus. Therefore you must observe, that my hands are full—that I have but little time to spare—however, that little shall be devoted to your service.

Mercury. Say rather, to the service of the public—The *lunar* empire, in the chances and changes of the planetary system, seems likely to be endangered by hosts of enemies hitherto unknown.

Momus. Brilliant as your subject is, you seem to get into the clouds as you proceed.

Mercury. Why, you little impertinent patch-coated ape! I shall have you attempt to teach me rhetoric presently.

Momus. And you may have a worse preceptor. If you had looked *below*, you would have discovered, that I have influenced the harangues of *patriots* in many situations; under an ancient and magnificent roof, and under the still more ancient and magnificent canopy of the sky. *Bacchus, Comus*, and *myself*, got some to a tavern lately—where, like drunkards reproving their disorderly families, they talked of *reform* till they became most striking instances of its necessity. Rhetoric, indeed! Why, there are men among them who, tutored by me, would talk you out of your senses.

Mercury. That I can easily conceive, by the hints you give respecting the conduct of your pupils; but pray, *Mr. Professor Momus*, leaving my senses out of the question, what becomes of those of their auditors?

Momus. Heh!

Mercury. I say, polite sir! what becomes of the senses of their auditors?

Momus. Senses of their auditors! O lord! O lord! for so shrewd a god to ask so foolish a question. Do you suppose, that if each of their auditors had a grain of sense, they would be listened to a moment. No! most of them, that are not worse off, have a *lunar* affection.

Mercury. You have blundered exactly, into the track from which your absurdity urged me to deviate. The attraction of this *planet*, or *satellite*, upon the people below, has been very considerable. The *Air Balloons*, which it is not necessary to describe, have favoured their access to us: report says, that every thing which is lost on earth is to be found here; and, consequently, the number of adventurers bent upon voyages of discovery is immense.

Momus. This is unquestionable.

Sings.

If courtiers or cits
Lose their cash or their wits,
It often impels them to roam,
In characters real,
Or schemes quite ideal,
For they say "*the devil's* at home."

When *Christmas* so grey
Weds blooming young *May*,
Sometimes the fair lady will roam;
Yet should spouse give a hint
That her pleasures he'll stint,
She'll soon play *the devil* at home.

Some folks run in flocks
To game in the stocks;
And tremble for *Paris* or *Rome*:
Praise our Army and Fleet;
Or, should either be beat,
Make a *dev'lish good bargain at home.*

Those whom fortune has crost,
Who've their property lost,
In search, perhaps, hither may roam:
For when *Luna* shines full
On each thin-paper skull,
They may fly from *the devil*, at home.

Mercury. This is too frequently the case; and, combined with other circumstances, has produced the number of applicants that now attend. Do you not hear them? [*Voices without.*

Momus. Do I not hear them? Do you think I am deaf? Their confounded clack drowns the music of the spheres. I wish they were despatched.

Mercury. So do I: but I wonder that a professor of rhetoric, as you have stated yourself to be, should have a dislike to talking; especially when the accents seem to make up in sound for their deficiency of sense.

Momus. None of your sneers, friend *Mercury.* I could name a hundred of your pupils who have only extracted from your *caduceus* one of its qualities; and that is, to produce sleep.

Mercury. I honour the man that would rather *sleep* than *talk*: but this is neither here nor there.

Momus. Ah! you are wrong again, friend *Mercury*; for our talk here may produce sleep there.

Mercury. Where?

Momus. Any where.

Mercury. I protest, *Mr. Momus*, you are quite a *wag*. I wish you were on earth: your snip-snap might enliven the mass of *sentiment* which is kneaded into modern comedy.

Momus. Yes! as yest leavens dough, as froth is condensed to sponge, as putrescence seems, in the dark to emit sparks of brilliancy, as a glow-worm may be entangled in a cobweb, or as——

Mercury. A truce with your comparisons—and let us proceed to business. I have already hinted, that it is the determination of *Jupiter* to hear the complaints of mortals—We are to form a court; but whether the proceedings are to be public or private, I am yet to learn.

Momus sings.

When the crier proclaims, all good men and true;
And the court seems to culprits a terrible show;
Tho' solemn the scene is, to one I'll lay two,
That the wants of our suitors we never shall know.
Believe me, the globe, since to me 't has been given,
Is used as a play-thing, and laugh'd at in heaven. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Enter Disk, *driving in* Stella.

Disk. Confound your sensibility! your hospitality! your feeling! and your nonsense! a pretty piece of work you have made of it! you have offended the goddess that may crush us to atoms in an instant.

Stella. Lard! I'm sorry!

Disk. Lard! I'm sorry! (*mimicking.*) You may well bite your nails—but for what? because you chose to receive a wanderer, a little adventurer, whose character, as *Momus* says, is, at least, dubitable.

Stella. Then it is like his own; but *Felicia* came in search of her lover.

Disk. I know she did, minx! which shews that she does not possess much delicacy.

Stella. Delicacy! for a mortal, I never saw so delicate a creature: then her face is so beautiful!

Disk. Ah! I never shall be able to shew my face in the sky after having offended *Diana*; and as for you, hussey! it is my opinion that you will be treated like a *fallen star*.

Stella. On earth, a little *slip*, either of a *star* or a *garter*, is not considered as of much consequence: why should it be here?

Disk. I see that you are incorrigible, and, therefore, must and will leave you to your fate: I shall absolutely disclaim, and deny having any knowledge of the transaction—I shall wash my hands of it.

Stella. Do so! Yet if acts of benevolence are reckoned crimes *above stairs*, what must people expect on the *ground floor*.

Disk. Proceed! You know I am married, and obliged to bear.

Stella. Yes! I know I am married too, and, therefore, obliged to forbear, or I should tell you ***

Disk. I took you for better or worse.

Stella. You did! Better I cannot, and worse I shall never be—Here's a fuss indeed—*Felicia* was in distress. I afforded her protection—and if to protect a lovely virgin be a crime, let me abide the punishment.

Sings.

Abroad when I rove,
I often see *Jove*
After beautiful girls have an inkling:
I've watch'd his resort,
And sometimes spoil'd sport,
When I've shot from the sky in a twinkling.

Instructed by *Juno*,
Whom I know and you know,
Of his conduct has long had an inkling:
I baulk'd his affection,
And gave my protection,
By seizing his prey in a twinkling.

If a virgin should stray,
And fall in his way,
When after a lover she's inkling;
I'm always in fear,
If I don't interfere,
That he'd carry her off in a twinkling.

Disk. Upon my word, *Madam Stella!* you are a notable protectress.

So, when weak women go astray,
Their stars are more in fault than they.

Stella. To be sure! Do they not always appeal to my constellated sisterhood—Bless my stars!—my unfortunate stars!—and use a hundred other brilliant expletives, which shew that they consider us highly interested in their fate.

Scene IV.

Enter Diana *and* Felicia.

Disk. So now the storm will begin.
[*Stands aside with* Stella.

Diana. You have, charming *Felicia!* through the whole of your examination, answered with so much candour, and explained your motives for coming here so much to my satisfaction, that, although rather ardent in your temper, I pronounce you a very good girl, and am determined to become your protectress.

Disk (aside). So!

Felicia sings.

The sprightly, inexperienc'd maid,
Whose heart oft glows and twitters,
Is sometimes by herself betray'd:
All is not gold that glitters.
"Ah me! ah me!" she'll oft exclaim,
If she attempts to fan a flame
That in her bosom lingers:
Far wiser she who takes advice;
For if not careful, shrewd, and nice,
She'll surely burn her fingers.

Diana. That I shall endeavour to hinder you from doing—*Jupiter* is omnipotent in his own sphere—but when he descends to this, or to the *Earth*, has the passions of a mere mortal, is endued with as little foresight, and is subject to the same control; aye, and till he can, by his ingenuity, which is not very conspicuous, extricate himself from their effects, to the same punishment; for this reason, he depends much on his quondam associate *Mercury*, a deity that is as subtle as *a fox*, as mischievous as a *monkey*, as voracious as a *tiger*, though, when opposed by *virtue*, as timid as a *hind*. He has all the hypocritical qualities of a *jackall*; and when he has decoyed his prey into the toils, leaves it for his master to mumble.

Felicia. Oh lud! I hope I shall never be decoyed into the toils by him, nor become the prey of his master.

Diana. I honour you for that wish: it is the aspiration of principle. Virtue expands in the sentiment; therefore cherish it; for in this dissolute age, a young woman, my dear *Felicia!* cannot be too careful how she looks above herself. The glare of titles, the consequence attached to splendor of appearance, the fascination of dress, and, more than all, the charms of flattery, are the ruin of our sex. When a man talks of

love, hear him with great caution; but if he swears that he is *dying* for you, believe that he intends *to live* for himself.

Sings.

In ancient *Saturn's* peaceful reign,
Suspend'd by a golden chain,
Which reach'd from heaven to earth,
Wrapp'd in the plumage of the dove,
In cradle hung a little love,
Whose smiles disclos'd his birth.

Adorn'd with innocence and truth,
He grew, he bloom'd, a virtuous youth;
Round him the graces sported:
His sprightly mein the maids admir'd;
His generous heart the youths inspir'd;
His power both sexes courted.

Then passion was to reason join'd;
Attractions were with sense combin'd:
But in the reign of *Jove*,
From heaven was rent the golden chain,
While nuptial vows arose from gain,
And barter conquer'd love.

So that you observe, my dear! you have much to do, and much to avoid; but of this we'll talk hereafter. In the mean time, as gratitude is the first of virtues, I must recommend you to pay your thanks to *Stella*, your early protectress, as soon as you are alone with her. She is, now and then, a little erratic, but extremely useful in *her sphere*. For her having afforded you shelter so opportunely, she has my warmest commendation; and, indeed, I do not know but that I shall promote her to a higher orbit: you will, therefore, for the present, retire to the apartment that she has allotted you.

[*Exeunt* DIANA *and* FELICIA, *on different sides.*

Scene V.

STELLA *and* DISK *come forward.*

Stella. *Mr. Disk!*

Disk. Well!

Stella. "Confound your sensibility, your hospitality," and all that.

Disk. Hold!

Stella. "We shall be ruined, because you chose to receive a wanderer, a little adventurer."

Disk. Well! perhaps I was to blame.

Stella. Perhaps you was! but still I am "a *minx*," you know.

Disk. Enough! I ask pardon.

Stella. What, of *a hussey?*

Disk. You are no hussey!

Stella. What am I then?

Disk. You are, or will be, *a star* of the *first magnitude*: will that satisfy you?

Stella. O Lord, no! You will never "be able to shew your face in the sky:"—For my having offended *Diana*, "I shall be considered as *a fallen star.*"

Disk. Confound your tongue! have I not already asked pardon? and am I not willing to do it again?

Stella. Are you? and to acknowledge the superior brilliancy of my genius?

Disk. Certainly! What the deuce would you have?

Stella. Will you always be ready to take my advice in future?

Disk. Unquestionably!

Stella. And vow never to proceed in any affair without my consent?

Disk. Certainly!

Stella. Submit your whole conduct to my direction?

Disk. The most reasonable request that ever was made.

Stella. And, upon all occasions, acknowledge the superiority of my judgment.

Disk. I must be the merest dolt above if I did not.

Stella. Let me talk as much as I please?

Disk. To be sure!

Stella. And never contradict me?

Disk. I shall have the worst of it if I do.

Stella. Well! upon these conditions, and a few more which I have *in petto*, and which I shall propose in a proper time and place——

Disk. Hem!

Stella. I do not know but I may be brought again to endure you. Ah! lud! don't take my hand.

Disk. That I will, with rapture!

Stella. If you kiss me, I shall faint.

Disk. I'll try. [*Kisses her.*

Stella (struggling) sings.

Nay, nay! you intrude.
This is foolish and rude.
If you do so again, I declare,
I'll to *Juno* complain,
That my blund'ring swain
For *a room* has mistaken *the air.*
Monstrous thus to kiss and play,
In the blushing face of day.

They go romping off.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

A Country Village.

In the front of the scene appears an Inn (the sign of the Half Moon).

Enter Jupiter, *in a travelling dress;* Mercury, *as his groom.*

Mercury. If the beaux below could change their appearance as easily as ourselves, what an immense deal of their *important time* might be saved.

Jupiter. Which, I apprehend, would be of prodigious service to the public.

Mercury. Unquestionably! As matters are managed at present, the plastic hand of your sublimity could mould half-a-dozen men of fashion, before the tailor, hair-dresser, hatter, &c. could transform a youth, whose morning's ambition it is to appear as a groom or stable-boy, into a full-dressed coxcomb for the evening.

Jupiter. Yet, I have never seen any of those aspiring sparks, but I have reflected on the story of *Deidamia* and the *Centaurs*, or, in the plainer language of the lunar sphere, have judged that their mothers thought more of the ostlers of such inns as this, *the Horned Moon* for instance, than of their husbands.

Mercury. Yet I delight in the whimsicality of modern *costume.* What think you of a man of fashion, in a harlequin jacket and jockey-cap, riding his own matches.

Jupiter. I dare say, you frequently see this in the *Ogyrian* island.

Mercury. See this! yes, and a great deal more. It would be well for the public if all the follies of those people were confined to the *race-ground*, and all their absurdity to the *betting-room.*

Jupiter. Perhaps they are.

Mercury. For a god of your age, you know very little of the world. When I am below, I have a continual smile upon my countenance.

Jupiter. At what?

Mercury. What a question! at the absurdity of the people, to be sure. I have just alluded to some of those arising from dress—Yet, with respect to this important article, I love confusion. Fashion is blinder than Fortune; therefore, I do not wonder that, in the decoration of her votaries, she frequently makes the most ridiculous mistakes. I delighted in the transition of a flowing *full-bottom* into a *bristly bob;* was pleased to see the *non-natural tye* of a medical man changed to the *natural scratch* of a knowing one. I have, with pleasure, observed a *comic* author grave as a *journeyman undertaker* out of employment; a *tragedian* light and airy as a fairy; a senator *a la Belcher;* a *sprig* of fashion, who will never live to be *a tree*, with waistcoats of all sorts, and handkerchiefs of all colours: these, and a hundred other singularities, denote that, however the people may respect other persons, they take great liberty with their own.

Sings.

In ancient times, tradition tells,
Or Fame, who floats on rumours,
Precise the courtly *beaux* and *belles*
Conceal'd their peccant humours.
For tho' without question they'd whims in profusion,
They class'd by themselves, and avoided confusion.

In modern days they're bolder grown,
They take all forms and shapes;
So make each char cter their own,
And shine accomplish'd apes.
While anxious in public their whims to display,
Confusion, it seems, is the *ton* of the day.

Jupiter. Well, as you seem to apply this to the male, what, now, do you say to the female sex.

Mercury. Very little! they have little dress to descant upon; and, indeed, they have tongues to speak for themselves.

[*A great talking without.*

Jenny (without). I have paid you all that you ought in reason to have demanded; the rest is imposition.

Jupiter. So here you have an instance.

Mercury. "I thank her! for she cuts me off my tale."

Balloon Coachman (without). I know nothing, mistress, about position or imposition. We never carry *any baggage* in the new balloon without making an overcharge.

Enter Jenny, *followed by the* Balloon Coachman.

Jenny. Yes! yes! I fancy you take care to make *overcharges* enough.

Balloon Coachman. No, not quite enough, mistress! the *High-flyer* does more in that way than we.

Jenny. Mistress again! Man, do you take me for the wife of a shopkeeper?

Balloon Coachman. No! I begs pardon! I don't take you for any wife at all.

Mercury (aside.) Excellent!

Jenny. Why?

Balloon Coachman. I does not take up many *wives* from the *New Buildings*.

Jenny. Man! you grow impertinent: (*takes out her purse*) there's your extra fare. It is an abominable imposition; but I thought how it would be. Let my trunk and band-boxes be placed in this inn! Why don't you fly?

Balloon Coachman. I am not very apt to fly from a pretty woman (JENNY *smiles*): so I stays to see what you will give me for civility.

Jenny. Civility, indeed!

Balloon Coachman. Yes! though there's not much in that; for who could be rude to such a beautiful creature?

Jenny. Here! (*Gives money*) Hold your foolish tongue! and let my things be placed as I ordered them.

[*When she attempts to put up her purse*, MERCURY *places himself behind her, and she puts it into his hand instead of her pocket.*

Balloon Coachman. I shall, madam! I'll do any thing to oblige such a handsome *fare*. We are now in our altitude: but when you have a mind to take a frisk down again, remember little *Gas*, the new balloon coachman—we go without horses—we travel so smooth, that you must think yourself in a *celestial bed*, where—Lord love ye!—I should have no objection——however,

Sings.

Whether you fly high or low,
Remember *Gas!* Ge up! Ge ho!
Above, below, or fast, or slow,
Remember *Gas!* Ge up! Ge ho!

[*Exit* BALLOON COACHMAN.

Jenny. Well, for one of these lunary beings, as my mistress used to call them, that fellow was civil enough; he does not seem to want understanding (*takes out her pocket glass*); though, to be sure, I am strangely blowzed by travelling in this elevated sphere—my mistress undertook this journey in search of *Captain Woodville*.

Jupiter (*aside to Mercury*). Her mistress! Is the lovely *Felicia* her mistress?

Mercury (*aside to him*). So it appears.

Jenny. Certainly the beautiful *Felicia* might have had lovers enough without flying to *the Moon* after one.

Mercury (*apart*). Good!

Jenny. Yet she was so strictly virtuous, that she could not bear to speak to a man in the absence of the captain—I should not have been so nice.

Mercury (*aside*). I dare say not.

Jenny. To be sure, being quite as handsome, indeed, some men, of great sense, might prefer me to her, I have more than once personated her.

Mercury (*apart*). You have!

Jenny. Though I now lament that my freaks, in my assumed character, caused *Captain Woodville* to fly from her without explanation.

Mercury (*apart*). So!

Jenny. And leave her in the deepest distress, which I must endeavour to soothe.

Mercury (*apart*). A benevolent undertaking.

Jenny. I'll find her instantly.

Mercury (*apart*). Indeed you will not.

Jenny. Yet let me consider.

Mercury (*apart*). Do! second thoughts are best.

Jenny. To find her may not be so easy a task.

Mercury (*apart*). Not quite.

Jenny. Especially as I have no clue to guide me: therefore, I will apply to the people of this inn.

Mercury (*apart*). Who know no more about her than you do.

Jenny. They seem a strange set.

Mercury (*apart*). You have hardly seen them yet.

Jenny. However, my frolic must take its course.

Sings.

When miss in her teens is inclin'd to believe
She's furnish'd with spirit and beauty,
She follows the pattern of grandmother Eve,
And frequently strays from her duty.
She'll range o'er the earth, or in thoughts rove above,
When once she's impell'd by the gad-fly of love.

My mistress seems to have taken her flight in reality—and I have thought it my duty to follow her: therefore, the sooner we meet in this airy region the better. [*Exit into the Inn.*

Scene VII.

JUPITER *and* MERCURY *advance.*

Mercury. Well, what does your godship think of my little chambermaid?

Jupiter. I think that you may, by attracting her from the object she is in pursuit of, her mistress, make a diversion in my favour.

Mercury. Curious! why, do you think that she wishes to rival *Felicia*?

Jupiter. Certainly I do!

Mercury. Not at all unlikely.

Jupiter. I shall gratify both her vanity and her passion.

Mercury. How?

Jupiter. Administer to her a strong dose of flattery; lull both her pride and her discretion to sleep; and——

Mercury. Oh, grandfather *Saturn!* what a son hast thou; nay, what a father have I: why sure your omnipotence does not mean to possess both mistress and maid?

Jupiter. Why not?

Mercury. Why not! for many reasons, although I shall only mention one; and that is, because the latter is my right.

Jupiter. Your right, Mr. Impudence?

Mercury. My right, Father Gravity!—If you make love to the mistress, prescription, which has, by the lapse of ages, grown into custom, says, that I should have full possession of the good graces of the maid.

Jupiter. Yes! but this, Mr. Dog! I mean to dispute with you.

Mercury. Do you? then take care of yourself. If you are determined not only to board the large vessel, but also to make prize of my little cock-boat, I am equally determined to appeal to a tribunal before which both gods and men occasionally tremble; or, in other words, to state every circumstance of your amours, with what flourishes genius may direct and the occasion elicit, to your wife.

Jupiter. My wife!

Mercury. Yes! this is perfectly *constitutional: Juno* determines these cases with the greatest judgment and discretion.

Jupiter. The rascal! (*aside.*)

Mercury. I shall find her at her toilet. *Iris* told me, that her chariot and peacocks were not ordered for her morning's airing until four in the afternoon; so that I shall be in time.

Jupiter. Will you go?

Mercury. As fast as I can: Good morning! (*going.*)

Jupiter. So, if I do not stop the scoundrel, all *Olympus* will be in an uproar—*Hermes!* come back—(Mercury *returns*). Why, surely, you did not think me serious!

Mercury. Were you not?

Jupiter. No, certainly! you know I love a bit of a joke; so I wished to alarm you with respect to the chambermaid.

Mercury. Good! I did not think that you had been such a wag.

Jupiter. Lord! I mean to resign all pretensions to her.

Mercury. Enough! on that condition, and one more, I am dumb to *Juno.*

Jupiter. What's your other condition?

Mercury. Money! You see my purse is empty—people of my calling must have money.

Jupiter. That is to say, they fleece every one they come near. You stole another purse, just now, from *Jenny.*

Mercury. True! but that was only to forward my designs upon her—an occasional gratuity from you I look upon as the fair profit of my profession.

Jupiter. You do!——I have great hope that this bastard of mine will be hanged—He bids fair for an elevation of some kind or other. Here! (*Gives him money*). Now attend me to *Felicia.*

Mercury. Certainly!—Upon this subject I could say much; but why, by instructing you, need I to appear wiser than my father.

Sings.

A timid nymph and am'rous swain,
Below, oft met in grove or plain:
She sigh'd; he vow'd, alas! good lack!
That *black* was white, and *white* was black,
Just as it suited with each tale.
Alarm'd at the first, she attempted to fly;
But struck by his sufferings, she could not tell why;
His accents so charming at once brought her back;
She said black was white; he agreed white was black;
And flatt'ry at once turn'd the scale.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII.

Changes to a room in the Inn. (The bells in different parts ring violently.

Enter Aspect, *running.*

Aspect. Coming! coming, sir! the *Great Bear* has been roaring this half-hour. (*Bell rings*) That's *the Dog*: there the company are snarling and barking—Nothing pleases old *Anubis*—(*Noise without*). So! what the deuce has made *the Lion* so outrageous?—I left a blazing fire in *the Comet*—yet they have rung three times. (*Bells ring*) Mercy on me! there's the Seven Stars—*Bootes*—*Cancer*—*Capricorn*—and the *Little Bear*—all by the ears together. (*Bell rings*) That's the bar bell—must attend to that—(*Noise without*) Hey-day! what the plague is the matter now?

Enter Jenny.

Jenny. Matter enough! there is the strangest person below. When the tea was made, he would insist upon having it extremely weak; and now he has thrown the company into confusion, by filling a bowl of excellent punch *with water.*

Aspect. I know the gentleman, *Mr. Arcturus:* he has the *run* of the house.

Jenny. I wish he would run away from it.

Aspect. So do not I; for he is of great service to innkeepers, indeed to the public: he will frequently extend one bottle of wine to three; and as for *spirits*, he will reduce them so below proof, that all the ingenuity in the lunar sphere cannot raise them; so our customers take quantity instead of quality.

Jenny. Aye, your *lunar* sphere is a queer sort of a place.

Aspect. Singular, I'll grant, but amusing: the men all genius; the women all beauty.

Jenny. Beauty, indeed! where do you find it? in our corpulent hostess, or her well-fed daughter, who displays the image of *indolence* and *plenty.*

Aspect. I think I can find a considerable portion of beauty without leaving this room.

Mercury (*dressed as a valet*) *enters behind.*

Jenny. This room! (*smiles*) I protest I don't understand you.

Aspect. I will explain.

[*As he attempts to kiss her,* Mercury *places himself between.*

Mercury. I think, *Mr. Waiter*, the explanation will be better received if it proceeds from my lips. [*Kisses* Jenny.

Aspect. I say, *Mr. Valet*, this is the most impertinent intrusion; and if your master, *Captain Woodville*, were here——

Jenny (*aside*). *Captain Woodville! Oh Gemini!*

Mercury. He would infallibly kick you down stairs.

Aspect. Kick me?

Mercury. Most certainly! but as kicking is an operation that may be performed by proxy, I shall take the trouble of correcting you myself.

Jenny. O mercy! here will be a quarrel upon my account, just as there was about *Ellen*, who was ravished.

Aspect. Correct me?

Mercury. Yes! therefore avaunt!

[*Kicks him.*

Aspect. Scoundrel!

Mercury. All correctors of language apply to the broadest part. [*Kicks him.*

Aspect. Dog!

Mercury. Dog! there! there! there!

[*Kicks him round the room.*

Aspect. Sir! sir! sir!

Mercury. So! I have produced a little amendment in your vocabulary —When I have leisure, I'll go through every part of your speech. For the present—leave the room.

Aspect. Sir, I am all obedience.

Mercury. Good! leave the room, I say; for if you do not fly down the stairs, I'll make you fly out of the window.

[Mercury *and* Jenny *retire to the back scene, and seem in conversation.*

Aspect (*comes forward*). That fellow belongs to the constellation of *Hercules*—As for the girl, I'll be even with her.

Sings.

I know how to fill
An extravagant bill,
And make every line
Appear as a fine
For kicking a waiter by proxy.
Yon bully I'll gull,
If he pays for his trull;
Or if he refuses,
His credit he loses,
And the constable seizes the doxy.

Mercury. What, are you not gone yet? Fly, or [*Holds up his fist.*
I'll bruise you downward to the zone,
And kick you into worlds unknown.

Aspect. Well! no more words upon this topic:
I will be gone—I'll fly your tropic.

[*Exit.*

Scene IX.

Mercury *and* Jenny.

Mercury. Now, my dear little chambermaid—Lord! you're very pretty.

[*Kisses her.*

Jenny. Aye! but if you take these liberties very often, you'll find me crusty.

Mercury. O, I love kissing crust of all things!

Jenny. Very likely! but you need not *rasp* my chin.

Mercury. I am as gentle as a lamb.

Jenny. Gentle or simple, I do not know—pray who are you?

Mercury. I am sure you know well enough.

Jenny. Indeed I do not!

Mercury. You wish to be better acquainted?

Jenny. I do—pray who are you?

Mercury. If, fair lady, I were inclined to boast my descent, I might derive it from a celestial race—but, whatsoever faults I may have, vanity is not one of them—I am the son of a ———.

Jenny. O, I understand you—your mother made a little slip—your father absconded—so that you are, in the true sense of the words—the child of the public.

Mercury. Be it so—I never stop the voluble tongue of a lovely girl by contradiction—I would rather stop her mouth—thus—— [*Kisses her.*

Jenny. Again! I vow I'll cry out.

Mercury. No! I am sure you are too good-natured to procure a kicking for any one that interrupts us.

Jenny. Proceed!

Mercury. I will——

[*Catches her in his arms.*

Jenny. Monstrous! You are the most impudent——I mean, proceed in your story.

Mercury. My story is very brief: I grew up handsome as you see—My education, I will own, was pretty much at large—I was, however, deemed qualified for a place.

Jenny. A place!

Mercury. Yes! a place is what thousands are at this time looking after. I took the run of several—First, a *Miser*, who starved me and his whole family—A *Doctor*, who tried experiments upon my *carcass:* he gave me food enough in the day, but expelled it by medicines at *night*—A *City Lady*, who made me spend all my money in bags and bouquets while her husband was sheriff—A *Rake*, who taught me to gamble while he ruined himself; so that in one night I lost both my cash and my master—A *Senator*, who turned me off at a moment's warning, because I fell asleep while he was rehearsing one of his speeches—I then engaged myself to *Captain Woodville*——

Jenny. *Captain Woodville*! Lord! what a pretty name—pray what sort of a man was he?

Mercury. That you may easily know.

Jenny. La! I know—How should I know?

Mercury. By looking at his picture, which you have at this instant in your pocket.

Jenny. Picture!

Mercury. Aye, set round with brilliants.

Jenny. Ah! (*screams*) I believe you deal with the *devil!*

Mercury. No, my love! here we have nothing to do with him: I obtain my information from another source, and, therefore, know——

Jenny. What?

Mercury. What passed upon the stairs this day fortnight, when he came to inquire for your mistress.

Jenny. O *Gemini!* you must have listened.

Mercury. To be sure—I know, likewise, how you came by that picture.

Jenny. Heavens! if you betray me!

Mercury. That must be considered—I know the use you have made of it: that you have, in some places, assumed the name, and, as far as you could, the appearance, of the lovely *Felicia*, and, by your incautious behaviour, caused the *Captain*, who heard of it, entirely to absent himself from her.

Jenny. Lord! Lord! I tremble like an aspen from head to foot—Sir, whoever you are, you must be a conjurer. Now a conjurer, like a lawyer or a physician, who are, perhaps, *no conjurers*, is bound to keep all secrets that are intrusted to him; therefore, if you blab——

Mercury. What if I do?

Jenny. Whip me if you shall ever kiss me again!

Sings.

When a youth finds the key
 To a spinster like me,
And sees thro' a bosom of glass,
 He's a blockhead and shab
 If one word he should blab;
If two, he's a fool and an ass.
 The damsel so shy,
 With uplifted eye,
For the picture of virtue may pass;
 But if, favour'd, her lover
 Should ever discover,
All would point at the coxcomb and ass.
 His feats he may brag on
 Who conquers a dragon,
Or levels a tower of brass;
 But, favour'd by *Jove*,
 If he triumphs in love,
And brags, he's a coxcomb and ass.

Enter Hostess.

Hostess. I don't know whom you may call coxcomb and ass; but, as I said to my husband: *Tom Taurus*, said I—quicken your motions, or we may be ruined. The lady up stairs may be virtuous, though she has been shut up with the gentleman's gentleman this half hour; or she may have a power of money, which is the same thing——

Mercury. As virtue—Good!

Hostess. Yes! to be sure: silver is the emblem of innocence, and gold the symbol of jealousy to guard it—So, said I to my husband, who was smoking his pipe over a tiff, as, indeed, he always is—short reckonings, says I, make long friends, says I—the lady is pretty, and, if she has a power of money, I should like to befriend her—"Go, waddle up to her, dove," said my husband.—"I will chicken," said I.—So I have brought your bill.

Mercury. If the bill, fair Jane! is as long as our landlady's speech, I tremble for your purse.

Jenny. Mercy on me! What a bill! Why, I never had any of these things!

Hostess. No! but you might have had them if you would; and, indeed, it is a shame that you did not call for them.

Jenny. I'll not pay such exorbitant charges.

Hostess. Indeed but you will; for *Justice Overdo* is in the house, and he tells my husband that he has a right to detain your trunks, and band-boxes.

Jenny. What, with all my new clothes?

Hostess. Certainly!—You do not seem to want many clothes, if you never wear more at once than you have on at present.

Jenny. Impertinence! What shall I do?

Mercury. Submit to her imposition—pay her the money, and stop her mouth.

Jenny. Well! if it must be so (*shrieks*). Oh! I'm ruined—I'm ruined! I've lost my purse!

Hostess. Not in our house, madam! the old fetch will not do here. (*Rings the bell*) Desire *Justice Overdo* to walk up.

Jenny. *Justice Overdo!*—is it come to this? lose my purse, and be treated as a thief.

Mercury. Can I assist you?

Jenny. If you will advance, I'll leave this picture with you.

Mercury. Perhaps I shall be treated as a receiver.

Hostess. I think I hear *Justice Overdo's* cough on the stairs.

Jenny. Justice on the stairs—for Heaven's sake assist me!

[*Gives the picture.*

Mercury. Here! I hope you will gain by the exchange. [*Returns a large purse.*

Jenny. Lard! here's more money than I shall ever want.

Hostess. Not at all, your ladyship—Things are dear here, your ladyship—and although I would trust your ladyship to an infinitude—every one may not have the same feelings, your ladyship.

Jenny. Yes! you have given me a pretty specimen of your feelings—However, there's your money!

Hostess. Your ladyship binds me for ever; and as for the bill——

Enter Justice Overdo.

Justice Overdo. I can't bind any one longer than to the sessions, except in breaches of the peace; and I doubt the regularity of that practice—I will, therefore, take your recognizance till then, when the bill will be found, of course.

Hostess. The bill is discharged.

Justice Overdo. What! without going before the grand jury—this is an enormity not to be tolerated. I take it, my host, who is himself at the bar, has still a *lien* upon the band-boxes. Girls are fond of *smuggling*—who knows but there may be contraband goods in them—I shall consult a brother magistrate, who is now sitting on the *bench* at the door, where we, every afternoon, hold a *petit sessions*—slips are continually happening among the lads and lasses on the *Milky Way*—they have been more frequent this season than ever I knew them; so that we are like to have plenty of *bindovers*, both before and after birth. [*Exit* Justice Overdo.

Hostess. Will your ladyship, and you, honourable sir, retire to the best room.

Mercury. I am afraid you think any too good for such customers as we are.

[*Noise without.*

Hostess. Not at all! all my apartments, from the attic downwards, are at your service. [*Bells ring in different parts.*

Scene X.

Enter Aspect *and* Flight, *struggling.*

Aspect. I tell you once more, that all our apartments are engaged.

Hostess. Except those at the top of the house.

Flight. They will suit me exactly: I shall feel myself quite *at home* in a garret.

Aspect. They are engaged too: persons of quality have just arrived in crowds: they have, with the greatest politeness taken possession of every apartment below; their servants, equally polite, have done the same above.

Hostess. Persons of quality?

[*Bells ring in different parts.*

Aspect. Don't you hear them?—Wheresoever persons of quality arrive, they always set the bells a ringing.

Hostess. O what a glorious bustle!—I shall be wanted every where—You, Mr. What-d'ye-call-'um (*to* FLIGHT), may take yourself off—your shabby black coat won't do at the *Half Moon*—you may hang it where you please, and yourself along with it—I have no demands upon you, good people (*to* MERCURY *and* JENNY)—so, as my house is frequented by persons of the best quality, and, consequently, a virtuous house—you may take yourselves off too. [*Exit* HOSTESS.

Mercury. So much for the virtue of the *Half Moon*, which, I hope, will never pretend to aspire to full-orbed chastity; at least, while it holds persons of the best quality.—Virtue is frequently stern: however, my dear Jenny, I will lead you to a house where you will be received with greater civility.

Flight (*interposing*). That's exactly such a place as I want.

Mercury (*surveying him*). You want!—I have no time to consider your accommodation—scarcely, indeed, to conduct this young lady.

Flight. If you'll direct, and trust her with me, I'll see her safe.

Mercury. Trust her with you!—what are you?

Flight. My history's not "a blank;" for I have made more matches, ruined more virgins, caused more lovers to perjure, and more damsels to destroy themselves, than half the rakes in *Ogyris*; yet I am a very harmless creature.

Jenny. A very harmless creature indeed: who are you!

Flight. A man! born to extract tears from the most beautiful eyes, to cause the most enchanting bosoms to heave, to melt the stubbornest hearts, to stimulate sighs, to produce the most exquisite happiness or the direst misery: elysium:—beds of roses—garlands of lilies, violets, and woodbines—celestial odours—palaces of pearl—chains—dungeons—deep-yawning graves—scorpions—toads—adders—in short, I have the whole celestial and terrestrial range—I can create any-thing.

Mercury. Then you are an immortal?

Flight. Immortal in my works; I am a poet.

Mercury. A poet! excellent! you are precisely the person I wanted—your passion lies entirely in *your head*: therefore, I will trust this fair lady with you.

Flight. This proof of your confidence will form an excellent subject for my next piece: it shall begin,

> A goddess so bright
> Was consign'd to Frank Flight.

Mercury. Well, pay less attention to words, and more to things. Suspend your poetry, and take care of the goddess, as you call her.

Sings.

> The man who pursues
> The flight of the muse,
> May seem in idea to court all;
> His eyes may be strolling
> In phrenetic rolling,
> But seldom they'll fix on a mortal.

Jenny.

> The poetic ranger,
> To passion a stranger,
> Courts only the smiles of a goddess:
> His flames are celestial;
> His muse, quite a vestal,
> Would be shock'd at a girl in her boddice.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene XI.

A tufted Grove, through which the Cottage of DISK *appears at a distance.*

Enter JUPITER.

Jupiter. That son of a w****!—Hush! don't let me censure the scoundrel's mother for being what I made her: yet the tricks that he is continually playing ought to be a warning, both to deities and mortals, never, in their affairs, to employ a genius. Had I sent some plodding porter, *old Zone*, for instance, he'd have encompassed the world in half the time: but for this erratic rascal, every thing leads him out of the way. I have known him follow a pair of taper legs and a short petticoat from *Virgo* to the *Dragon's Head;* and when he overtook their possessor, be frightened back again by discovering the countenance of one of the furies—Confound him! he has flown after one of the *celestial pigeons* into some gaming-house below; or has descended with *Arcturus* to see what advantage the speculators will make of the late floods, or whether, if the horned cattle should be driven from the western market of *Ogyris*, *Diana* will order her agent, *Cornucopia*, to provide for them elsewhere, or else he is——

Enter MERCURY.

Mercury. Here, "my lord and father," as *Dick Dull*, the comic poet, says, in the new play.

Jupiter. Here!—Confound you, where have you stayed so long?

Mercury. Affairs demanded my attention.

Jupiter. Your own, I may suppose, while mine were neglected.

Mercury. There your infallibility is mistaken.

Jupiter. How?

Mercury. Why, just as a logician would be who should fly to the conclusion without examining the premises.

Jupiter. I shall examine your pate with my *sceptre;* scorch your blooming countenance with my *ægis;* kick your posteriors——

Mercury. *Argumentum a posteriori* is, as I said, logical.

Jupiter. Dog! remember the fate of *Vulcan.*

Mercury. "Toss'd all the day in rapid circles round,
Nor, till the sun descended, touch'd the ground."
I remember it well enough.

Jupiter. Then tremble!

Mercury. The virtuous have no need to tremble.

Jupiter. Virtuous!—here's a rascal!

Mercury. Yes! to obey parental commands is virtuous—I have exercised my calling—I have employed my *caduceus* to some purpose.

Jupiter. Have you?

Mercury. Yes.

Jupiter. My dear boy! (*embracing him*) why did you not tell me so at first?

Mercury. Because you questioned me with such anger and petulance as quite dumbfounded my modesty.

Jupiter. Good! your modesty I am well acquainted with; but that's neither here nor there—Have you seen *Jenny* since.

Mercury. I have.

Jupiter. Right!

Mercury. I have been tampering with her.

Jupiter. No doubt.

Mercury. Laid her under eternal obligations to me.

Jupiter. Excellent!

Mercury. And obtained this.

[*Holds up the picture of Captain* Woodville.

Jupiter. Most exquisite minister! I only want that picture to complete my plan upon *Felicia.* [*Offers to take it.*

Mercury. Hold! it is not quite so easy to come at. This picture was obtained with great pains, and some expense. I set a particular value upon it; and therefore———

Jupiter. Why, you pimping scoundrel!

Mercury. So! just now I was a minister, now I am a pimp.

Jupiter. Would you impose upon your father?

Mercury. To choose! if my father will set me such an ill example, let him take the consequence.

Jupiter. You ought to be treated as a common swindler.

Mercury. No, not a common swindler! you know that I am the chief of that respectable corps. Therefore deposit! (*holds out his hand*). No purse, no picture!

Jupiter. Must it be so?

Mercury. To be sure! I always instruct my votaries in these words—Get as much as you can—how you can—when you can—and where you can.

Jupiter. I am not to learn that you are a profligate rascal. There! (*gives him a purse*). Why do you not hand me the picture?

Mercury. Because the exact value of a bird in the hand is two from the bush. I must, therefore, have another purse.

Jupiter. Monstrous! here's a dog! if it were not for the disgrace to myself, how I should delight to see him hanged—Villain! resign the picture.

Mercury. You must resign another purse, father! you should have taken care to secure the former.

Jupiter. Well, trust to my honour.

Mercury. So I will! I'll trust half the picture in your hand, you, at the same time, trusting me with half the purse.

Jupiter. Agreed!

[*They make the exchange.*

Mercury *sings.*

Dread father! with me
I am sure you'll agree,
If I'm apt at deception, you bred it.
If he lets go his hold,
When oft goods are sold,
The vendor may whoop for his credit.
When promises fail,
And he's left with leg bail,
Oh! how the dup'd tradesman must dread it.
Therefore it is just,
He should never place trust,
Where the vendee deserves little credit.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

*** Act the third, and last, will appear in our next Number; after which, we are sorry to find that we shall not be favoured with any more of these Dramatic Effusions; our worthy and respected Friend and Correspondent, Mr. Moser, having, in consequence of some illiberal anonymous letters sent to him on the subject, declined continuing his communications of that kind; from which many of our readers, we know, have derived much entertainment.

MEMOIR OF JAMES BRINDLY, Esq.

INCLUDED IN

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF INLAND NAVIGATION, FROM ITS EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE CLOSE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

(*Continued from page* 167.)

THE *Trent* and *Mersey*, or Grand Trunk Canal, was the second undertaking of this kind in England, and which we shall proceed to describe.

The Duke having thus led the way, several other plans for navigable canals were immediately brought forward, and the success which attended the first essay prompted many to undertake the like works. The gentlemen, who reasoned properly, naturally concluded, that every thing which caused a ready communication between one place and another would increase the value of their estates: and the manufacturer reasoned in the same way, with respect to the fall of his raw material. Among the noblemen and gentlemen who patronised the undertaking, were *Lord Gower*, brother-in-law to the *Duke of Bridgwater*, *Mr. Egerton*, of *Cheshire*, and *Mr. Anson*, of *Shuckborough*, in *Staffordshire*. In a part of that *county*, near *Newcastle*, there are several towns near each other, where the coarse earthen-ware then in use was manufactured, and which spot is, from that circumstance, called the Pottery. The inhabitants of this part clearly saw the advantage such an undertaking would be to them, and readily joined in subscribing money, and assisting in the work.

To proceed properly in a work of such magnitude, a public meeting was called at *Sandon*, near *Stone*, in *Staffordshire*, at which the above-named noblemen and gentlemen, with many of the neighbouring gentlemen and persons concerned in the manufactories, attended. Among the latter was the late *Mr. Wedgwood*, then in a small way of business, in which, we believe, he had succeeded his father, in the POTTERY. That gentleman had too much good sense not to see that such an undertaking opened the way for attaining wealth and independence, and he continued to the last day of his life to give every assistance to this work. *Mr. Brindly* had planned originally the great design of uniting the four great trading towns of *England*, *London*, *Bristol*, *Hull*, and *Liverpool*, by means of navigable canals; but in this part of his plan, the canal from the *Trent* to the *Mersey*, the gentlemen of *Liverpool* had been rather beforehand with him, and had employed two surveyors, as early as the year 1755, to make a survey, which they completed; but *Mr. Brindly* was made choice of by *Lord Gower* to make another survey, which he did, in conjunction with *Mr. Smeaton*; and they both reported that the country was most admirably calculated for the purpose.

Their plans were laid before this meeting; but some difficulties being started, other surveys were advised, which were presented to a second meeting. Here were, consequently, two plans before the public; and the gentlemen who proposed to be subscribers approved of *Mr. Brindly's*, at an adjourned meeting held at *Wolseley-bridge*, *Staffordshire*, on the 30th December, 1765.

This meeting was truly respectable, being attended by *Earl Gower*, who, as lord-lieutenant of the county, was called to the chair; the two county members, and those for *Lichfield*, *Newcastle* in *Staffordshire*, and several other places. Here they came to the following resolutions:

To apply to parliament for leave to make a navigable canal from *Wilden*, in the county of *Derby*, to the *River Mersey*.

To complete it on *Mr. Brindly's* plan.

To raise 101,000l. in shares of 200l. each, and to open subscription-books at the great towns near which it was to pass.

As this was the first public canal in England, it may be necessary to make some remarks on the advantages of canal navigation in general, as they are set forth in a work supposed to have been written by the late Mr. Wedgwood, on the peculiar advantages of the line taken by the canal.

The advantages attending *navigable canals* are great. Every person must allow, that the *stamina* of our trade is the internal produce of the kingdom, and that the nearer the manufacturer is to the market the better price his goods will bring him. For instance: if a person manufactures a piece of cloth forty or fifty miles from the part where it is to be shipped, he must abate in his price the value it will cost to carry it by land-

carriage to the market; but the opening a water navigation will lessen the expense, and either enable him to sell his work cheaper, which is a national benefit, or give him more profit, which is a private advantage.

In case of invasion, government will, by these canals, be enabled to transport the heaviest cannon to any part of the country in a very short time; regiments also, and their baggage, may be conveyed in a safer and more commodious way than by long harassing marches, through roads often impassable, and oftentimes circuitous. The saving in draught-horses and the expense of baggage-waggons will be great.

It has been objected, that an inland navigation will destroy the breed of draught-horses, since there will be little or no employ for them: to this it may be replied, that the number of horses should be decreased; but there can be no danger of their destruction; and the land saved from the growing of produce for the horses will feed thousands of poor families.

Nothing requires the attention of the people of this country more than husbandry: this will receive great advantages from these canals; the farmer will be able to send his corn to market at any time of the year; and this easy conveyance from one place to another will tend to bring it to a greater equality of price throughout the kingdom, and by this means that first necessary of life will be kept nearer a medium. If corn and other provisions be kept low, the manufacturers will be able to work cheaper, and sell more of their manufactures. Another advantage which will arise to the farmer will be, that, instead of employing his team in sending corn to market, he may transmit it by the canal, and his horses, mean time, "may be employed in improving his land, by carrying marl and manure to it: and he might inclose and till more lands, which are now waste grounds and commons." How greatly would agriculture be improved, and the increase and produce of our land fulfil the proverb of returning tenfold, and the shepherd made happy by the increase of his sheep. I cannot omit mentioning, before I conclude the enumeration of these general advantages, that prodigious and immense convenience, that the merchants at the three ports will receive, from being able to send their merchandise by this canal from *Bristol* to *Hull*; which is, in fact, joining the east and west together; by which means they will both avoid that most tedious and hazardous voyage of two months round the Land's End, and also the expense attending those dangerous voyages, and find themselves considerable gainers.

We must here observe one very great and material advantage that inland navigation is of, in keeping, through a whole country, an equimediate price of provisions; for, where any commodity is cheap at home, it may be carried to a more populous part, to get a proper price for it; and when it is dear at home, it may be fetched from a cheaper market, and the poor will never be so liable to suffer by monopolizers.

The great advantage that this kingdom will derive from a less number of horses being kept for draught is prodigious; as the same lands that kept twenty thousand horses will, perhaps, now keep thirty thousand fat oxen; by which means butchers' meat will be always cheaper to the labouring poor, as well as to the labouring manufacturer; all which articles are very considerable, and of material moment in the price of our manufactures; as they, in a great measure, work their trade to rise and fall in price according to the cheapness of their materials and the necessaries of life.

Inland navigation will encourage old manufacturers to work with fresh vigour, when they can obtain their materials cheap; and will give opportunity to set up new trades and manufactures, as the materials may be conveyed to any part of the country whatever.

There are many large mines of valuable contents, that, for want of carriage and conveyance, are now useless; such as stones, iron ore, marble, and quarries of various sorts, that would then be opened and worked, and be productive, perhaps, of the greatest advantages to the proprietor, as well as to the various parts of the kingdom, in which they might be purchased at an easy rate.

The coasting trade seems to claim particular attention, for the great advantages that will accrue to it by these navigable canals, as all or most of the goods that have usually gone by land carriage from *London* to these countries, will now be sent by shipping to the ports, and from thence be dispersed far and wide by means of these navigable canals; for, the more you

open a channel, the more water it draws from the head, and, consequently, works its way farther on.

They will certainly cause more shipping to be employed on the coasts, and more sailors to navigate them. We must here make one observation, that old men and worn out sailors may be employed on these navigable canals; and those whose constitution will not suffer them to undergo the hardships and severities of a sea voyage, may yet do very well to navigate these vessels on the canals: every boy in each village through which the canals pass, will have a desire to become a sailor, and will be trained up in his early youth to hand a rope, and soon be fit to be of service on board a ship; by which means these canals will become one of the most natural nurseries for seamen for his Majesty's fleets and the protection of this island; as also for shipwrights upon an emergency; both which are great advantages to any state.

These canals will be of great advantage to the landed estates, as more persons will now come and settle themselves on many commons adjacent to the navigation, for the benefit and convenience of trade, and thereby improve and inclose those barren lands; and the present inclosed lands will reap great benefit, either by draining some that want it, or flooding others, which is reckoned a great improvement to meadow lands.

I think the result of every plan and scheme for the public service should ultimately terminate in giving assistance to the distresses of the poor, and relieving their wants by letting them have the necessaries of life at a cheap rate: this we term charity to our brother. This is the true strength of our trade, and a principal security for our present and future affluence.

It is as impossible that the immense advantages that will accrue to this nation, in a variety of instances, from inland navigation, should be enumerated in this brief notice, as it is to number the sands on the shore; we shall, therefore, proceed to point out some local advantages to the manufactures only bordering on these canals.

The line of this canal is from the *Mersey* into the *Duke of Bridgwater's* canal at *Preston*, from whence it runs past *Northwich*, *Middlewich*, *Sandbach*, *Lawson*, *Burslem*, *Newcastle*, *Stoke*, *Trentham*, *Stone*, *Sandon*, *Haywood*, *Wolseley*, *Wickner*, *Burton*, to the *Trent* at *Weldin*. The price of land-carriage in the neighbourhood of these towns is, upon an average, nine shillings per ton for ten miles; the charge on the canal will not exceed two shillings and sixpence; a saving which will alone enable the landholders to carry many things to market which are now useless. From *Northwich* to *Lawson* is a bed of rock salt, forty yards thick. Near the latter place is a mountain, containing four kinds of different useful stone. Near *Wolseley-bridge* is stone not at all inferior to *Portland*. Near *Rudgley* is coal, called cannel coal; and near the place where the canal joins the *Trent* is a vast mountain of lime-stone, and also lime-stone in various other places; and not far distant, quarries of slate. Marle and other manure may be conveyed with great advantage to the land in the neighbourhood. Iron, stone, copper, calamine, marble, white clay, &c. are all found at no very considerable distance from the line. Of manufactures and cultivated articles are timber, cord, wood for charcoal and iron works, oak, bark, woad, madder, hides, tallow, and provisions of all kinds. The ale of *Burton*, the manufactures of the pottery of *Nottingham*, *Leicester*, and *Derby*, the flour and clay to make the pottery ware, and the groceries to serve the towns on the line, will all be brought for near one fourth the expense of carriage which they have hitherto been carried at.

The *Trent* and *Mersey* canal was begun and carried on under the direction of *Mr. Brindly* as long as he lived. It has a fine aqueduct over the *River Dove*, and a tunnel under the hill of *Harecastle* for the length of a mile and a half; the whole length of the canal is ninety one miles, from the *Trent* at *Wildon-ferry* to the junction with the *Duke of Bridgwater's* canal at *Preston.*

After the canal was nearly finished, it was found that the summit or highest pond of water might sometimes want a supply; to obviate which difficulty, in 1777, application was again made to Parliament, for leave to cut another canal from a place called *Caldon*, to join the Grand Trunk near *Newcastle*, and also to make rail-ways from a hill of lime-stone, down to the head of that canal. This bill passed; and when this canal was completed,

the whole length cut by this company amounted to nearly one hundred and twenty miles, in which there were ninety-one locks; the rise and fall on the *Trent* side being 316 feet, and on the *Mersey* side 326 feet. The whole expense of this navigation was upwards of 300,000l. of which the proprietors raised 130,000l. among themselves, and the rest on interest.

From this canal is a small one cut by another company, called the *Newcastle* canal company, from *Stoke* to *Newcastle*; and *Sir Nigel Grisley* has cut a small canal from his coal-works.

The same year that the first act for cutting the *Trent* and *Mersey* passed, a set of gentlemen applied for, and obtained, an act to enable them to cut a canal from the *River Severn* to join the *Trent* and *Mersey* canal near *Haywood*: 70,000l. was the capital of the company, with the usual power of borrowing more. The line taken by this canal was, from a place called *Stourport*, to pass *Milton*, near to *Kidderminster*, *Wolverhampton*, *Penkridge*, and *Tixall*, to *Haywood*, where it joins the *Trent* and *Mersey* canal. This was a part of *Mr. Brindly's* plan, and was called the *Stafforshire* and *Worcestershire Canal*.

Before we proceed to another part of *Mr. Brindly's* plan, that of approaching *London* by canals, it may be proper to take a view of some most extensive undertakings in the canal way, to which the rising state of *Birmingham* gave birth.

In the eighth year of the reign of his present Majesty, an act passed for making a navigable cut or canal from *Birmingham* to *Bilston*, and from thence to join the *Staffordshire* and *Worcestershire* canal near *Atherly*: this canal, although only between twenty-seven or twenty-eight miles in length, cost a very considerable sum: but both this and the *Staffordshire* and *Worcestershire* canals have amply recompensed the subscribers, and given them the most satisfactory dividends. This arose chiefly from the vast quantity of coals found in the neighbourhood of the line, and from the great demand for that article at the manufacturing towns in the neighbourhood.

Nearly the same set of proprietors who had engaged in the *Birmingham* canal, applied for an act to cut a canal from *Birmingham* to *Fazeley*, and then to join the *Coventry* canal. These two canals were, by a subsequent act of the 21st Geo. III. united, under the title of the BIRMINGHAM CANAL NAVIGATION.

Another canal, to communicate with these, was planned, and an act passed in the twenty-third year of the reign of the present King, for making a canal from *Wyrly-bank*, to communicate with the *Birmingham* and *Fazely* canal near *Wolverhampton*, to which the title of *Wyrly* and *Effington* canal was given; and this was afterwards extended, and they were empowered to join the *Coventry* canal near *Huddersfield*.

We have already observed, that the plan of *Mr. Brindly* was to connect all these northern canals with a line of navigation to London, which was to be effected by two different companies; one to take the line from the *Trent* and *Mersey* canal at *Frudley-heath* to *Coventry*, and the other from *Coventry* to *Oxford*.

The former were styled, *the Company of Proprietors of the Coventry Canal*, and were empowered to raise 50,000l. but before they had completed their canal to *Atherston*, in *Warwickshire*, their money was exhausted, and the work stood still for some years, until at last the proprietors agreed with the *Trent* and *Mersey*, and the *Birmingham* and *Fazely* companies, that the two latter should complete the *Coventry* canal on money advanced by the two companies, by way of mortgage, with power of redemption. The part completed by the *Birmingham* and *Fazeley* company remained with them by subsequent agreement; but the part completed by the *Trent* and *Mersey* company was redeemed.

The act for making the *Oxford* canal passed nearly about the same time, and was completed about the same period as the *Coventry*.

The *Stourbridge* canal act passed in 1776, and was intended to open to that town a communication with the *Staffordshire* and *Worcestershire* canal. The same year another act was passed for a canal from the *Stourbridge* navigation to lands of *Lord Foley's*, near *Dudley*, and which is called the *Dudley* canal, which opened the communication between the towns of *Stourport* and *Dudley*, and which, by another act passed in the 25th Geo. III. was extended to join a canal intended from *Birmingham* to *Worcester*.

We now find a communication opened by water, from and to the great trading

town of *Birmingham*, to every place on or near the *Trent* and *Mersey*, and the *Staffordshire* and *Worcestershire* canals, and to all the towns in its own neighbourhood, to the westward and northward. The attention of the adventurers was next drawn to the opening a communication eastward and southward.

Accordingly, in the year 1789, an act passed to make a canal from *Birmingham* to *Warwick*, for which 100,000l. was raised; another from the *Warwick* canal to *Napton*, to join the *Oxford* canal at *Brampton*. In 1797, another act passed for making a canal from the *Birmingham* and *Worcester* navigations to *Stratford-upon-Avon*. It remains for us to mention one more canal, which must be finished before the whole intended line of communication is complete; and that is, the canal from *Worcester* to *Birmingham*, for which an act passed in 1791, with power to raise 180,000l. in shares, and borrow 90,000l.: but this has not been found sufficient; and it is not unlikely but that this great work will remain unfinished until a peace enables the proprietors to raise more money.

There is a small canal from the *Severn* to open a communication from *Droitwich*; and it is with pleasure, because it denotes *commercial prosperity*, that we contemplate the progress of *Inland Navigation*; of which, from the ingenious production of *Mr. Z. Alnutt*, we shall soon give a further account.

Respecting Mr. James Brindly, who has been most appropriately termed the *Father of Inland Navigation* in this country, it becomes necessary to state a few more particulars. He was, as we have already hinted in the beginning of this Memoir, a man of *exalted genius*, rather than of *liberal education*. His reading was chiefly confined to works which had a tendency to promote his professional pursuits; but as he had, from *innate intelligence*, struck into a new path which shortened the way to perfection in the *mathematical* and *mechanical* sciences, he depended less upon adventitious aid than on the energy of his own *mental exertions*: therefore, when he had in contemplation any work of peculiar difficulty, he used to lie in bed a day, and sometimes two, in order *ideally* to arrange its plan. His mechanical talents, as displayed in the stupendous works they produced, were astonishing; and so exceedingly had he appreciated the value of Inland Navigation, that when, in the course of his examination before a *Committee* of the *House of Commons*, he was asked by a *Member*, who, perhaps, thought he rated the advantages of *water-roads* too highly, Of what use *rivers* were? he replied, "To feed *navigable canals*." We think that that magnificent national undertaking, the *junction* of the *two seas* by the means of a canal from the *Frith of Forth* to the *Frith of Clyde*, seems to have sprung from his *idea* of joining the four great rivers of *England*: but this we do not positively assert, because we are not certain that he had any concern in it; though we must observe, that the plan and execution do the greatest honour to the persons who undertook, and persevered in the execution of, a work of such immense importance.

Mr. Brindly closed a life of *toil* and *difficulty* with the satisfaction of seeing his various exertions attended with astonishing success, honoured for his *genius*, esteemed for his *virtues*, and revered as a real benefactor to his country. He died in the year 1772, and was buried at *New Chapel*, in *Staffordshire*; which is nearly in the *centre* of those stupendous works which he had executed.

DISSIPATION;

OR,

THE ORIGIN OF PARTIES.

PART IV.

Tempus edax rerum.

TIME, saith both *Ovid* and *Horace*, devours all things; but although this position is, according to the *Epicurean* system, certainly true, we are much better pleased with the idea of the latter poet, as expressed in the following sentence:

Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis:

the times are continually changing, and we change with the times: because, although, as has, indeed, been often said by Wing,* in his Almanack, for instance, "all things change," few are, except in the lapse of a far greater number of years than are the subject of our present consideration, absolutely destroyed.

That all *things*, and all *persons*, have, within the course of existing observa-

* *Vincent Wing* has, since he ceased to exist, left out *Omnia rerum vicissitudo*; though he still continues to publish his Almanack.

tion, changed, is a circumstance so obvious, that it would be idle to dispute it for a moment. That time, operating on the works of *art* and on the productions of *nature*, is continually *sapping* their *foundations* and devouring their *surface*, is so trite a remark, that we should not have risked it, but for the sake of another, more congruous to our present subject; which is, that although TIME certainly *changes* some, and *devours* many, persons and things, he, to embody the idea, has, through the medium of the *terrene goddess*, a re-productive power, and can, from the *ashes* of *mortality* and *germ* of *matter*, raise others, which, although not, perhaps, equal to their progenitors or precursors, either in *strength* or *beauty*, may *grow* and *flourish* for a period, till, at length, they decline, sink into the *earth*, and become *manure* for the land which they may once have *adorned*.

These observations are general, and may be applied *ad libitum*; but there is one which seems more closely to *gripe* the subject that we intend, in continuation of our former speculations, to discuss; because it will serve to shew how those papers arose, and this continuation became necessary.

In works of the imagination, then, it is curious to contemplate how a slight hint may be extended. This axiom, arising from the motto of our first *part*, we have, in some degree, exemplified, and shall more fully display as we proceed. We think, *Swift* once observed, that many an *author* who had sat down to write a *penny pamphlet*, had been, perhaps, betrayed into the composition of a *folio volume*:* and honest *John Bunyan*, who says, "as I pulled it came," we believe, conceived the idea of that admirably ingenious work, "*The Pilgrim's Progress*," in his itinerant journeys from *Bedford* to *Turvey*,† whither, tradition says, he used, in his juvenile days, like *Christian*, to travel with his burthen at his back, and where he used also, in the earliest part of his ministry, *to preach*.

To leave this introductory digression, which stands, like an *ill-constructed hatch*, betwixt two *gloomy passages*, we shall now proceed to throw a *little more light* upon our subject.

The close of the seventeenth century was, as we observed in our last paper,‡ an era rendered extremely conspicuous by the prevalence of *party*, and, of course, by *literary*, though not *civil*, warfare. The WHIGS and TORIES, the two great confederations of those times, divided the whole nation; and as the *public mind* vibrated betwixt the one and the other, the *beam* upon which *principles* were *suspended* was most aptly termed "*the true balance of power*." From a desire to cause an *inclination* of this *balance* arose much of the *wit*, *humour*, *sense*, and *sentiment*, that embellished the declining years of the age to which we have alluded, and enlivened the dawn of the eighteenth century. But it was not only in *literature* that political contention was obvious; party prevailed in every thing. If a *victorious general* was to be *rewarded*, or a *beautiful lady's* face was to be *patched*, either must be done according to the dictates of *party*. If the ministry *hoodwinked* the nation, or our lovely female ancestors *hoodwinked* themselves, the *rhetorical tints* of the one, and the *real colours* of the other, exhibited the strongest traits of party principles. It is, indeed, curious to reflect, how this *ambitious* and *interested* propension prevailed, even in *dress*, *drinking*, *business*, and *amusement*: ADDISON'S *French doll*, although he had too much *delicacy* to take the hint of her *pert* attendant, and proceed in his *researches*, it is to this hour believed, had her *garters* tied in the TORY fashion.

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* We have always given to those celebrated characters, the *giant Barbarino* and the *dwarf Mignon*, the honor of having hinted to *Dean Swift* the idea of those playthings of comparison, the *Brobdignagians* and *Liliputians*: but many *Scholiasts* will have it, that he was obliged for the general plan of the voyages of that entertaining adventurer, *Captain Lemuel Gulliver*, to his great precursor, *Diodorus Siculus*. If he, in reality, was so, we wonder that he did not order the captain to touch at, or cast him on shore on the *Island* of the *Chelonophales*; a people so called from their living on *tortoises*, or being, in point of fact, most eminent *turtle-eaters*: but, perhaps, these people had not, in the time of the dean, made *that figure* in the world that they have since.

† TURVEY is a parish about eight miles from *Bedford*, where it has been said *Bunyan* was born: but this is incorrect; he was born at *Elstow*, a village a mile and a half from *Bedford*, and was pastor of a congregation in *Mill-lane*, in that town.

‡ *Vide* page 104.

Having made these few observations on the dress of the ladies, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, let us, for a moment, advert to the male *costume*; which will, of course, lead us to state, that the garb of our *grandsires* did not discover the distinguishing marks of those all-pervading principles which were, in that of our *grandmothers*, so extremely obvious. The men in that age, whatsoever they might think of *public affairs*, however they might, as we have hinted, from the impulse of *ambition*, or from motives of interest, stand affected either to the one side or the other of the grand question; yet they always concealed their opinions in their *drapery*, or, rather, with respect to its form and fashion, appeared in the *same livery*: a *whig* was as frequently seen in a *brown coat* as a *blue*. In fact, as every *gentleman* thought it incumbent on him to appear in public *armed*, and a *sword* was deemed as necessary an article of dress as *a hat* or a pair of *shoes*, perhaps reflecting that it was safer to contend with *words* than *weapons*, they *wisely* forbore to display any tegument that might be deemed a *signal* of *defiance*. To their *wives* and *daughters*, therefore, whom we shall denominate *cornets* and *ensigns*, and to their *mothers*, who must be considered as *ancients*, they left the task of hoisting, in their *head-dresses*, the *colours* of party, and unfurling with their *fans* all the symbols of *principles* and of *passions*. Although the *Spartans* were always prepared for contention, yet as *secrecy* was, in their politics, a predominating principle, it was impossible by the *dress* of their *matrons* and *virgins* that any difference of opinion betwixt them and their neighbours, the *Athenians* for instance, could be discerned. The *females* of this country frequently sported the *red veil*, while the *Lacedæmonian ladies*, whether *married* or *single*, delighted in discovering their *naked faces*. Respecting this subject we have already observed, and therefore shall return to that from which we started, namely, the male habiliments of the early part of the eighteenth century. Of these, perhaps, the best idea that can now be attained is from the *mezzotinto print* of the *Kit Kat Club*, where it will be seen, that the dress of all its members is exactly similar, *i. e. voluminous wigs*, *cuffs* like *boot tops*, *waistcoats* considerably longer than our *crop-skirted jackets*, *stockings* that are rolled half way up the *small clothes* (as they are now termed), *coats* that descend to the ancle, *square-toe'd shoes*, and *diminutive buckles*: in short, except with regard to the latter, there may, in this print, be *contemplated* all the *incumbrances*, with very few of the *advantages*, of *dress*. Yet the gentlemen here represented, though displaying the exuberance of fashion, were personages grave in their demeanor, moderate, we presume, in their desires, and highly respectable in society. Had they been *dashers*; had they, like many in those times, delighted in striking *bold strokes*; had they been *Mohocks*, *Ranters*, *Scowerers*, or *Biters*, something might have been said, indeed something has, notwithstanding, been said, by an anonymous author, so extremely apposite, that we shall extract a few of the distinguishing traits of his description of A BEAU, in order to see how they assimilate with those of the *stage-coxcombs* of that age, who used to *make love*, *fight*, *rake*, *revel*, *beat watchmen*, *break windows*, and play a hundred other pranks, equally *sensible* and *moral*, in *full-bottom wigs*, about *twice* as *long* and *thrice* as *convoluted* as those which now adorn and dignify the heads of *judges*, *sergeants at law*, and *king's counsel*, the first day of term.

"*Description of a* Beau *of the Years* 1703-4, *&c.*

"A BEAU is a creature who, under the appearance of a *man*, has all the *folly*, *vanity*, and *levity* of a *woman*: he has more *learning* in his *heels* than in his *head*, which is better *covered* than *filled*; nay, he knows not what it is good for but to hang his *hat* or his perriwig on; and if he were put to his choice, he would as soon lose that as any other part about him. He thinks the chief end of man is to *dress well*, and that *death* itself is not so ghastly as a *dishabille*. His *valet*, his *tailor*, his *barber*, and his *sempstress*, are his cabinet council; to whom (such is his pious notion) he deems himself more beholden than to his Maker."

* * * * * *

"As soon as he is out of bed in a morning, he runs to his glass, and pays his first devotions to the dear figure of himself, and plays the *Narcissus* with his own shadow. Afterwards he *licks* his *lips*, *paints* his *cheeks*, and strives to

outdo *Kneller* or *Murrey* in counterfeiting the lovely eyebrow. He is two long hours tying his garters, *careening* his *wig*, *tiffing* the *curls*,* tying and untying his *cravat*, *&c.****When his eyes are set to a languishing air, his motions all prepared according to art, his *wig* and *coat* abundantly powdered, his handkerchief perfumed, and all the rest of his *Beauetry* rightly adjusted, a chair is brought within the door, and down he comes, scented like a perfumer's shop, and looks like a vessel with all her rigging displayed, though without ballast. His first visit is to a favourite *sempstress;* his next stage is to *White's Chocolate-house;* from hence he is carried to the *Blue Posts*, where his *vanity*, not his *stomach*, is to be gratified with something that is *little*, and *dear; quails* and *ortolans* are the meanest of his diet, and a spoonful of *green peas* at *Christmas* is worth more to him than the field where they grew in *summer*. Every thing fails in his esteem as it falls in *price;* and he would not so much as taste of the *wine*, if the hard name, and the high rate, did not give it a relish.

"From the *Blue Posts*, he adjourns either to *Tom's*, to learn some piece of news, or to *Will's*, to gather some fragments of wit, or to hear the sentiments of the critics about the last new play, that he may give an account of it to my *Lady Tattle*. By *six* he goes to the playhouse, and takes his post in the side-boxes; from whence he makes his court to all the ladies in general with his eyes, and is particular only with *Madam Betty Hopkins*, the orange-wench.† After a while, he engages with a *Vizor:*‡ the play being done, he can do no less than carry his damsel to *Philip's*, and afterwards to supper at *Locket's;*" where his evening concludes in his drinking a pint of wine to his own share, while his *platonic* companion drank, perhaps, a *bottle* to her's.

"Such, such," says the old song, "is the
life of *a Beau:*"

the account of which becomes extremely curious, as it not only affords us some insight respecting the manners of those times, but, besides identifying the *stage-coxcombs* of *Congreve*, *Vanburgh*, *Cibber*, and others, gives us an opportunity to compare and contrast the character of an *ancient beau* with that of a *Bond-street lounger*, which we take to be one of the highest species of *beaux* in the present age.

On Female Conversation *and* Education.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

I AM, unfortunately, forced to put up, sometimes, with the company of a party of young women, whose education has been formed by the too general system of the present day. My scrupulous notions respecting the value of time make me perfectly miserable, whilst the necessity lasts, of losing it in the above manner. Any one, possessing the principles of common sense, cannot but hear with impatience, if not with disgust, their conversation (if so it can be called), made up, principally, of four subjects; the new beaus—new dresses—new romances—and new music. Every single young man with whom they become acquainted falls under the first denomination, and gives full scope to their *wit*, *candour*, and *ingenuity*. His presumed pretensions and accomplishments are minutely discussed; and, according as each lady *chooses* to like him, he is invested with the title of *the Bear*, or *the Brute*; or, on the other hand, of the *sweet fellow*, or the *charming creature*, and so on. All this for the mere purpose of *saying something*, and often about a person whom they have casually met, and may, probably, never see again. I regret that I cannot detail a few of their opinions on dress; but

* *Tiffing* the *curls* is a practice not understood at present. *Millamant* says,(*a*), "Ah, poor *Mincing!* tiff, tiff, tiff, all the morning."

† In THE MAN OF MODE; or, *Sir Fopling Flutter*, a comedy (which, although it has been praised by some *critics*, is, we think, justly censured by the *Spectator*), an *Orange Woman* is one of the *dramatis personæ*, and, as he observes, not one of the *lowest*. This character, which is represented as rather *em bon point*, was, probably, drawn from *nature:* but whether she was the *mother* of the celebrated *Betty Hopkins*, it is impossible now to say: the latter has, we believe, been mentioned, by several writers of those times, as a nymph of very considerable beauty, and colloquial smartness: her *repartees* were once admired for their *tartness*, and sometimes for their *high colour*, much more than even the fruit in which she dealt.

(*a*) Way of the World.

‡ The enormities of *vizor masks* have been so often expatiated on "by better *pens* than ours," that any further remarks on them become unnecessary.

they are so *technical*, and *profound*, that they leave me lost in admiration and amazement. These sensations, however, give way to pity and contempt, when these young ladies proceed to state their thoughts on their favourite branch of literature. It really puts me out of patience, to hear the most insignificant, and sometimes the most pernicious, productions praised with the highest encomiums which their knowledge of their native language enables them to form. When a work of real merit passes under their review, it is generally stigmatized as "*the most stupid thing they ever read.*" Their scanty share of mental cultivation permits them to be pleased alone with those works which inflame their passions, fill their imaginations with the most preposterous images, and withdraw them from the exercise of those duties on which a rational esteem for the sex is founded. The path is thus cleared for the diabolical purposes of the first villain that presents himself; and the result is, either some rash and disgraceful marriage, which, after a momentary interval, discovers nothing but misery, or an addition to those unfortunate creatures who linger out a life of infamy, without one *friend* to pity or relieve. That every miss should be taught music, is now a fundamental axiom of female *education*. I speak not this in ridicule of the accomplishment, but of the system under which it is obtained; for, instead of its being made a secondary, it is now one of the primary considerations, and is often forced upon those who have neither feelings nor genius for its excellencies. The class of females on whom these observations reflect possess not sufficient stability to excel in any thing; consequently, in this their favourite, because fashionable, amusement, as well as others, they are but superficially informed or qualified. Accordingly we feel the effects of it, when after an immense deal of earnest entreaty, the diffidence which characterizes distinguished merit, is sufficiently overcome to persuade the young lady to sit down to the instrument. With numerous protestations of inability, hoarseness, &c. her sweet voice accompanies; and in this combat of the flats and sharps, the soul, as might be expected, is taken prisoner. The young lady's compeers, and others present (who are possessed of more gallantry than I profess to be), reward her *condescension* by an incongruous mass of flattery, which she *prettily* turns off, by declaring that they can only be *quizzing her*. In like manner we are favoured with the strains of the other ladies; and thus an evening passes away.

To be in *company* like this, to those who have seen the brighter side of the female sex, is miserable indeed. Those who compose this brighter side suffer accomplishments to arise on the foundation of duties which they feel it their pride and pleasure to perform. They are obtained by steady application, practised with ability, and become auxiliary to the best and most agreeable purposes. Their minds, fraught with delicacy, taste, and information, produce those exquisite converzaziones to which I have so often attended with delight, but from which, now separated, my memory wanders over with mingled pleasure and regret. I *then* thought of the whole sex with veneration; but subsequent experience has detracted from my unqualified opinion, and forced me to form distinctions. Yet the opprobrium should not attach *so* much to the deficiency of the children, as to the culpable neglect of the parents. Here a wide field for observation is offered; but which, as it goes beyond my present object, I shall decline, and merely observe, that an inattention to the valuable portions of a female education appears now too general; that the common rudiments of their native tongue are totally unknown to many *highly-accomplished* ladies; that their best days are spent in frivolous and pernicious pursuits; and that their course is far different to the one which produces good wives and good mothers.

I should, no doubt, for the above observations, be called "*a bear*" or "*brute*," by these ladies, was it not incompatible with their ideas and pursuits to look into your useful and (to well-informed minds) very agreeable Miscellany.

I am, sir, your humble servant,

WEBSTER SIMPSON.

A short Vindication *of the* Medical Profession.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

In perusing your review of "A short Treatise illustrative of the Passions of the Human Mind, by a Lady," I was

much surprised by meeting a quotation, so harsh and unjust, against the Medical Profession, as the following: "Of all *baleful professions*, physic is the *most* destructive to *morality* and *feeling*." I am inclined to think, that the "Lady" has here said more than she really meant; for, on the face of this assertion, it would appear, that the profession is baleful to society, independent of its effect on the morals and feelings of those that practise it. As man, at his first entrance into life, receives also the principle of death, which shews itself as circumstances tend to depress "that unknown energy" which makes the difference between an animated body and an inanimate mass of matter; as man, I say, is so liable to the appearance of this lurking principle, and is thereby the victim of disease in its various shapes; – but few converts will be found to the opinion, that the practice of medicine is baleful: on the contrary, we know it to be a blessing given to us by the Almighty; who, when sin brought death into the world, decreed that its career should be checked and mitigated by the powers of medicine. For ages, those powers have been in a progressive state of improvement, and are now brought to the highest perfection: are we then to be told, that, "of all professions, physic is the most baleful?"

It is a lamentable fact, that strict morality is not, in the present age, the characteristic of any particular profession. I am told, that a clergyman, a few weeks ago, very candidly confessed to his congregation, that Satan would mount as frequently to the pulpit as to any other place. The "Lady," however, says, that "Physic is the *most* destructive to morality." I must be allowed to think otherwise. No class of society is exempt from unworthy members: in the medical profession, I stedfastly believe that their number is few, and that their vices are not in any way to be imputed to the profession which they disgrace. There is nothing in the education of a medical man of an immoral tendency; and in practice, the benevolent object of doing good to others is constantly before him. What class of men possesses a greater share of honour, liberality, and respectability, than the practitioners of medicine? And are these the attributes of moral depravity? – Many of the most religious men with whom I have the honour to be acquainted, are medical: their minds are fraught with piety and learning, and their hearts glow with general philanthropy.

With respect to "feeling," the "Lady" Authoress has adopted a very illiterate and vulgar opinion. It is, indeed, almost too contemptible to take notice of. I have seen a good deal of the medical character, and can bear testimony to the humanity which characterizes it. On a subject like the present, a female is particularly ill calculated to decide. A variety of circumstances, which are necessary to form a just opinion, may reasonably be supposed to be beyond her reach. Had this "Lady" perused the invaluable work of Denman; had she become acquainted with the mingled skill, piety, and feeling, which ornament its pages; she possibly might have mitigated her awful denunciation. When the character of an extensive class of men is given in this "Lady's" positive and laconic manner, it must produce unqualified approbation, or unqualified condemnation, neither of which are often applicable. Yet, with the latter, she most furiously attacks those professions, considered hitherto, by less penetrating minds, as being both liberal and honourable. The clergyman, the soldier, the merchant, &c. all come in for a share of this "Lady's" *diffident* ideas, and are "supposed to be equally devoid of honour and generosity." Female writers on the passions are sometimes deficient in the latter. You, sir, very justly remark, that some of this lady's observations do most exceedingly want revision; and should the work ever arrive at a second edition, I trust that they will receive it; and now, having humbly endeavoured to defend an honourable and pre-eminently useful profession against an attack which is as deficient in moderation as in judgment,

I remain, sir,
Your humble servant,
WEBSTER SIMPSON.

SOME ACCOUNT *of the late* HON. COLONEL COOTE.

OF the noble family of Coote we have, in a former volume,* more than once spoken; and as our observations respecting them have been dif-

* See vol. LVI. p. 457.

fuse, we shall now confine ourselves to the merits of the individual whose decease took place September 5th, 1810. The Hon. Charles Henry Coote was born May 22, 1781: he was the eldest son and heir apparent of Charles Henry, Lord Castle Coote, of the kingdom of Ireland (so created 1800), by Elizabeth Anne, eldest daughter of the Rev. H. Tilson, of Eagle hill, in the county of Kildare: his lordship's second son died 1799; and his third son (named Eyre, after his uncle *Sir Eyre* Coote*), now a boy about seventeen, is heir apparent to the title and estate. Lieutenant colonel Coote was, at an early age, placed, by his father's nomination, in the Queen's County militia, of which Lord Castle Coote has been colonel for many years; and passing through the regular intermediate gradations, became, very lately, lieutenant-colonel, through the same nomination. He was a young man of an open, generous disposition, wholly unaffected, and quite exempt from the vanity, frivolity, and forwardness, which distinguish too many young men of the present day: he was possessed of that silent and dignified reserve, which is the never-failing characteristic of the truly great and noble, whether *ennobled* or not; and the general concomitant of real worth, sound talent, and good education, advantages rarely found in those volatile and insignificant beings who can place no bounds to the freedom of their manners, and the flippancy of their tongues. Of the subject of this article it may truly be said, that, both in public and in private life, he conducted himself in a manner calculated to gain the esteem of the enlightened; and who, had he lived, would have proved one of the brightest ornaments of the peerage.

By this much-lamented gentleman's death, the lieutenant-colonelcy of the Queen's County militia became vacant; which has since been filled by Major Matthew Cassan, of Sheffield, Queen's County, elder brother of Mr. Stephen Cassan, the eminent barrister who long practised at Bengal.

Mrs. Tilson, mother of the present Lady Castle Coote, and widow of the Rev. H. Tilson, above-mentioned, died in April 1806; and her death is recorded in one of our former volumes.

* See Vol. LVII. p. 243, with a Portrait.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

"FOR ought that ever I could read,"* the hudibra-truistic lines, for reference to the author of which I see an inquiry in your Number for August last, will not be found in any ancient regular poem now tolerated *totidem verbis*.

The expression of the ideas, however, is certainly contained in Hudibras, in more places than one; and to him, therefore, I think, the honour of their origin (if it be any honour) may fairly be attributed, till an earlier claimant shall appear. But, though the lines in question are smooth, and ludicrous enough, I much doubt whether it is adding any thing to the wreath that now decorates Mr. Butler's brow to ascribe them to him; not so much on account of the limited extent of sentiment contained in them, which, however, was very unusual in his expression of any dogma, as on account of the deficiency of a certain archness of point that Butler used with so much effect.

The first passage in Hudibras, I shall note, as analogous to the subject, is between lines 1028 and 1058 of the third canto of the first part; commencing,

"The ancients make two sev'ral kinds
Of prowess in heroic minds."

amongst them are these:

"He that is valiant, and dares fight,
Though drubb'd, can lose no honour by't—
Honour's a lease, &c.—a chattel,
Not to be forfeited in battle—
If he that in the field is slain
Be in the bed of honour lain,
He that is beaten may be said
To lie in honour's truckle-bed," &c.
"Quoth Ralph—*How great*, I do not know,
We may, *by being beaten*, grow"———

My next reference is from the 714th to the 729th line of part 2, canto 2, in the course of which are the following apposite lines:

"'Tisn't the least disparagement
To be defeated by th'event!—
Nor, to be beaten by main force,—
That does not make a man the worse—
But, to turn tail, or run away,
And without blows give up the day,—
Or to surrender ere th' assault,—
That's no man's fortune, but his fault;—
And renders men of honour less
Than all th' adversity of success."

* Hudibras, part i. canto 3. l. 1026.

The last I need mention is in part 3, canto 3, amongst the lines beginning with 227, and continued to 380. We there read thus:

"No martial project, to surprise,
Can ever be attempted twice"—&c.—
And therefore I, with reason, chose
This stratagem, t'amuse our foes,—
To make an hon'rable retreat,
And waive a total sure defeat:
For those that fly may fight again,—
Which he can never do that's slain!— } (a)
Hence, timely running's no mean part
Of conduct in the martial art"—&c.
For those who run from th' enemy
Engage THEM *equally to fly,* } (b)
And when the fight becomes a chace,
Those win the day that win the race"—
And that which would not pass in flights
Has done the feat with easy *flights*:*
Recover'd many a desp'rate campaign,
With Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Cham-
paign."

This last is, perhaps, the most appropriate of the whole. In fact, two lines denoted (*a*) are not only completely synonymous to the four in question, but *in half their space* comprise even a greater range of ideas. This, with Butler's own dictum, "the soul of wit is brevity," will sufficiently explain the remark just preceding the first extract made by me.

(*b*) These sentiments are also expressed in part 1, canto 3; but that conveyed by the two last of these lines is there *scarcely intelligible*—at least to me—and, I apprehend, does not at present stand as Butler wrote it.

Should this, Mr. Editor, seem to you an answer sufficiently plausible and worthy, you will place it, I presume, in your monthly publication. I shall not regret the pains of it, if I see a more satisfactory one—being

Your constant purchaser,

R. S. W.

* Query, slights.

On the Folly *of expensive* Dress *in the* Lower Orders.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR, *November* 9, 1810.

THERE never, perhaps, was a better rebuke to the folly and vanity displayed by certain descriptions of trades-people, lodging-house-keepers, and the lower classes in general, in the expensive clothing which they assume, than the instance related of Dean Swift.

Having once honoured a Mr. Reilly, a tradesman, with his company to dinner, and observing that person's wife dressed in a very expensive manner for the occasion, he pretended not to know her; and after having conversed some time with Reilly, he demanded, with great gravity, when he should have the pleasure of seeing his wife. Being informed that she was in the room, and before him, he said, "*That* Mrs. Reilly! impossible! I have heard she is a prudent woman, and, as such, would never dress herself out in silks and other ornaments, fit only for gentlewomen. No! Mrs. Reilly, the tradesman's wife, would never wear any thing better than plain *stuff*, with other things suitable to it." Mrs. Reilly happening to be a woman of good sense, and taking the hint, immediately withdrew, changed her dress as speedily as possible, and, in a short time, returned to the parlour in her common apparel. The dean saluted her in the most friendly manner, taking her by the hand, and saying, "I am heartily glad to see you, Mrs. Reilly: this husband of yours would fain have palmed a lady upon me dressed in silk for his wife; but I was not to be taken in so." From hence it is to be perceived, that trades-people, *although they "have a right to wear what they can pay for,"* would, if they were to dress according to their station, receive the countenance, instead of the contempt and ridicule, of those who are their superiors by birth and education.

D. D. D.

Query *respecting the* Qualifications *and* Exemptions *of a* Sheriff *of a* County.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

YOU would confer a particular favour on a very old subscriber by submitting the following query to your intelligent readers:—

What are the necessary qualifications for a sheriff of a county; and what exempts a man from serving that office? I am acquainted with three instances of gentlemen of very large landed property, having resided full forty years in their respective counties, who have never filled that situation. I wish, also,

to learn if any, and what, emolument is annexed to it? or whether persons are compelled to serve after the manner of our representatives in Parliament in former days?

Yours, &c.

J. G.

CLASSICAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Observations on Horace.

No. VII.

Observations on the 20th Ode of the 3d Book of Horace.

QUINCTILIAN, lib. 10, cap. 1, says, *Lyricorum idem Horatius ferè solus legi dignus: num et insurgit aliquando et plenus est jucunditatis et gratiæ, et variis figuris et verbis felicissimè audax.* Nothing can be more true. The ode, however, before us, though it has several elegant expressions, and though it proclaims our author as a man *emunctæ naris*, is, nevertheless, destitute of that interest which his poems almost invariably possess: it is addressed to Pyrrhus, in order to persuade him not to continue his endeavour to deprive a certain girl, who is not named, of Nearchus, her favourite. Some annotators, fond of displaying their acuteness, consider it as an allegory addressed to Pyrrhus, king of Epirus (a country between Macedonia, Achaia, and the Ionian sea), and as representing to him the danger of attacking the Roman state, which the poet personifies as a *lioness*, and the citizens as her *whelps*: there is, however, no real need of this supposition.

Getulæ Catulos Leænæ. Getula, Mauritania, and, indeed, the whole of Africa, was famous for wild beasts; so much so, that this quarter of the globe was designated, in the ode beginning "*Integer vitæ*," as *leonum arida nutrix.*

Dura post paulò fugies. He here recommends Pyrrhus not to bring on himself the anger of the girl above-mentioned, as he would afterwards have to repent his temerity; for, says he, there will be an obstinate contest, and you will ultimately be obliged to fly the field. Seneca, speaking of an enraged woman, says, *Scylla et Charybdis minus sunt timendæ:* and history affords many instances of their resoluteness of spirit, when they are once excited.

Inaudax. By reference to various authors, I perceive that this word was never used till the present occasion. Horace, as he himself says of Cato and Ennius, has enriched the Roman language with several newly-coined words: amongst this number is *invideor*, which is used with peculiar elegance in his *Epistola ad Pisones*, l. 46.

Sub pede palmam. The custom of presenting conquerors with branches of the palm-tree was borrowed by the Romans from the Greeks, who adopted this custom in the Pythian, Nemean, and Isthmian games. The palm tree was made choice of from its strength and durability, and was designed as an emblem of victory. The following epigram explains this circumstance; and the palm, we find, like real and unshaken virtue, strengthens the more it is oppressed. *Virescit vulnere virtus.*

Nititur in pondus palma et consurgit in altum
Quoque magis premitur, hoc mage tollit onus.

The umpire *(arbiter pugnæ)* at public games used to keep the ensigns of victory under his naked foot: and when the successful candidate had sufficiently manifested his skill, he was presented with the chaplets, &c.: to this Horace expressly alludes in the first epistle.

Spectatum satis, et donatum jam rude....*

Nearchus is represented as heedlessly viewing the contest between his mistress and Pyrrhus, with his hair floating in the wind after the fashion of the handsome Ganymede, who was supposed to be taken up from Mount Ida by Jupiter, and constituted cup-bearer, *vice* Hebe.

Nireus, &c. Nireus, according to Homer, was the most blooming youth of his time, next to Achilles. He is thus mentioned in the catalogue of the ships.

Νιρεὺς ὃς κάλλιστος ἀνὴρ ὑπὸ Ἴλιον ἦλθε
Τῶν ἄλλων Δαναῶν, μετ' ἀμύμονα Πηλείωνα·

Aquosâ Idâ. From this mountain many streams are said to have proceeded; Pliny calls it, ορος πολυπιδακε Ἴδης. The principal of these were Scamander and Simois, which divided the plain of Troy.

S. H. C*****.

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* *Rude* is the ablative of *rudis*. This word has given rise to contention; some supposing it to be a wand with which the victor was presented, previous to his discharge: but the meaning is evidently a branch of palm, or, at least, *a wand made of palm*.

EARLY ENGLISH POETS.

No. II.

THOMAS WATSON.

THE only account we have of this author, whose productions were greatly esteemed by his contemporaries, and whose amatory poems induced the late Mr. Steevens to pronounce him a "much more elegant sonnetteer than Shakspeare," is a very scanty notice by Wood, in his *Athenæ Oxonienses*,* from whence we learn, that he was born in London, spent some time in Oxford, and afterwards studied the common law in the metropolis. He died before the year 1596; as Thomas Nash, in one of his controversial pamphlets, speaks of him as deceased in that year, and as one "who for all things hath left few his equals in England."†

Watson's chief work possesses the following title:

"The ΕΚΑΤΟΜΠΑΘΙΑ or passionate Centurie of Loue, Diuided into two parts: whereof, the first expresseth the Authors sufferance in Loue: the latter, his long farewell to Loue and all his tyrannie. Composed by Thomas Watson, Gentleman; and published at the request of certaine Gentlemen his very frendes. London ¶ Jmprinted by Iohn Wolfe for Gabriel Cawood, dwellinge in Paules Churchyard at the Signe of the Holy Ghost."

(4to. without date, but printed, probably, about 1581, in which year Cawood had a license for it, as appears from Herbert's extracts from the Stationer's books—*Ames*. iii. 1328.)

The *Passionate Centurie of Loue* is dedicated to the Earl of Oxford, and possesses a commendatory letter, and six copies of congratulatory verses by the poets of the day: it consists of a century of sonnets, many of them addressed to his mistress: the earlier part bewailing his unfortunate lot, in being unable to obtain her love; the latter exulting in his liberation from her fetters. They are generally marked with much beauty of imagery, expressed in animated and (for the time) elegant language, and they abound in allusions taken, for the most part, from the classic writers of antiquity, but appropriated with great judgment, and, frequently, with considerable improvement on the originals.

SONNET XXXII.

"In *Thetis'* lappe while *Titan* tooke his rest,
J slumbring lay within my restlesse bedde,
Till *Morpheus* vs'd a falsed soary iest,
Presenting her by whom J still am ledde.
For then J thought she came to ende my wo,
But, when J wak't, (alas!) 'twas nothing so.

Embracing ayre in steed of my delight,
J blamed *Loue* as authour of the guile,
Who, with a second sleepe, cloz'd vp my sight,
And said, (me thought) that J must bide a while
Ixion's paines, whose armes did oft embrace
False darkned clouds, in steed of *Juno's* grace.

When J had laine and slumbred thus a while,
Rewing the dolefull doome that *Loue* assign'd;
A woman Saint, which bare an Angel's face,
Bad me awake and ease my troubled minde.
With that J wakt, forgetting what was past,
And sawe 'twas *Hope*, which helped thus at last."

SONNET LXXXIII.

"The *Muses* not long since intrapping *Loue*,
Jn chaines of roases, linked all araye,
Gaue *Beawtie* charge to watch in theire behoue,
With *Graces* three, lest he should wend awaye:
Who fearing yet he would escape at last,
On high Parnassus' toppe they clapt him fast.

When *Venus* vnderstoode her Sonne was thrall,
She made posthaste to haue God *Vulcan's* ayde,
Solde him her Gemmes, and Ceston therewithall,
To ransome home her Sonne that was betraide:
But all in vaine, the *Muses* made no stoare
Of gold, but bound him faster than before.

Therefore all you, whom *Loue* did ere abuse,
Come clappe your handes with me, to see him thrall;
Whose former deedes no reason can excuse,
For killing those, which hurt him not at all.
My selfe by him was lately led awrye,
Though now, at last, J force my loue to dye."

* Vol. I. col. 262. Wood, however, was not aware of the existence of the volume noticed in our present Number.

† See also Ritson's *Bibliographia Poetica*, 387, and the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. LXIII. 904, LXVIII. 668, where lists of Watson's productions may be found.

SONNET LXXXV.

"The souldier, worne with warres, delightes
in peace;
The pilgrime in his ease, when toyle is past;
The ship to gayne the porte, when stormes
doe cease;
And J reioyce from Loue discharg'd at last;
Whome while J seru'd, peace, rest, and
land J lost,
With grieusome wars, with toyles, with
storms betost.

Sweete *Libertie* nowe giues me leaue to sing
What worlde it was where *Loue* the rule did
beare;
Howe foolish *chaunce* by lottes rul'd euery
thing;
Howe *Error* was *maine saile*; each *waue* a
teare;
The *master*, *Loue* him selfe; deepe *sighes*
were *winde*;
Cares row'd with *vowes* the shippe *vnmery
minde*.

False hope, as *healme*, oft turn'd the boate
about;
Inconstant faith stood vp for *middle maste*;
Despaire the *cable* twisted all with *doubt*;
Held *griping Griefe* the pyked *Anchor* fast;
Beautie was all the *rockes*:—But J, at last,
Am now twise free, and all my loue is
past."

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR, *London, Nov.* 7.

VERY early in life, I had, now and then, access to the library of Lord Cooper, at the *Mote*, a gothic seat of his lordship's, situated on the Deal road, between the city of Canterbury and the village of Littlebourn, in Kent. The earl was then in Italy. On his return, for a season, he razed the mansion; and what became of the books I know not, being at that time in Scotland; but among them was a volume written by Sir Henry Wotton, in superb binding and excellent condition:—in it were a variety of letters to illustrious persons; the superscriptions and style of which struck me as ridiculous at the time; but, probably, my judgment was very immature, as I never saw the *Mote* after I was sixteen. My remembrance, however, is perfectly correct as to the substance-matter of all Sir Henry's productions; for panegyric, of the most inflated kind, seemed to be the tribute of all; and Sir Henry's muse was *buskined* to the *very knee*.

Among the poems was one to the Queen of Bohemia, to whom, I believe, Sir Henry had been sent on a diplomatique mission. This was the very best of his productions, something in the manner of Cowley; as far as I can charge my memory, the following lines are part of it:

"You violets****what are you when the rose
is blown?"

"You meaner planets of the skies,
What are you when the sun doth rise?"

And thus all women are depreciated, to deck and prank out Sir Henry Wotton's charmer, *the Queen of Bohemia?*

Had this poem been written in a language familiar to her Majesty, we might have taken it for a courtier's compliment; and the more so, as the well-known aphorism of Sir Henry Wotton is still extant——"An ambassador," said he, "is a man sent abroad to tell l—s for the good of his country."

With due deference to your Correspondent S. J. C.* I deem the specimen he has given of Wotton's poetry *very indifferent*; at all events, it would disgrace a school-boy now; we should tell him, the land wanted tilling and the plough stood still.

I remain, sir,
Respectfully yours,
AZIRA.

*** The poem of Sir H. Wotton, here alluded to, we now quote.—EDIT.

"*On his Mistress, the* Queen *of* Bohemia.

"You meaner *beauties* of the *night*,
That poorly satisfie our *eyes*
More by your *number*, then your *light*,
You *common people* of the *skies*;
What are you when the *sun* shall rise?

You curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth *Dame Nature's* layes,
Thinking your *voices* understood
By your weak *accents*; what's your praise
When *Philomel* her voice shall raise?

You *violets*, that first appear,
By your *pure purple mantles* known,
Like the proud *virgins* of the *year*,
As if the *spring* were all your own:
What are you when the *rose is blown*?

So, when *my mistriss* shall be *seen*
In *form* and *beauty* of her *mind*,
By *vertue* first, then *choice* a *Queen*,
Tell me, if *she* were not design'd
Th' *eclipse* and *glory* of her kind?" H. W.

* See p. 278.

EXTRACTS *from some curious* ANCIENT RECORDS *of the* TOWN *of* NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE. King John granted many privileges to this town; and, probably, the Newgate, and walls thereabouts, were built in his time; the north part of the wall being the oldest, and of another fashion from the other walls. As by Thornton, who lived in Henry the VI.'s days, all the walls of the town were finished; it is most probable Thornton built the west gate, which is a strong and fair gate, in memory that he came from the west country, according to the old saying,

" In at the west gate came Thornton in,
With a hap, and a halfpenny, and a lamb-skin."

There are four churches and parishes in this town—First, St. Nicholas, in the midst of the town, a long, fair, and high church, having a stately high stone steeple, with many pinnacles, and a stately stone lanthern, standing upon four stone arches, built by Robert de Rhodes, Lord Prior of Tinmouth, in the days of Henry the VIth. " It lifteth up a head of majesty, as high above the rest as the cypress tree above the low shrub."

" My altitude high; my body four square;
My foot in the grave; my head in the air;
My eyes in my side; five tongues in my womb;
Thirteen heads upon my body; four images alone.
I can direct you where the winds do sway;
And I tune the Gods' precepts, twice a day:
I am seen where I am not; I am seen where is not.
Tell me what I am, and see that you miss not."

In this church are many sumptuous windows: that in the east surpasses all the rest in length, largeness, and beauty, where are the Twelve Apostles, seven deeds of Charity &c. built by Roger de Thornton (a great benefactor to this town. On the north side of the same is a shrine of Henry Percy, fourth Earl of Northumberland, who was killed by the hands of rebels in Yorkshire, gathering subsidy. He was buried at Beverly, and this made in memory of him in his own country, he having a house in this town and parish - as other noblemen, gentlemen, and gentry, had, in those days, in this town—" *Orate pro anima Henricus Percy 4th Northumbria qui ter Rebellium manusocubit, &c.*" In the choir, and walks about, are many tombs, &c. of town-mayors, their honours, generations, &c. nearly obliterated by time; only that thrice noble mayor, Master Robert Anderson, whose memory will continue till there be no more time, left a gift of twenty pounds per annum, for ever, to the four churches of Newcastle.

Secondly, is all that *Omnum Anemanum Pampdon*, from the ancient name of that part of the town, Pampdon—having a broad and square church, having three galleries, more populous than all the other three parishes. There are few tombs or monuments in it; only one stately tomb of that worthy benefactor Roger de Thornton, having a large jet stone curiously engraven, with his arms, and the arms of that noble family, the Lord Lumley, who married a daughter of Thornton's. He died in the reign of Henry the VIIth.

Thirdly, is St. John's; and,

Fourthly, St. Andrew's, the most ancient of all the former, as appears by the old building and fashion of the church. In it is to be seen a pardon of a pope for nine hundred or a thousand years to come. There is, likewise, an ancient large stone to one Adam de Athell, of Gesmond, with this inscription: " *Hic jacet Dominus Adamus de Athell, Miles qui Obit Anno* 1387."

Grants and Charters.—The antiquity of this town is known from the time the Romans had command in the northern parts, who built the Pict's walls; after their departure, the Saxons became masters of the country; then the Danes; the Danes being vanquished, and expelled the land, the English enjoyed it, until William the Conqueror made all England vassals, and obey his Norman laws. As for the River Tyne, King William overthrew the northern force in Gateshead Fell, near Newcastle; since which time, great are the privileges and immunities that kings and princes hath endowed this town with. Robert, son of William the Conqueror, built the castle, called Newcastle, against the often inroads of the neighbouring Scots. King John gave the first grant to Newcastle, endowed it with many privileges to the good men of the same. King Henry the IIId made it a corporation; whereas, formerly, it belonged to Northumberland, as appeareth by the charter. The town of Pampdon was granted to the beloved burgesses and good men of Newcastle,

in King Edward the Ist's reign, as appears by his charter. All the kings and queens of England successively granted unto this town some honour or privilege, and enlarged their charters. Edward the IIId gave them the Forth, for the good services of the townsmen. Edward the IVth gave them power to choose yearly a mayor and aldermen, in the lieu of bailiffs. After kings granted to the mayor and commonalty all the royalties of the River Tyne, from Sparrowhawke unto Haddon Streams, and that no ship load or unload any manner of goods, wares, and merchandise, in or upon any part of the river, but only the quay at Newcastle; also companies to measure keels. King Edward the VIth's grants to the town of Newcastle were repealed by Queen Mary. Sir Thomas White, Lord Mayor of London, gave one hundred pounds, yearly, to the chief cities and towns in England, for ever, to be lent to four clothier merchants, for ten years, without interest. The town of Newcastle enjoyed a 100l. in turn: the first 100l. that came to Newcastle was in 1599; the noblest gift that ever was given in England by any subject. M. N.

List *of the* Presidents *of the* Privy Council, *&c. &c.*

For the European Magazine.

THE following lists of the Presidents of the Privy Council, in the reigns of Charles II. and Queen Anne, Lord Privy Seals, and Lord Stewards of the Household to Anne, as they will afford an example of the different persons in power, and the changes of the ministry of that day, may, perhaps, be interesting to some of your numerous readers.

The Lord President of the Council ranks as the *fifth* subject in the kingdom (the branches of the royal family, of course, excepted); the Lord Privy Seal as the *sixth;* and the Lord Steward of the Household as the *tenth.*

CHARLES II.

1660 Anthony Ashley, Earl of Shaftesbury.
1679 John, Earl of Radnor.
1684 Lawrence Hyde, Earl of Rochester (second son of Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, Lord High Chancellor).

ANNE.

1702 Thomas Herbert, Earl of Pembroke.
1708 John, Lord Somers.
1710 Lawrence Hyde (*again*), Earl of Rochester.
1711 John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire.

Privy Seals to Queen Anne.

1702 John Sheffield, Marquis of Normanby, afterwards Duke of Buckinghamshire.
1705 John, Duke of Newcastle.
1711 John, Bishop of Bristol, afterwards of London.
1713 William Legge, Earl of Dartmouth.

Lord Stewards of the Household to Queen Anne.

William Cavendish, Earl, afterwards Duke, of Devonshire, died 1707.
William, son to the former.
John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire.
John, Earl Paulet.

BIOGRAPHICUS.

THE LONDON REVIEW, AND *LITERARY JOURNAL,* FOR NOVEMBER, 1810.

QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON.

The Lady of the Lake: a Poem. By Walter Scott, Esq. 1 vol. 8vo. third edition, 1810.

WE should, had not circumstances over which we had no control intervened, have taken a considerable degree of shame to ourselves that we had not noticed the beautiful poem of Marmion till now, when we see, by the copy lying before us, it has arrived at the *fifth edition*, and is, of course, so well known, and so justly

esteemed, that our commendations would be nugatory. To arrest the progress of time with respect to THE LADY OF THE LAKE, who is, with *fairy* step, hastening after her precursor to the goal of immortality, we have endeavoured to row our *little boat* in the *brilliant wake* of her *visionary shallop*, which has, we see, already made *three voyages* on the *literary ocean*, and is likely to perform many more with concomitant success.

It is not here necessary to conjecture the era when the divine genius of poetry was first awakened in the *north*, or to investigate what portion of *sublimity* is to be discovered in the *runic* effusions of the *Scandinavian tribes;* because we are of opinion, that enthusiasm, that celestial spark, that impulse of the mind which is termed *genius*, is to be found, like the fabled *carbuncle*, glowing and dispersing mental darkness, and illuminating as well the *Scarfian caverns* as the recesses of *Hindostan*.

POETRY has been the growth of every soil under heaven, and of every age that has elapsed from the first records of time. It is, if the boldness of the appellation may be allowed, THE PRISTINE PASSION; it is alike to be discovered in the infancy of nations, and in the infancy of individuals. When the human bosom beats with contending emotions, and love, hate, joy, grief, hope, or despair, dissolve the mental sensations into oral exclamations, language instantly loses its *prosaic* character, and becomes *poetical*. The faculties, urged beyond their medium powers, involuntarily melt into harmony, or, agitated to excess, diffuse their strength in diction, which, by verbal sounds, describe the passions, while their cadences are either sunk in the effervescence of rage, or by the emanations of joy or sorrow elevated to sublimity. The early poetry of all nations, like the early passions of all men, is stamped with the same character; mental strength is its predominant feature. If it sooner acquired floridity in the *East* than in the *North*, it was not from any want of *genius* in the latter region, but from a want of images. All poets were originally the *imitators* of nature: they painted what they saw; therefore, it is little to be wondered that genius, fostered by the *Oriental flame*, the *sacred fire* of the *Magi*, should burst into existence, and expand much earlier, than where its pristine powers were repressed by the eternal frosts of the *Arctic circle*.

Yet in both quarters of the globe the *poets* represented what they saw: the *Eastern Bards* gave us the pictures of nature in her most unbounded luxuriance of forms and colouring; while the *Northern* have described her in the most solemn scenes of, sometimes, terrific grandeur: but in one object they have both agreed; this is, in their description of the female sex. Every *virgin*, in the enthusiastic ideas, and to the mental sight of the *youthful poet*, appeared lovely. Inspired with a passion, the first best gift of the Divine Providence, they have, *each* and *all*, painted *beauty* with an equal glow of animation, and have, in every country, described the *feminine graces* with equal warmth, and, allowing, perhaps, for some peculiar predilections, with equal accuracy.

Having assigned this as the *birth* and early expansion of *poetry*, it is by no means necessary to pursue its course through the polished ages of *Grecian* and *Roman* literature. Separated, in a manner, from the rest of the *world*, the *Bards* of the *North* seem to have been more attentive to *things* than to *words*, more desirous to impress *images* upon the *mind* than to *charm* the ear with the fascinating *harmony* of *diction*. The *gothic rythm* seems to have been the foundation upon which the *Celtic* or *Gaelic* was erected. From the *Celtæ*, who were, probably, the ancestors of the highland *Scots*, the transition is easy; and, if we had time and inclination to characterise the productions of the former, and compare them with the modern effusions of the latter, we should find that these, as in a mirror, reflected all their prominent features.

SCOTLAND is a *picturesque* country, its *Highlands* most peculiarly so. There is, in the manners, mode of life, and genius of its inhabitants, something that attunes the soul to *poetry*. LOVE and WAR, the great stimulators of *verse*, mingle with almost their infantile ideas: there is a *boldness*, and yet a gentleness, in their *male character*, and a *chastity* and *delicacy* in their *female*, which are admirably described in the following poem: the *point* of *honour* and the *rites* of *hospitality* are the idols of both sexes. These have afforded the bard an opportunity of drawing the most *sublime* and *beautiful* pictures from real existence; while the magnificent scenery, the rocks, rivers, and lakes,

the castles and cottages, which bespread the land, have enabled him to adorn his canvas with the most pleasing, terrific, solemn, or domestic objects, that *animated nature*, or *still life*, can produce.

Favourable, as these circumstances are, to the expansion of *poetical genius*, there is yet another, which gives to it all the advantages that *Homer* derived from his celestial machinery, without that flagrant violation of our veritable propension, or that allegorical and fabulous deviation from the great laws of *nature* and *truth*; that, we must observe, seems to have emanated from the *oriental* system of *mythology*, which is, by their *bards* and *historians*, said to have *illuminated* the WORLD, perhaps, thousands of years before HOMER existed.

This *mysterious circumstance*, which, in the possession of *genius*, becomes *poetical property*, was, most unquestionably, a part of the *oraculous rites* of the *western Druids*, and the *Scalds* of the *north*; therefore, we must, without stopping to inquire through what changes it has passed, observe that it is by the moderns termed SECOND SIGHT.* Of this faculty, or *mental propension*, perhaps *mental aberration*, *Mr. Scott* has made most admirable use in the poem,† which, indeed, it is now full time more particularly to consider.

"THE LADY OF THE LAKE" we should, if its author will permit us to hazard a conjecture arising from congeniality of idea, suppose, emanated from the, perhaps traditional, circumstance of an *island's* floating on the surface of *Loch Lomond*,‡ and the visionary stories that are attached to it. It is, as a work of the imagination, like *Shakspeare's dream* of *Queen Catherine*, but more like, we mean in its *imagery*, the *poems* of *Ossian*, and, in its construction, some of the *cantos* of the *Fairy Queen*, extremely beautiful: its *argument* is stated in the subsequent lines:—

"*The scene of the following poem is laid chiefly in the vicinity of Loch-katrine, in the Western Highlands of Perthshire: the time of action includes six days, and the transactions of each day occupy a canto.*"

The titles of the several cantos are—I. THE CHASE. II. THE ISLAND. III. THE GATHERING. IV. THE PROPHECY. V. THE COMBAT. VI. THE GUARD-ROOM.

Copious notes elucidatory of the customs, manners, scenery, &c. of the *Highlands* of *Scotland*, and, consequently, extremely curious, are appended. These, although too long to be quoted, will be perused with great interest; as they, especially to *southern readers*, explain many *dark* and *difficult* passages of the poem, arising from language and locality, and, at the same time, abound with information, collected with industry, arranged with skill, and rendered extremely amusing by the manner in which it is conveyed.

We have already hinted, that the *scenery* of this poem has long been, by us, *ideally* contemplated with enthusiastic delight: but we have not yet stated, that our interest was increased from its having been the birth-place of our most esteemed friend, one of the best of men,§ who has, in his *official situation*, rendered the most *eminent services* to the *public*; as he has, in his private life, laboured to promote the happiness of all that came within the sphere of his observation,

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* The late *Dr. Smollet*, whose genius we honoured while living, and whose memory we revere, attempted, in his *Humphrey Clinker* (we write from a very distant recollection), to account for, or, in other words, to *ridicule*, the idea of *second sight*. At this we rather wonder; because, as never on earth was a man more *national*, we should have imagined he would unequivocally have adopted a *prejudice*, supposing it to be such, so favourable to poetical impressions. *Dr. Johnson*, in his *oral communications*, expressed a stronger conviction of that *mental calenture* than he has hinted in his writings: he ruminated upon the subject till he caught the infection, and, we have no doubt, felt all that ardour of enthusiasm which *inspired* the *Druids* or *Taishatrins*.

† It is singular enough, that in a MS. play, written several years since, *but unpublished*, the author has, under the title of "ARABELLA; OR, THE BANKS OF THE LEVEN," dramatized the same kind of *scenery* as that which embellishes this poem; that he has adopted the idea of *second sight*; introduced the *fiery cross*; and that some of his *images* have the same tendency as the former: yet so it certainly is: we have the said MS. now before us: but we must, at the same time, observe, that it was written without any other knowledge of the country than that derived *from books*: therefore it will, when published, by comparison, most strongly display the advantages which a bard derives from *copying nature*.

‡ Vide *Camden's Brit.* Gibson's ed. 1695, p. 917, and *Moser's Tales and Romances*, vol. IV. p. 79.

§ Patrick Colquhoun, Esq. LL.D.

and enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance.

Of "The Lady of the Lake" we can give but a very faint idea: it is a Poem from which quotation would be almost injustice: its parts depend so much upon each other, the silver strings of harmony so intimately pervade the whole, the images are so fully and so justly reflected from *Canto* to *Canto*, that it should be attentively read to be duly appreciated. Quotation, in works of this nature, is like dissevering parts from a well-proportioned figure, taking members from an elegant structure, or objects from an exquisite picture; each of these will still be beautiful, but the symmetry of the original will be entirely destroyed.

"*Canto First.*

"The Chace."

The invocation is extremely poetical, and with great propriety introduces the following stanza:

"The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danc'd the moon on Monan's rill;
And deep his midnight lair had made,
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade:
But when the sun his beacon red
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head;
The deep-mouth'd blood-hound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way;
And faint from farther distance borne
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn."

Leaving the rousing of the stag, and his escape, let us introduce the hero of the piece.

"IX.

"Close on the hounds the hunter came,
To cheer them on the vanish'd game:
But stumbling in the rugged dell,
The gallant horse exhausted fell;
The impatient rider strove in vain
To rouse him with the spur and rein;
For the good steed, his labours o'er,
Stretch'd his stiff limbs to rise no more."

Bewildered amidst a series of picturesque scenery, the huntsman, at length, observes ——

"An islet in an inland sea."

"XIV.

"And now to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb, with footing nice,
The far projecting precipice."

This, however, at last, he effects, and, consonant to the customs of the times, winds his bugle-horn.

"XVII.

"But scarce again his horn he wound,
When lo! forth starting at the sound,
From underneath an aged oak,
That slanted from the islet rock,
A damsel guider of its way,
A little skiff shot to the bay,
That round the promontory steep
Led its deep line in graceful sweep,
Eddying in almost viewless wave
The weeping willow twig to lave,
And kiss, with whisp'ring sound, and show
The beach of pebbles bright as snow.
The boat had touch'd this silver strand
Just as the hunter left his stand,
And stood conceal'd amid the brake,
To view this Lady of the lake.
The maiden paus'd, as if again
She thought to catch the distant strain:
With head uprais'd, and look intent,
And eye and ear attentive bent,
And locks flung back, and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art,
In listening mood she seem'd to stand,
The guardian Naiad of the strand.

"XVIII.

"And ne'er did Grecian chizzel trace
A nymph, a naiad, or a grace,
Of fairer form or lovelier face!
What tho' the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly ting'd her cheek with brown—
The sportive toil which short and light
Had dy'd her glowing hue so bright,
Serv'd too in hastier swell to show
Short glimpses of a breast of snow;
What tho' no rule of courtly grace
To measur'd mood had train'd her pace—
A foot more light, or step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flow'r dash'd the dew;
E'en the slight hare-bell rais'd its head
Elastic from her airy tread:
What tho' upon her speech there hung
The accents of her mountain tongue,
Those silver sounds, so soft and dear,
The list'ner held his breath to hear.

"XIX.

"A chieftain's daughter seem'd the maid,
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
Her golden broach, such birth betray'd.
And seldom was a snood amid
Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing.*
And seldom o'er a breast so fair
Mantled a plaid with modest care;
And never broach the folds combin'd
Above a heart more good and kind:
Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye;
Not Katrine in her mirror blue
Gives back the shaggy banks more true
Than every free-born glance confess'd
The guileless movements of her breast.

* Mr. S. certainly understands these matters much better than ourselves, or we should, with great deference, submit, that *black hair* is hardly characteristic of our *Northern beauties*.

Whether joy danc'd in her dark eye,
Or woe or pity claim'd a sigh,
Or filial love was glowing there,
Or meek devotion pour'd a prayer,
Or tale of injury call'd forth
The indignant spirit of the North,*
One only passion unreveal'd,
With maiden pride, the maid conceal'd :
Yet not less purely felt the flame.
O, need I tell that passion's name."

The meeting betwixt Ellen, "the Lady of the Lake," and the Stranger, is managed with very considerable art, and, in point of poetical effect, is extremely beautiful; as the following description will evince:

"XXI.

"On his bold visage middle age
Had slightly press'd its signet sage;†
Yet had not quench'd the open truth,
And fiery vehemence of youth;
Forward and frolic glee was there,
The will to do, the soul to dare;
The sparkling glance, soon blown to fire
Of hasty love, or headlong ire.
His limbs were cast in manly mould,
For hardy sports, or contest bold;
And though in peaceful garb array'd,
And weaponless, except his blade,
His stately mein as well implied
A high-born heart, a martial pride,
As if a baron's crest he wore,
And, sheath'd in armour, trod the shore.
Slighting the petty need he shew'd,
He told of his benighted road;
His ready speech flow'd fair and free,
In phrase of gentlest courtesy;
Yet seem'd his tone and gesture bland
Less us'd to sue than to command."

These stanzas will serve to shew our author's skill in *portrait-painting*: in the next, taking advantage of *second sight*, the visionary prejudice to which we have before alluded, he makes *Ellen* say to the stranger,

"Nor think you unexpected come
To yon lone isle, our desert home.
Before the heath had lost its dew,
This morn, a couch was pull'd for you:
On yonder mountain's purple head
Have ptarmigan and heathcock bled;
And our broad nets have swept the mere,
To furnish forth your evening cheer."

The description of the *cottage* is drawn with the pencil of a *rural architect*; the *trophied appendages* to the hall afford a correct picture of feudality.

"When *clanship* reign'd, the *Highland Chieftain's* halls,
Distinguish'd by their Gothic roofs, their walls
Adorn'd with *'scutcheons;* while between each space
Hung *trophied arms*, and *instruments* of *chace*,
Corslets and *helms* were on the chimney spread,
Where *banners* wav'd o'er the *stag's antler'd head*."

The simplicity of *Ellen* is delightful, and most admirably contrasted with the dignity of *Lady Margaret*, her aunt. These are *characteristic traits* beyond the reach of *imagination*: the poet must have copied *nature*: and here we must, alluding to other works, observe, that there is something of patriarchal grandeur, something of eastern sublimity, exhibited by the Scottish poets in their description of the hospitable or parental character.

The cotter of *Burns*, low as is his situation, yet claims the utmost attention and respect: he might, nay he ought, from sentiment and innate dignity, to have been a *Baron*. *Burns* was the poet of Nature: and we believe that the *Scots*, in *their own country*, in their domestic circles, have still more of this patriarchal dignity, mingled with parental piety and love, than any nation upon earth.

The *Swiss* had, formerly, the same domestic propension; but individual independence taught them to command; they never blandished. On the *Alps*, a father was a MONARCH; in *Scotland*, he is a *protector*, *adviser*, and *instructor*.

Animated by our subject, we have almost lost sight of our darling *Ellen*. However, to return:

"XXX.

"Fain would the knight in turn require
The name and state of Ellen's sire:
Well shew'd the elder lady's mein
That courts and cities she had seen:
Ellen, tho' more her looks display'd
The simple grace of sylvan maid,
In speech and gesture, form and face,
Shew'd she was come of gentle race;
'Twere strange in ruder rank to find
Such looks, such manners, and such mind.
Each hint the knight of Snowdoun † gave
Dame Margaret ‡ heard with silence grave;

---

* A lady, to whom the *editor* was reading this passage, remarked a *poetical beauty* which had escaped his attention. It was, that the energy of *Ellen's* mind had *generosity* for its basis. Whatsoever she might think of her *own wrongs*, she could not bear *to hear* of an *injury* having been done to *another*.

† This is, doubtless, from a *real portrait*.

† "At length his rank the stranger names,
The knight of Snowdoun, (*a*) James Fitz-James."

‡ The mistress of the mansion.

(*a*) The ancient name of *Stirling Castle*.

Or Ellen, innocently gay,
Turn'd all inquiry light away.
" Weird women we! by dale and down,
We dwell afar from tower and town;
We stem the flood; we ride the blast;
On wandering knights our spells we cast:
While viewless minstrels touch the string,
'Tis thus our charmed rhymes we sing"——
She sung, and still a hand unseen
Fill'd up the symphony between."

Unable to sleep, the stranger leaves his bed of *mountain-heather*, and by the light of the moon wanders abroad.

" XXXV.

" The wild rose, eglantine, and broom,
Wasted around their rich perfume;
The birch-trees wept in fragrant balm;
The aspens slept beneath the calm;
The silver light, with quivering glance,
Play'd on the water's still expanse——
Wild were the heart whose passions sway
Could rage beneath the sober ray!
He felt its calm, the warrior guest,
While thus he commun'd with his breast:
" Why is it at each turn I trace
Some memory of that exil'd race?
Can I not mountain maiden spy,
But she must bear the Douglas eye?
Can I not view a highland brand,
But it must match the Douglas hand?
Can I not frame a fever'd dream,
But still the Douglas is the theme?—
I'll dream no more—by manly mind
Not even in sleep is will resign'd.
My midnight orison said o'er,
I'll turn to rest, and dream no more"—
His midnight orison he told,
A prayer with every bead of gold;
Consign'd to heaven his cares and throes,
And sunk in undisturb'd repose,
Until the heath-cock shrilly crew,
And morning dawn'd on Benvenue."

We have been the more diffuse in our observations on, and quotations from, this canto, than we can be on any other, because, consonant to our introductory remarks, we wished, though it is far beyond our power, to have given an ample specimen of the peculiar excellence of this poem. The second, entitled, The Island, is opened by the beautiful circumstance, beautiful as it is managed, of Ellen conveying the stranger back to the main land; where,

" VI.

" While yet he loiter'd on the spot,
It seem'd as Ellen mark'd him not;
But when he turn'd him to the glade,
One courteous parting sign she made;
And after oft the knight would say,
'Twas not when prize of festal day
Was dealt him by the brightest fair
Who ere wore jewel in her hair,
So highly did his bosom swell,
As at that simple mute farewell.
Now with a trusty mountain guide,
And his dark stag-hounds by his side,
He parts—the maid unconscious still
Watch'd him wind slowly round the hill."

At this moment her mind recurs to her lover; her hospitality to the stranger, by a natural transition, changes to self-approach.

" For of his clan, in hall and bower,
Young Malcolm Græme was held the flower."
" Wake Allan-bane," aloud she cried,
To the old minstrel at her side.
" Arouse thee from thy moody dream!
I'll give thy harp heroic theme,
And warm thee with a noble name,
Pour forth the glory of the Græme."——

" VII.

" The minstrel wak'd his harp—three times
Arose the well-known martial chimes;
And thrice their high heroic pride
In melancholy murmurs died."

The manner in which the harper hints to *Ellen* her superior birth, while it opens the history of her family, is peculiarly tender and beautiful.

" X.

" Loveliest and best, thou little know'st
The rank and honours thou hast lost!
O might I live to see thee grace
In Scotland's court thy birthright place;
To see my favorite's step advance
The lightest in the courtly dance;
The cause of every gallant's sigh,
And leading star of every eye,
And theme of every minstrel's art,
The lady of the bleeding heart!"*

A most material character in the poem is alluded to in the twelfth stanza, in consequence of *Ellen* having slightly mentioned him as her suitor.

" The ancient bard his glee repress'd:
' Ill hast thou chosen time to jest;
For who thro' all this desert wild
Nam'd black Sir Roderick e'er, and smil'd.
In Holy Rood a knight he slew;
I saw when back the dirk he drew:
Courtiers give place before the stride
Of the undaunted homicide.
* * * * * *
But though to Roderick thou'rt so dear,
That thou might'st guide with silken thread,
Slave of thy will, this chieftain dread.
Yet, O lov'd maid! thy mirth restrain,
Thy hand is on the lion's mane.'

" XIII.

" 'Minstrel!' the maid replied, and high
Her father's soul glanc'd from her eye,
' My debts to Roderick's house I know:
All that a mother could bestow
To Lady Margaret's care I owe.

* " The well-known cognizance of the Douglas family." It is, as *a jewel*, alluded to in the tragedy of Douglas.

Since first an orphan in the wild,
She sorrow'd o'er her sister's child,
To her brave chieftain son, from ire
Of Scotland's King, who shrouds my sire,
A deeper, holier debt is owed;
And, could I pay it with my blood,
Allan! Sir Roderick should command
My blood, my life, but not my hand:
Rather will Ellen Douglas dwell
A votaress in Maronnan's cell;
Rather thro' realms beyond the sea,
Seeking the world's cold charity,
Where ne'er was spoke a Scottish word,
And ne'er the name of Douglas heard."

(To be concluded in our next.)

Practical Remarks and Precedents of Proceedings in Parliament on Private Bills, comprising the Standing Orders of both Houses, to the Prorogation of Parliament on the Twenty-first Day of June, 1810. *By Charles Thomas Ellis, Parliamentary Agent, of the Inner Temple.* One volume, 8vo. Second edition, 1810.

Correctly speaking, a work of this nature, consisting chiefly of *rules, parliamentary practice*, and the *dry detail* of *forms, orders*, and *precedents*, is not an object of *criticism*. Its *beauties* can only be developed in the most *august assembly*, and the *highest courts* of the *kingdom*; while its faults, if faults it had, must not only become obvious in the *same places*, but *in others*, where the members, though not so *elevated* in their *situation*, would be, perhaps, equally *astute* in their inquiries.

Waving, therefore, a minute investigation respecting its *practical merits*, which yet we believe to be, in points of *accuracy* and *instruction*, great, we must observe, that a work of this nature has long been a *desideratum*; of course, with regard to this, as it has already passed through *one edition*, its *elements* have unquestionably been investigated, and, by those *tribunals* to which we have alluded, its system of *practical remarks, precedents*, &c. approved.

In the *parliamentary history* of this country, there never was a period when a guide to the soliciting of *private bills* was so necessary, because there never was a period when *private bills* were so numerous. Upon these we have, generally, to remark, that when they very materially deviate from *ancient statutes*, or introduce matters which had not before become the objects of *legislative consideration*, they demand the deepest attention to their *composition*, and the greatest nicety in their *drawing*; a *word*, nay a *letter*, may *alter* the *construction* of a most *important clause*; and the smallest inaccuracy in the proceedings relative to them defeat the intention of their applicants.

To obviate the latter inconvenience, *Mr. Ellis* has, with a thorough knowledge of his subject, combined with great labour and accuracy, compiled the treatise we are now considering. Its object every one must approve; and to its *instructions* we have no doubt but that every one engaged in the soliciting *private bills* will refer: we are, therefore, happy to take this *appropriate* opportunity to *extend* the knowledge of it to places where, perhaps, it may have been hitherto unheard-of.

Hamlet Travestie: in Three Acts: with Annotations by Dr. Johnson and George Steevens, Esq. and other Commentators. 1 vol. 12mo. 1810.

Sumite materiam vestris qui scribitis æquam viribus. Horace.

Before we determine a subject to choose,
We ought to consider *the strength* of our muse;
Remembering, alas! that poor mortals below
Cannot always force '*Poll* to *bend* for them *his bow*.

The work which we are now contemplating brought into our head the *motto* to this article; and the said *motto* as naturally produced the lines that follow it, as a *hen* an *egg*, or an *egg* a *chicken*; to which, for *imbecility*, they will, probably, be compared. Be it so! as we have neither time nor inclination to defend absurdity, we shall ultimately proceed in our examination of the piece, the title of which we have quoted.

Travesties have never been fully approved by us. The works of Homer and Virgil have, says our author, "been the subjects of *strong burlesques*, but they are still read with unabated admiration." Certainly they are! authors whose reputation could have been shaken by *such* productions must have stood upon *quicksands*; for, let us whisper to the writer of this *Travestie*, his precursors, however they may, by some persons, have been admired, were nearly as different from their *archetypes* in *genius* as they were defective in *morality* and *decency*. They were merely written to amuse those who, like Alaric and his *Goths*, delighted to deface the noblest

monuments of antiquity: they had their *day*, and have long since sunk *into oblivion.*

Other *Travesties*, of which it is easier to remember the errors than the titles, have had a still shorter duration: we shall not, therefore, endeavour to raise them from their *leaden coffins*.

Travestie holds the same mental rank with regard to *poetry*, as *caricature* with respect to *painting*, or *mimicry* to *acting*: its extravagance may force a *smile*; but, we fear, there is a little of that *ill nature* which is one of the *frailties* of *mankind*, even in our *approbation*. We are more disposed to *envy* than to *admire* the efforts of *extraordinary genius*.

These observations, as applied to *Travestie* in general, may, perhaps, be tolerated; but were we to discriminate a few of its species, we should say, that the REHEARSAL *travestied* the dramas of many poets, and produced a *living comment* upon them; which was also *travestied*, *i. e.* placed in a ridiculous light, by the well known *Mr. Bayes*. The fame of the CRITIC, a *farce* copied from the REHEARSAL, is built upon the same foundation. *Foote's pieces travestied individuals*: and we are not certain that the BEGGARS' OPERA does not *travestie* HUMAN NATURE.* That both *sexes* have frequently *travestied themselves* is well known: and that many love to *travesty* others, is equally certain.

The *dramatic travesties* to which, after those that we have mentioned, we would particularly wish to rivet the attention of the reader, are, "CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGUS," "SEXTUS QUINTILLIUS," "TOM THUMB," and "THE TAILORS:" indeed, we should have antecedently stated *Gay's* "WHAT D'YE CALL IT," and "THE DRAGON OF WANTLEY." These have *all* been performed with applause; and we find that, like them, this of HAMLET was undertaken with a view to its representation on the stage. Why it was not, if offered, received, the *managers*, *perhaps*, know better than we do.

Of all the authors that have ever written, we should conceive that SHAKSPEARE is the hardest to *burlesque*: for this reason, that he wrote with *such case*, kept so true to *nature*, and was such an enemy to *extravagance* of *sentiment* or of *diction*, that it is next to impossible to distort *his ideas*, or to misapply *his characters*.

While the *sun* is *vertical*, its shadows *are true*: it is only when it is *rising* or *setting* that they become *disproportioned*. The *sun* of *Shakspeare* was generally at its meridian height: therefore, though we may be dazzled with *its brilliancy*, we should have thought it impossible to distort its *reflections*. However, this task our author has attempted: let us now, very briefly, see how he has succeeded.

Leaving the commentators to be disposed of at the *discretion* of *the poet*, we must re-observe, that, difficult as it is to *burlesque* any of Shakspeare's works, he, the said *poet*, has, to himself, increased that difficulty, by choosing for his *comical exertions* a *tragedy* so well known, and so much admired, as HAMLET. It does not strike us, that turning the *sentiments*, *soliloquies*, &c. *into songs* would have had a good stage effect: but, with respect to this, we submit to superior judgment. The *core* of *burlesque*, in those pieces to which we have alluded, was *humour*. In this it is, or ought to be, the same. We shall, therefore, like the *pedant* of old, only produce a *single brick* as a specimen of the *comical mansion* which we would advise the reader to purchase.

"SONG—HAMLET.

Tune—*Derry Down.*

"A ducat I'd give, if a sure way I knew
How to thaw and resolve my stout flesh into dew,
How happy were I if no sin were self-slaughter!
For I'd then throw myself and my cares in the water.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

"How weary, how profitless—stale, and how flat,
Seem to me all life's uses, its joys, and all that.
This world is a garden unweeded, and clearly
Not worth living for—things rank and gross hold it merely.
Derry down, &c.

"Two months have scarce past since dad's death, and my mother,
Like a brute as she is, has just married his brother—
To wed such a *bore*—but 'tis all too late now,
We can't make a silk purse of the ear of a sow.
Derry down, &c.

* We once saw the Beggars' Opera travestied by the sexes changing characters. *Charles Bannister's Polly* was a burlesque upon every thing that had been, was, or ever will be.

"So fondly he lov'd her, I've heard him oft tell her,
'If it rains, my dear Gertrude, pray take my umbrella.'
When too roughly the winds have beset her, he hath said,
'My dear, take my *Belcher*, and tie round your head.'
Derry down, &c.

"Why, zounds! she'd hang on him, as much as to say,
'The longer I love you, the longer I may'—
Yet before one could whistle, as I am a true man,
He's forgotten—Oh, frailty! thy name sure is woman.
Derry down, &c.

To marry my uncle, my father's own brother;
I'm as much like a lion as one's like the other.
It will not, by jingo, it can't come to good,
But break my poor heart—I'd say more if I could,
Derry down, &c."

Friendly Visits from the Muse; or, the Consolations of Solitude. By a Lady. 1 vol. 12mo. 1810.

A STRAIN of PIETY and, in most instances, of POETRY runs through this work; which induces us to rejoice, that the ingenious authoress had reason to thank her patrons "for their *liberal subscriptions* and *generous encouragement*." They seem, at once, to have *soothed sorrow* and *rewarded merit*: as an instance of the latter, we quote

"THE SNOW-DROP.

"At the approach of vernal spring,
Again the feather'd nations sing;
They hail her wish'd return:
The *Sun* his golden beams displays;
Earth feels the influence of *his* rays,
Nor longer seems to mourn.

"In whitest innocence array'd,
Like some fair, artless, blooming maid,
The Snow-drop rears her head:
Who but admires her humble grace?
To gaudy flowers she yields the place,
And droops upon her bed.

"And thus will modest merit charm,
And each beholder's bosom warm,
When fled is beauty's pow'r:
Attend, ye fair! a maxim sure,
The charm of virtue will endure
To your remotest hour."

The Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain, represented and illustrated in a Series of Views, Elevations, Plans, Sections, and Details of various ancient English Edifices: with historical and descriptive Accounts of each. By John Britton, F.S.A. Vol. II. 4to. 1809.

THE former portions of this valuable work have been noticed in the previous volumes of our publication;* and it is gratifying to observe, that it is continued with the same judgment in selection, fidelity of representation, truth of effect in the most picturesque subjects, and beauty of engraving in the whole, which elicited our former commendations. This is as honourable to the author as it must be gratifying to his patrons: and while the former exhibits an undeviating industry and integrity to preserve his engagements, he fairly entitles himself to the liberal encouragement of the latter.

The volume now before us contains ten numbers, or periodical parts, and is dedicated to Thomas Hope, Esq.; who well merits this distinction, for his judicious and liberal patronage of the fine arts of our country, and for his correct taste and ardent love of literature.

After a concise explanatory preface, wherein the author acknowledges his obligations to many contributing correspondents, all men of undoubtedly deep attainments in antiquarian knowledge, the volume commences with a short history and description of Stewkeley church, in Buckinghamshire. This curious ancient building, commonly attributed to the Anglo-Saxons, is illustrated by a Plan and two Views.

The next subject is the church of St. John, at Devizes; the architecture and history of which are amply illustrated, and satisfactorily narrated, in an essay on its merits and style. Three prints accompany this essay, and display some curious and rather singular examples of the early Norman ecclesiastical architecture.

The church of St. Peter's, at Northampton, also a very interesting specimen of early Norman architecture, is illustrated by three prints, a Plan from measurement, and Views of the interior and exterior. The architectural peculiarities of this unique edifice are pointed out and described in a satisfactory and perspicuous manner, indicatory of the hand of an intelligent antiquary, and affording additional proofs of Mr. Britton's acquirements in the knowledge of the architectural antiquities of his country.

These architectural specimens are followed by a series of nineteen plates,

* Vol. xlviii. 217, 330. l. 129. li. 373.

representing Plans, Elevations, Views, and details of the sumptuous pile of building at Westminster, which King Henry the VIIth raised as a mausoleum to his own remains, and as an ostentatious memorial of the taste and talents of the age. Possessing a large revenue, with his coffers surcharged from usurious and arbitrary exactions, that monarch, no doubt, thought that he might obtain a remission of his offences, by dedicating and endowing a splendid chapel. This building is certainly the most decorated and the most elaborate of any in the kingdom; and, with its numerous niches, tabernacles, pinnacles, statues, and various other ornaments, affords an interesting example of the architectural science and taste of the age in which it was erected. Built, however, of a porous, bad stone, its exterior casing and ornaments have sustained material decay from a corrosive atmosphere; and it has been lately determined, on the report of a Committee of the House of Commons, to restore it to its pristine form and character. This task, though arduous, has been commenced, under the superintendance of Mr. Gayfere, in a style which justifies a sanguine hope of final success.

The remaining portion of the volume is occupied by a concise historical account of the rise, progress, and characteristics of *Domestic Architecture* in England; and we freely acknowledge, that this essay forms a curious, interesting, and original feature in Mr. Britton's work. The author points out the state of civil architecture and household accommodation in the progressive periods of British, Roman, Saxon, and Norman domination, and traces the changes of style, &c. to the reign of Henry the VIIIth. Several curious and beautifully-engraved plates accompany this essay; such as the Chimney-piece in Queen Elizabeth's Gallery, Windsor Castle; the old house known by the name of the Queen's Head, Islington;* Chimneys of Eton College; Holland House; Long Leat; the great hall at Wollaton Hall; four plates of Audley End, &c. &c. the subject of each plate being explained by a concise historical and descriptive account.

Mr. Britton has undertaken, and strenuously persevered in, a very arduous performance; for his successful progress to the completion of which, he deserves the best wishes of every lover of the fine arts.

OBSERVATIONS *on the* CONSTRUCTION *and* INTELLIGENCE *of the* FRENCH MONITEUR.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

WE are frequently entertained by the French MONITEUR, and other journals from the political manufactory of the Cabinet of Paris, with animadversions, and reprimands, and retorts on our English newspapers; and we have been sometimes surprised at the accurate and personal acquaintance the Parisian Editor appears to possess, both of the private history of individuals, and the local knowledge he betrays. It is well known, that Buonaparte has long felt a most poignant abhorrence of the freedom of our press; and of nothing so much, as the severe attacks from our diurnal prints. But that an Emperor, whose political preponderance was never paralleled in the annals of the world, should consider that such ephemeral attacks could reach the dark and lofty throne, he fills with such tremendous majesty, appears to us not a little ludicrous. Yet the Emperor of France has considered it worthy of his imperial power, among the cares of universal empire, to *create an office*, for the sole business of replying to the effusions of some obscure editor of an English newspaper, who, perhaps, in a reverie over his Burton ale, and hard pressed to fill his stated column, adventures on a *tirade*, which, if it be at all moderately successful, is certain of receiving a reply, in some future Moniteur, or Journal de l'Empire, in tones that thunder from the Throne!

A circumstance occurred about two years ago, by which I discovered the *person* who is so well adapted to fill this new kind of inquisitorial duty, and who, when I shall tell his name, you will not be surprised that he should be so intimately acquainted with this metropolis and its inhabitants.

* See a view of this house in the European Magazine, vol. LIII. Mr. B. has referred to our account of it in that volume, and has dedicated his Engraving to Mr. Moser, whose "Vestiges collected and recollected" were so long a striking and valuable feature of this publication.

An Italian merchant, returning from his native country to his usual residence in England, found some difficulty at Paris to procure his passport. He discovered, at length, that an old acquaintance of his, whom he had long known in London, resided in Paris—and had apartments in the Tuilleries. This personage is well known to us all—it is the notorious BADINI! He procured admission to him by sending his name. He found Badini in an apartment, with a long table covered with English newspapers. This was quite a luxury to a famished man; for our traveller, in his anxiety to hear something concerning public affairs in England, had fruitlessly attempted to procure an English newspaper; but all Paris could not furnish him with one. Badini was at that moment employed in correcting (as he phrased it) our King's speech—and complained of the task; for to adopt it to the meridian of Paris, said he, it is not sufficient to *omit*, but absolutely necessary to *supply* passages which *ought* to be in the King's speech, and which serve as apposite illustrations and useful commentaries for the readers at Paris!

It is well known in this country, that Badini was the editor of a certain Sunday paper, *now existing*, which was entirely in the pay of France, and polluted with the ordures of that revolutionary government. He was, at length, will he nill he, expatriated from a land, which, for thirty years past, had witnessed his *filouteries*, and the vilest degradation of that degree of scurrilous talent he possesses. At the moment of the projected invasion of England, there was handed about at Paris a topographical chart of this metropolis, where not only the great streets were correctly traced, but the *names* and descriptions of persons of property, with the numbers of the houses, were stated—an amusing publication, no doubt from the free press of Badini and Co.

The same gentleman informed me, that this man had apartments given him in the Tuilleries, with a pension of six thousand livres, for the sole purpose of reading, and replying to the English newspapers; which, although never to be obtained at Paris, were regularly served up on the long table in this secret apartment of the Parisian Censor. You may depend on the authenticity of this information.

Yours, &c.

6th Nov. 1810. S. A. A.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

AN ESSAY.

(*From* "THE TOWN:" *After the Manner of* THE SPECTATOR.)

IF it were not that a man suffers himself to be enticed into circumstances and situations that are unnecessary to his happiness, there is no doubt but he might be very happy; for there are numerous delights, comforts, and pleasures, in this world, on the side of morals and virtue, that may be attained at small expense, enjoyed without the danger of future cares, and remembered with satisfaction. The beginning of the delirium which destroys the pleasures and comforts of life, is the submission of the mind to that false pride and vanity which persuades a man that he will not be treated with respect in the world, unless he can appear in a certain garb, or live in a certain style, the mischievous sumptuary law fashion imposes, and which is but too imperious. This it is that tempts the most contented to wander from his peaceful domestic quiet, in search of that situation which may introduce him to a more elegant acquaintance; he wishes to be invited to parties, to dine with persons of rank, to go to routs and assemblies, to keep carriages and servants: it tempts him, farther, to obtain these objects even on credit. Some speculation, he thinks, will provide the payment, and he acquires a load of debt. It is then that mortifications begin, of which he never thought; and he finds the gay world about him sustaining the same arduous contest with their circumstances, and looking out with a painful malice for a precedence of ruin for their friends.

It would not be amiss for the man who thus voluntarily multiplies his wants and cares, to examine whether there are not many things which he could subtract to advantage, without losing even the respect of the world. We will suppose a man, for an instant, to have received a good education, to be possessed of a knowledge of life, to have a good character, and agreeable manners, with a slender income, surely this man will not need the respect of a motley group to make him internally happy. Enviable, indeed, is the situation of him who has been able to retire from the necessity of entertaining and suffering the company of knaves and fools.

"Why should I time expend on such a snipe,
But for my sport or profit?"

SIMPLEX had seen much of the world, yet his manners only were tainted with its infection; his heart was untouched, and he often lamented that he had been constrained to live with MESECH, and have his habitation among the tents of KEDAR. At length, he escaped from the toils, and found that as his cares and mischiefs had arisen from too much multiplication, and that the only rule that could set him to rights would be subtraction, SIMPLEX therefore began to look round him, and to see what he really wanted. The first thing he did was to take a small cottage, which he furnished very plainly, and to sell off his expensive house and equipage. SIMPLEX was mortified, however, at first, to find that his friend, PROFUSUS, who used to dine with him three times a week, came but once; however, MODESTUS, who had called but seldom at the palace, visited the cot, and brought with him the real entertainments of learning and taste. To receive PROFUSUS had cost much expense and trouble; MODESTUS would suffer no other than the usual fare to be provided. SIMPLEX, who had laid down his carriage, began to find that the summer's walk had many charms, and that the entertaining numerous domestics, incurred a variety of accidents and expenses. That the man of much establishment, was a man of business, who had a hive of cares which he opened every morning for them to buz about his ears the whole day. "I have not now, said SIMPLEX," more than three friends in the world, and that is quite enough. The law requires no more in the transfer of even *freehold property*, than three witnesses to a man's will, and surely more are neither safe nor necessary to his actions. SIMPLEX was always poor, while he had the appearance of being rich; was always wretched, while he carried a countenance of gaiety; and was always a slave, while he appeared to rule.

SIMPLEX carried his plan of subtraction to even a fanciful and romantic extent in his affairs, and actually refused a present of one of PACKWOOD'S razor strops, because he insisted on it that a strip of leather was the best thing in the world to sharpen a razor, and was all that was necessary for the purpose; that a clean pewter-plate was worth an hundred china ones; and that cream never looked so well as in a wooden bowl. "I do not even admire the arts," cried SIMPLEX, "except where they try to imitate nature." SIMPLEX has begun to find that there is more *fret* work in the palace than in the cottage. SIMPLEX retired from the world from judgment, and not from caprice. "You are still," said MODESTUS, "my friend, SIMPLEX; and in your case we may add also SIMPLEX MUNDITIIS."

The following allegory of GEORGE LOUIS BERNARD will pursue the subject still farther.

A DREAM.

I dreamt that I was all at once transported to the middle of a vast plain, that was filled with an innumerable crowd of people of both sexes, of all ages, and of all ranks, who, by different roads, were going towards a very steep mountain that was to be perceived at the extremity of the horizon. I, with a steady pace, chose a small path, studying by the way as to what could be the cause which impelled the motions of such a multitude of people; when I was hastily accosted by a man out of breath, and covered with dust. Taking me by the hand, "Follow me," said he, "and I will conduct you to a place where you will find all that is delightful upon earth, and where your every wish shall be gratified." As he said these words, he drew me along so forcibly, that I had not the power to make any resistance, but suffered him to lead me through a thousand crooked windings. As we advanced, the company became more numerous and more noisy. All that I saw, all that I heard, increased my repugnance and desire to resist him; but I seemed like a man impelled by the waves of a rapid torrent which he struggles against in vain.

After many difficulties and fatigues, we at length reached the foot of the mountain, the sides of which were obstructed with briers, and pointed with steep rocks, that every where formed frightful precipices. Men of every nation climbed with pain and difficulty these numerous rough places; and often, when they had nearly reached the summit, by making one false step, they fell and were dashed to pieces against the points of the rocks.

In another direction we saw long trains of pilgrims who held each by the other, and the first in the rank supporting himself and assisting his steps with a staff; but the staff breaking, the leader staggering, dragged with him in his fall all those who were behind him. In another place, we could observe others

who, meeting in a narrow path, disputed the way with such obstinacy, that they at length came to blows, and thus one overthrew the other down the precipice, and often both fell together into the abyss below.

Such were the difficulties which were to be conquered in ascending to the top of the mountain. On the summit was a magnificent temple, supported on columns of jasper, which reached almost to the clouds; the copula, which was of solid gold, reflected the rays of the sun with extreme brightness, and dazzled the eyes of all those who were in the plain. In the interior of the temple was a throne of gold, raised on so many steps of ivory, and inclosed with a ballustrade of silver. On this throne was seated a female of gigantic stature; her head was ornamented with a crown of diamonds, and her eyes were covered with a bandage, on which was written these words, "I DISTRIBUTE THE GOODS OF FORTUNE TO MANKIND." In one hand she held a large bag, and with the other, drew forth, at intervals, handsful of gold, which she threw, indiscriminately, among the multitude, who immediately scrambled to pick it up; those who were the strongest, and most alert, always got the largest share. Sometimes men of an extraordinary appearance had the courage to approach even to the throne of the goddess, who sometimes smiled graciously on them, but often likewise turned away her face, and closed her bag; others, as much unknown, who had till that moment been undistinguished in the crowd, now drew near the throne, and to these she distributed her favours with profusion.

The number of those, however, who went out of the temple loaded with the gifts of the goddess, were comparatively but few; these formed different groups, some of which presented a most whimsical variety. Here we saw a man of ferocious aspect, and whose countenance bore the expression of every vice; yet he was surrounded by a crowd of adulators, who prostrated themselves at his feet, and extolled to the skies his beneficence and his numerous virtues. At a little distance might be observed a number of men disguised with a pleasing mask, who continued following the steps of a man whom they perfectly fatigued with their repeated professions of attachment and friendship, declaring they were ready to sacrifice their lives to serve or oblige him; but, soon throwing off the mask, and displaying countenances the most terrific and hideous, they plunged their poinards in his breast, and tore each other to pieces in dividing the spoil. In another place was a miser with a gloomy, suspicious expression of face, who was incessantly occupied in looking at, contemplating, counting, and re-counting, his gold; at the same time tormenting some unhappy wretches who lay stretched at his feet, starving with hunger, and covered with wounds; and who, with tears in their eyes, asked of him some assistance, or something to purchase a morsel of bread, to whom he replied only with horrid imprecations.

Shocked at these sights, I endeavoured anxiously to find a path that should lead me to a distance from such scenes, and I quickned my pace to get into a small grove which surrounded the temple, making many melancholy reflections on what I had seen; when I observed, at the foot of a tree, an elderly man, with so prepossessing a countenance, that it immediately inspired me with confidence, and an extraordinary degree of respect and veneration. His look was pensive, and his attention was fixed on a distant mountain, the summit of which was lost in the clouds above the horizon. I approached him, and asked if he could direct me to a road which would conduct me again to the plain. After regarding me a few moments in silence, he said, "What do you here? And how did you come?" I answered that I had been led and impelled by a stranger, who had deserted me in a moment when it was no longer possible to retrace my steps. He now invited me to seat myself by his side: "You see," said he, "the magnificent temple which overlooks the whole country. It is the temple of fortune, it always appears beautiful at a distance! but, alas! how changed is that appearance when we behold it near. At the first look it seems to promise only joy, delights, and perpetual happiness; but when we reach it, we find only sadness, ennui, disgust, and the most painful sensations. My son, I myself have been deceived by its dazzling brilliancy. I dwelt in a small island, situated in the middle of a lake, the source of whose limpid waves is

on the other side of the mountain which you perceive in the distance. There I led a life of peace, regularity, and tranquillity. But the disposition of man is naturally so discontented, that he soon languishes for something he does not possess, and becomes disgusted with his situation in life, however enviable. He cannot rest in peace where he is, but longs for variety; and this perpetual agitation impels him to seek for some unpossessed charm of life, even when he is already in a situation to be happy; and this desire for something unpossessed is the chief cause of his misery. Tell me, what have you discovered here that can really give satisfaction to your mind? Let us even suppose that showers of gold could make you happy, the caprices of the goddess will destroy every hope that her gifts will remain with you any time? Let us go: follow me, and I will lead you to an abode where you may taste all the felicity a man is capable of enjoying on earth, and which leaves me no regret but that of having ever quitted it."

The old man now rose, and, taking me by the hand, he shewed me a path which winded round the mountain, and was the only one which led to the temple without risking the loss of honour. We descended without any accident, and, by degrees, reached the foot of the lofty mountain, which it was necessary to ascend before we could arrive at the blest abode which my guide described. All the paths which led to the temple of Fortune were crowded; on the contrary, that in which we now were, was but little frequented. We particularly remarked that we saw but a very few of those who had most attracted our attention on the other mountain, and among those few, most of them came down as poor as they went up, and seemed but little pleased with their journey.

From the most lofty part of the mountain, we discovered below, in the midst of a beautiful landscape, the happy island, which appeared like an amphitheatre, rising from the bosom of the silver waves which surrounded it. As we drew nearer, every thing proclaimed the abode of peace and happiness. I felt as if my very existence had been renewed, and my heart expanded by degrees, and prepared to receive the sweet impressions of joy and delight. We here saw numerous flocks of sheep bounding on the declivity of the sloping hills; and again, in another spot, were to be seen men cheerful and robust, occupied from the dawn of day in the labours of agriculture, and singing the charms of rural life, and the bounties of nature. The whole country appeared diversified with charming houses, that, in some places, stood alone; and, in others, were joined together, forming villages and hamlets, where peace, friendship, safety, and independence, continually blest the happy inhabitants.

With respect to the island itself, where we soon arrived, it presented a still more delightful *spectacle*; and appeared as if nature had chosen this charming place to collect here all the beauties which we see here and there distributed over the face of the earth. A thousand odoriferous flowers opened to the vivifying rays of the sun, embroidered with the richest colours, the verdant carpets, with which nature had encircled the island; and perfumed the air with their sweets;—trees of every kind bending under the weight of their rich fruits, and spreading their thick branches, presented, continually, a shady retreat from the heat of the sun. From the hills descended numerous streams which watered the meadows, and, with their soft murmurings, invited rest and reflection. The groves were filled with birds, whose sweet notes charmed the ear, while the variety and brilliancy of their plumage delighted the eye.

Such were the beauties which formed part of the charms that were spread over this isle; but these objects, however attracting, were not all; for there was also to be seen every scene which could adorn human life, or make existence a perpetual enjoyment.

Groups of beautiful young maidens danced on the flowery turf; sometimes they sung hymns of joy, as they crowned their affectionate mothers with garlands of flowers, who had renounced the vain pleasures of the world, to watch over and guard their beloved children, and to attend to the domestic care of a family. Other groups of young children were at play on the mossy ground, and at liberty to shew their innocent joy by a thousand frolics: In beholding their happiness and delight, we could not but regret the

happy age, which knows neither sorrow nor care. In another place, we observed venerable old men, who having in their youth resisted the allurements of vice, and conducted themselves by the laws of probity and honour, were then enjoying the blessings attendant on wisdom, patience, and perseverance.

Farther on were a company of men, of different ages, covered with scars, and crowned with laurels, whose noble countenances commanded respect and admiration;—these we soon discovered to be brave warriors, who had generously sacrificed themselves for the love of their brethren, and the service of their country. They were followed by others who were tranquilly conversing with each other; rays of light sparkled from their eyes, and in their faces were to be seen the features of the mildest humanity. These were authors, who, having devoted their pens to the service of truth, had, in consequence, suffered from the hatred and persecutions of powerful men, for having deserved well of the community.

Towards the centre of the island rose a rustic temple, whose noble and simple architecture was not defaced by art; on the front of the temple was engraved these words: "Here are received the rewards of virtue." In the middle of the temple was seated, on a verdant bank, a female, who appeared to be still young, and whose expressive physiognomy softened every heart. This was a woman who had once been in possession of great riches, but who, in a time of scarcity, had by degrees expended her whole fortune in charity to feed the distressed, who had no other resource; she had afterwards lived by the labour of her own hands, and had died in want and obscurity. She was now surrounded by those whom she had, by her charity, formerly relieved, and who bathed, with the tears of gratitude, the feet of their benefactress. *Happiness*, in the form of a beautiful woman, encircled their head with a crown of never-fading flowers, which had been woven by the hand of *Virtue*.

At this sight I thought myself transported to the abodes of Elysium, and, impelled by the most delightful emotion, I sprung forward to embrace Happiness, but at this moment Virtue gently approached me, and covered my eyes with a veil. I awoke, the scene disappeared; when, endeavouring to recollect all the circumstances of my long dream, I considered whether they had not some resemblance to those which are passing before the eyes of the human race when awake.

PINDAR'S 10TH NEMEAN ODE.

(Continued.)

STROPH. 3.

Ἕπεται δὲ Θεαῖε, μα-
τρώων πολυγνώτῳ γένει ὑμετέρων
εὐάγων τιμὰ Χαρίτεσσί τε καὶ
σὺν Τυνδαρίδαις θαμάκις.
Ἀξιωθείης κεν, ἐὼν Θρασύκλου
Ἀντία τε ξύγγονος, Ἄρ-
γεϊ μὴ κρύπτειν φάος
ὀμμάτων. Νικαφορίαις γὰρ ὅσαις ἱπ-
ποτρόφον ἄστυ τὸ Προί-
τοιο θάλλησεν. Κορίνθου τ' ἐν μυχοῖς,
καὶ Κλεωναίων πρὸς ἀνδρῶν τετράκις.

3.

But thy renown'd maternal race
Honour, Thiœus, guides aright;
Tyndarus' sons, with every Grace,
Oft in their behoof unite.
May'st thou, from Thrasyclus and Antias sprung,
Be rank'd heroic chiefs among!
Nor e'er from Argos' opening day
Turn thy downcast eyes away!
Veiling in murky shades the light,
That beams on heroes strong and bright!
For, by their numerous conquests gain'd,
What fame hath Prætus' town obtain'd;
At Corinth's deep recess four crowns
Have thy kindred race adorn'd;
Four times from Cleonæan grounds
Victorious they return'd.

ANTIST. 3.

Σικυωνόθε δ' ἀργυρω-
θέντες σὺν οἰνηραῖς φιάλαις ἀπέβαν.
Ἐκ δὲ Πελλάνας, ἐπιεσσάμενοι
νῶτον μαλακαῖσι κρόκαις
Ἀλλὰ χαλκὸν μυρίον οὐ δυνατόν
ἐξελέγχειν. Μακροτέρας
γὰρ ἀριθμῆσαι σχολᾶς.
Ὅν τε Κλείτωρ καὶ Τεγέα, καὶ Ἀχαιῶν
ὑψίβατοι πόλιες,
καὶ Λύκαιον παρ Διὸς θῆκεν, δρόμῳ
σὺν ποδῶν, χειρῶν τε νικᾶσαι σθένει.

3.

From Sicyon they, all silver'd o'er,
Wine-cups, the prize of conquest, bore.
But mantling vests, with downy nap,
Pellene's conquerors enwrap.
But of brass the vast amount,
Vain are all efforts to recount.
To number it, with care minute,
Would a longer leisure suit.
What Clitor, and what Tegea's town bestow'd,
And what Achaia's cities proud,

And what Lycæum, in whose vales,
Jove's altar fragrant fume exhales:
Immense the weight of brass they gave,
To remunerate the brave;
Who by fleet steps, and strength of hand,
The crown of victory command.

NOTES.

May'st thou.—] The poet here reminds Thienus of the virtues of his ancestors, and their many victories. He warns him against a timid spirit, and bids him open his eyes to those interesting prospects, that animate the hero.

—Prætus' town—] Argos.

—deep recess—] The isthmus of Corinth.

—Cleonæan—] The Nemean games, celebrated near the town Cleone.

—Sicyon—] Pythic games, sacred to Apollo, were here instituted by Adrastus.

—silver'd o'er.] The conquerors returned home laden with their prizes, which were silver cups. So numerous were they and large, that nothing but these cups could be seen about them. They were, as the poet speaks, ἀργυρωθέντες, silvered all over with them. They, who render this word by *argento donati*, lose sight of the poet's idea. The image, which his fancy had formed, escapes them.

Pellene—] A town in Achaia.

—of brass—] The prizes, reserved for the successful candidates, were all of brass; brazen armour, and brazen vessels.

—Clitor and Tegea—] Towns in Arcadia.

—Lycæum—] A mountain in Arcadia.

R.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

THIS month has been remarkably unproductive of novelty in the theatrical world.

Covent-garden, *Oct.* 17.—Mrs. Siddons made her first appearance for the season, as *Lady Macbeth*, and exhibited all her usual powers in that well-known character.

From Nov. 3 to 13 (inclusive) the Theatres were closed, on account of the death of the late amiable Princess Amelia.

Nov. 14. The interesting Pantomime Drama of *La Perouse* was revived with great success, and restored that admira-able ballet-performer, Mrs. Parker, to the boards of Covent-garden, in the character of *Umba*. A Master Morelli is the new *Chimpanzee*.

POETRY.

THE HARVEST.

O! fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint, Agricolas!

SING cheerfully, my muse! expatiate round,
From Scotia's glens to Cornwall's utmost bound;
Where shall the limner fancy fix her stand
To trace the picture of a smiling land?
How shall her pencil sketch the boundless space
Of Nature's rich attire and jovial face?
For lo! while War pursues his blood-stain'd way,
And realms are victims to his iron sway,
Still Albion stands a free and happy isle;
Tho' Gallia frown invet'rate, she can smile.
Hard by yon ocean, British glory's field,
Rich Thanet's plains their best luxuriance yield,
Where, as old Cantium's ruthless neighbour scowls,
Britannia's Lion stalks unmov'd, and growls
In proud defiance of the daring vaunt,
That wakes his courage, but can never daunt.
There ev'ry want the soil's best fruits supply,
To cheer the hardy sons of husbandry.—
See! Ceres renovate her golden reign
In all the rich variety of grain;
'Mid russet crops, which hill and dale imbrown,
The buxom goddess wears her brightest crown;
Her grateful vot'ries all their honours spread,
And bind the wheaten garland round her head.
Forbear, rash muse! nor such a lay distain
With Pagan terms, unhallow'd and profane;
Awake! awake! from Fancy's idle dream,
For Nature's bounty is a sacred theme.
Is there an eye but with delight surveys
The annual tribute Earth so freely pays?
That marks each seed, in her kind bosom cast,
Grow to the ear, that waves before the blast;
Where the nutritious grain lies well-secur'd,
'Till by the sun progressively matur'd.
Can any wretch, to whom a heart is giv'n,
Receive this manna of indulgent Heav'n,
Nor feel that heart with gratitude expand
To the kind Father, whose protecting hand
Has thus replenish'd Plenty's lib'ral horn,
Thus rear'd and foster'd ev'ry blade of corn.

But ah! no bounds insatiate Av'rice knows,
Nor e'er with sensibility o'erflows;
Tho' with vast heaps her granaries are stor'd,
And groan beneath th' immeasurable hoard,
Tho' blest with riches of Peruvian mines,
Her churlish bosom sordidly repines;
For while she broods o'er all the swelling store
With thankless joy, yet still she thirsts for more.
Shall, then, those gifts the God of Harvests sends,
Be thus perverted to unworthy ends?
Shall Nature's gen'rous hand be thus repress'd,
And only serve to glut the *niggard's* breast?
Shall man grow rich at fellow man's expense,
And counteract the good of Providence?
No! for to each a certain share should fall,
Each should enjoy what Nature deals to all:
She bids her blessings (op'ning wide the door)
Be felt by all, but chiefly by the poor.
Britannia! turn your eyes to hapless Spain,
And view a nation bleed at ev'ry vein;
Mark how her sons, oppress'd by mis'ries, groan;
Pity their lot, contrast it with your own;
See her, while blood-hounds fierce her entrails tear,
A prey to ev'ry evil but despair;
For still, with all their energies unbroke,
Iberians spurn a fell Usurper's yoke.
Yet ah! the foe lays waste her fairest lands;
Her fields are, haply, reap'd by foreign hands;
While you, blest nation! hear but from afar
The din and ravage of devouring war;
Brave Wellington your choicest soldiers leads
To scenes of danger and heroic deeds;
And stems the torrent threat'ning to o'erwhelm
The fertile fields of Lusitania's realm;
Yet still your happier sons behold their toil
Amply requited by a grateful soil.
What tho' the dove-ey'd stranger, Peace, no more
Plant her green olives on your sea-girt shore;
Your isle may yet a thousand blessings share,
For still her sister, Plenty, lingers there.

North Mimms, Oct. 8, 1810. F. W.

ANECDOTES IN FAMILIAR VERSE.

No. XXXIX.

The Hoax.

SOME smarts, upon a frolic set,
Hoax'd and made fun of all they met;
And, as they laugh'd at their success,
No consequence at whose distress,
They met an old man on their way,
His looks benign, his ringlets grey,
As if some being had appeared,
To be by all mankind revered.
First they attack'd his silver hairs;
His answers were as good as theirs;
They made but little progress, therefore,
For to each why he had a wherefore;
Thus they in every way were foil'd,
And on themselves their wit recoil'd.
At length, one of this harmless crew
Cried, "My good friend! how old are you?"
To which the venerable sage
Replied, "I am about your age."
At this the hoaxer's fun increas'd:
"Why, you are sixty at the least!
How, then, of my age can you be?
For I'm not twenty."—"Easily!
"*At sixty* MEN *do not surpass*
The age of TWENTY, *in* AN ASS."

BADINE.

No. XL.

The Parasite.

A BARD, who flourish'd by his wits,
And feasted, or else starv'd, by fits,
Bless'd sometimes with a liberal friend,
And sometimes driven to his wit's end,
Was ask'd the honest truth to tell,
By one who really wish'd him well:
"The world had said, he was the slave
Of every fool and every knave;
And, tho' he got but little by't,
He was nick-nam'd the *Parasite;*
For, even against his own opinion,
He chose to be a flattering minion;
That he to worthless men had given
All moral virtues under heaven;
While all mankind, as well as he,
Knew they led lives of infamy.
'Twas true, from this some profit grew,
Cap-in-hand favours not a few;
And that, for this same dirty work,
He could command a knife and fork;
But, this advantage at an end,
He had not gain'd a single friend.
"What would you have?" cried out the bard:
That's generally all my reward;
But I'm so *press'd*, so very *press'd*,
To be of every man the guest,
That, were you in my situation,
You would accept each invitation."—
"*Press'd* are you?"—"Yes, and I defy
Even you such kindness to deny."—
"If that's the case," cried out the friend,
"All argument is at an end:
And, seriously, the thing's distressing,
Nothing than HUNGER *is more* PRESSING."

BADINE.

TWO OLD SONGS.

FROM A CURIOUS OLD COLLECTION.

A beautiful Nimph, finding AMINTOR'S *love grow cold, gives her sister this advice.*

IRIS on the bank of Thames,
With a sigh, and weeping eyes,
Said to lovely Celimane,
let not man your heart surprize:
men are all compos'd of lies.

Tho' a thousand times they sware,
and as many vows repeat,
All they sware, is common air,
all they promise but deceit,
none were ever constant yet.

Wisely then preserve your heart,
from each tyranny of fate,
Which only then can act its part,
when love has its return of hate,
and then repentance comes too late.

Amintor, *finding the Lady in Tears, turns his Pretensions to a real Love.*

What I to Cloris did pretend
is to a real passion grown,
That stubborn heart that would not bend
in one short minute's overthrown.
As sorrow sat upon her brow,
And tears from her bright eyes did flow,
Love play'd the charming syren's part,
And in the waters fired my heart.

How pleasant was the sad surprise,
whilst I to quench those flames did seek,
The pearls that melted from her eyes,
and fondly kist 'em off her cheek;
With her white hand she put me by,
And softly cry'd, Amintor fly,
Lest by your stay you do receive
Infection, and with Cloris grieve.

Too late, alas, you do advise;
the sweet contagion now is spread;
My heart's your beauty's sacrifice,
and panting at your feet is lay'd.
Ah! Cloris make a kind return,
'Twas gentle pity made me burn;
But if the off'ring you despise,
Declare it, and Amintor dyes.

Printed for R. Kell, at the White-Hart in West-Smithfield, near Pye-Corner. 1691.

LINES,
TO THE MEMORY OF
DAVID COLLINS, Esq.

Colonel of the Royal Marines, and Lieutenant-governor of Van Diemen's Land, who died at Hobart, March 24, 1810.

THE Muse, dear lover of the sacred bay,
That twines immortal wreaths of well-earn'd fame,
With mournful eagerness brooks no delay
To claim a chaplet for thy modest name.

Sure something more than now a patriot died
Should be the meed of unobtrusive worth:
Never must gratitude, for service tried,
Sleep with the sleeper in the peaceful earth.

If any ask THY title to renown,
'Tis legible in fruits of life-long toil,
To soften Nature's wildly savage frown,
And plant thy country's fame on distant soil.

Thine were the ready sword, the ready pen,
Prompt at Utility's supreme command,
Which, while exerted in the haunts of men,
Repell'd emotions for a happier land.

Remote from kindred and from friends of old,
Thy noble spirit wing'd its sudden flight;
But many a veteran visage doth unfold
Reflected sorrow to its comrades' sight.

Untutor'd natives could thy worth discern,
They paid the homage passing courtly fear;
A stranger pays this tribute to thine urn,
No stranger to the worth that stamps it dear.

Ne'er shall that urn encounter careless eye;
No listless reader at its marble bend;
Where all must trace thro' mist, or rising sigh,
The name of Benefactor!—Father!—Friend! G. A. G.

ELEGY
TO THE MEMORY OF THE
RIGHT HON. ADMIRAL LORD HUGH SEYMOUR.

Written at Carrick on Shannon, Dec. 26, 1801.

BY CATHARINE BAYLEY.

AS on the Shannon's wide prolific shore
Wand'ring I mus'd, the fatal tidings came,
Joy's rapt'rous shout shall hail our chief no more,
But still, a nation's loss shall live to fame.

'Twas *there*, beyond the vast Atlantic wave,
That fell Contagion threw her venom'd dart;
Fate wing'd the shaft (her mandate who may brave?)
To crack the cordage of that noble heart.

The trembling string reverb'rates to my moan,
My youthful brother was the hero's care;
Alas! the foster'd blossom scarcely blown,
Low drooping, died upon his patron's bier.

The gen'rous, ardent, manly heart was thine:
Ah, youth belov'd! to *Abra* doubly dear;
Her plaints and lengthen'd sighs re-echo mine,
Like air's sweet harp, when zephyr loiters near.

Lo! at our Seymour's tomb the British tar
Leans pensively,—a tear adorns his cheek;
—Like ocean's dauntless wave, in furiate war
He dar'd—his *sorrows* language cannot speak.

Essay the task,—"There lies the seaman's friend!
The great—the generous—the just—the brave;
To pity only had he learnt to bend;
'Twas his to conquer, and 'twas his to save.

"When dire necessity impell'd command,
And rigid justice rear'd her lash to view,
The voice of Seymour oft restrain'd her hand,
While Mercy's mandate charm'd the gallant crew."

*Lo! to Caernarvon's proudly fertile plains,
The gallant Gower mournfully retires:
E'en War's proud voice his Lion-heart disdains;
O'er Death's cold urn he quells Ambition's fires.

And thus the lyrist with remembrance blest,
And gratitude, the first of Virtue's joys,
Murm'ring the feelings of her throbbing breast,
Droops o'er her lyre beneath inclement skies.

ANSWERS TO THE RIDDLE FROM COWPER'S LETTERS,

IN OUR LAST NUMBER.

WHEN passion is mutual, *lips two and two* join,
With a warmth and a rapture no pen can define;
The first parent kiss often generates more
Than the sky can boast stars, or of sands the sea shore.
But when time has abated the high tide of bliss,
Then languid and cold is the conjugal kiss;
Still duty demands that it be not denied
To a man, by his *wife*, any more than his *bride*.
To bestow it elsewhere, in each wedded dame,
Is a sin, that consigns her to sorrow and shame.
How little 'tis worth when with money 'tis bought,
At what price soever, by Milton we're taught.
From daughter to father, from a son to his mother,
From brother to sister, from sister to brother,
'Tis given of course, from their natural connection,
With the temperate warmth of domestic affection.
From the soft ruby lips of the young and the fair,
'Tis a most precious boon, but a boon that is rare;
When you seize it by force in the frolicsome field,
Howe'er they may struggle, with pleasure they yield. G. C.

ANOTHER.

FOUR lips meet in contact, the rapture to prove
That is foster'd by friendship, and heighten'd by love:
The numbers produc'd we here blush to explain,
But cold is *that bliss* which is given for gain.
Lambeth, Nov. 9, 1810. A. B.

* Admiral Sir Erasmus Gower retired to Wales for a few months on the death of his friend Lord Hugh Seymour, being under the most poignant affliction. For the character of Sir Erasmus Gower, see Lord Cornwallis's letter to the Lords of the Admiralty when Sir Erasmus commanded the Triumph.

INTELLIGENCE FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, OCT. 16, 1810.

REAR-ADMIRAL OTWAY, commander-in-chief at Leith, has transmitted to J. W. Croker, Esq. a letter from Captain Stoddart, commanding his Majesty's ship Pallas, giving an account of the capture of two small Danish cutter privateers, one of six guns and the other of five, by the boats of the above ship, on the coast of Norway, on the 6th instant.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, OCT. 20.

Copy of a Letter from Lieutenant George Bentham, of his Majesty's Ship Roebuck, acting in the Command of the Briseis Sloop, addressed to Rear-admiral Lord Gardner, Commander-in-chief at Yarmouth, and transmitted by his Lordship to J. W. Croker, Esq.

His Majesty's sloop Briseis, Yarmouth Roads, Oct. 16.

MY LORD,

I have the satisfaction to state to you, that his Majesty's sloop you did me the honour to place under my command, fell in with an enemy's schooner, at noon on the 14th instant, 80 miles W. by S. of Horn Reef, and, after an anxious chase of eight hours, we succeeded in bringing her to action, which she maintained with determined desperation for an hour, most part of the time the vessels touching; indeed, the severe loss on both sides speaks for itself, the enemy before he surrendered having eight men killed and nineteen wounded; and, I lament to say, four men have been killed, and eleven badly wounded, on board the Briseis. It is the pleasantest part of my duty to state to your lordship, that the whole of the officers and sloop's company behaved in such a manner as to merit my warmest approbation. The prize, which has arrived in these Roads with me, proves to be the French privateer Sans Souci, of ten 12-pounders and four 2-pounders, commanded by Jules Jacobs, with a complement of 55 men; she sailed from Amsterdam two days previous to my falling in with her, in company with another vessel of the same class, for the purpose of cruising on the Dogger Bank against our trade.—Inclosed herewith, for your lordship's information, is a list of the killed and wounded.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) G. BENTHAM, Acting Commander.

Right Hon. Lord Gardner, Rear-admiral of the White, &c. &c.

A List of Men Killed and Wounded on board his Majesty's Sloop Briseis, in Action with

the Sans Souci French Privateer, 14th October, 1810.

Killed—A. Gun, master's mate; J. Davidson, clerk; J. Lake, able seaman; R. Byers, captain of the top.

Wounded—T. Cox, quarter-master's mate; I. Flood, yeoman of the powder-room; J. Mahars, ordinary seaman; E. Wilson, quarter-gunner, severely; William Burgess, carpenter; J. Glass, armourer; T. Dilling and P. Antonio, ordinary seamen, slightly; Job Steward, serjeant of marines, and John Jarret, private marine, severely; William Presonall, private marine, slightly.

(Signed) G. BENTHAM, Acting Commander.

[The Gazette also states the capture of the French brig privateer La Comtesse de Montelivet, of 14 guns and 57 men, by the Rhin frigate, Captain Malcolm; La Temeraire French privateer, pierced for 10 guns and six large swivels, with 35 men, by the Fawn sloop, the Hon. Captain Crofton; and a French lugger, called la Vengeur, of 16 guns, and 78 men, by the Revenge, the Hon. Captain Paget.]

TUESDAY, OCT. 23.

[This Gazette contains the following copies of letters:—The first from Captain Loring, of the Niobe frigate, reporting the capture, on the 20th instant, off Cape Barfleur, of l'Hirondelle French lugger privateer, of four guns and 30 men, commanded by Aimable Le Roy.—The second from Captain Upton, of the Sybille, mentioning the capture of the French privateer Edouard, of 14 guns and 90 men, 210 tons, commanded by M. G. Moreau, out eight days from Abrevarake.—The third from Captain Oliver, of the Apelles sloop, announcing the capture of the Somnambule French privateer, of 18 guns and 56 men, which, from the damage she had received, he was afterwards compelled to scuttle.—The fourth from Captain Cumberland, of the Saturn, stating the capture of a Danish cutter privateer, of one gun and four swivels, by the boats of the above ship, under the direction of Lieutenant Drewitt, of Ebeltoft, in Jutland, in presence of six other vessels of the same description.—The fifth from Captain Ryves, of the Africa, mentioning the destruction of a Danish privateer, on Falstubbo Reef, by a boat's crew, under the orders of Lieutenant Finnisnere.—And the sixth from Captain Mainwaring, of the Tartarus sloop, giving an account of his having sunk two French privateers off Pillau.]

LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY,

FRIDAY, OCT. 23.

DOWNING-STREET, OCT. 23.

A despatch, of which the following is an extract, was last night received by the Earl of Liverpool, one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State.

Extract of a Letter from Lieutenant-colonel Keating, dated Bourbon, 21st July.

I have much pleasure in forwarding to your Lordship a copy of my despatch, under this date, to the Right Hon. the Governor-general of India; and I hope the conduct of the forces confided to my command may meet with the gracious approbation of his Majesty.

To N. B. Edmonstone, Esq. Chief Secretary to Government, Calcutta.

SIR,

I have the honour to report that the force, consisting of 1800 European and 1850 Native troops, which the Right Hon. the Governor-general of India, in Council, has been pleased to confide to my orders and directions, for the conquest of the Island of Bourbon, arrived at Rodrigues on the 20th June, at which time I was absent on the important duty which has already been detailed, for the information of his Lordship, in my letter of the 16th of the same month. The intelligence which I then obtained enabled me at once to decide upon a plan of attack. On the 24th June Commodore Rowley, commanding the blockading squadron before the Isles of France and Buonaparte, anchored in his Majesty's ship Boadicea off Fort Duncan, in the Island of Rodrigues. No time was lost in making the necessary arrangements for the reduction of this Island, as well as for carrying into effect the ulterior object of the expedition. From the unfavourable state of the weather we were delayed at Roderigues until the morning of the 3d inst. when we weighed anchor, and proceeded to the point of rendezvous, fifty miles to windward of the Island of Buonaparte, which point we reached at four o'clock on the evening of the 6th, when, in consequence of the judicious arrangements made by Commodore Rowley, and the indefatigable zeal and exertions of Captains Pym of the Sirius, Lambert of the Iphigenia, Curtis of the Magicienne, Willoughby of the Nereide, and Lieutenant Robb, First of the Boadicea, the whole of the troops were removed from the transports and embarked in the frigates, which immediately stood in for the points of debarkation. It will appear by the disposition made in the plan of attack, for striking the first blow at the enemy's capital, that there were two objects in view; the first, to prevent a protracted warfare in the interior of a country almost inaccessible to an invading army; and secondly, to ensure the final reduction of the Island in the shortest time possible, by securing the principal garrison, and the Governor and Commander-in-chief, whom I knew to be at St. Denis. The first brigade composed of his Majesty's 86th regiment, the first battalion 6th regiment of Madras native infantry, and a small detail of artillery and pioneers, commanded by Lieutenant-colonel Fraser, was ordered to land at Grand Chaloupe, and to proceed by the mountains direct against the west side of

the enemy's capital; whilst the second, third, and fourth brigades were to land at Riviere des Pluies, and to force the lines of defence extending from the Butor redoubt on the north or sea side, to the redoubt, No. 11, on the south, and from thence to cross the rear of the town to the River St. Denis. About two o'clock *p. m.* on the 7th, the several ships having reached their stations, the beach from St. Marie, to within gun-shot of the Imperial Battery, was reconnoitred by Captain Willoughby of the Royal Navy, and Lieutenant-colonel Campbell of his Majesty's 33d regiment, commanding the 4th brigade, or the advance. The weather being then moderate, and the enemy not appearing in strength, it was determined to debark the troops. Accordingly, Lieutenant-colonel Campbell, with 150 light troops of his brigade, and Captain Willoughby of the Royal Navy, commanding a party of seamen, and appointed to superintend the landing immediately pushed off, and landed their men about four o'clock. Lieutenant-colonel Macleod, of his Majesty's 69th regiment, commanding 3d brigade, with one hundred and fifty men, effected a landing nearly at the same time. But at this moment, the wind increasing with much violence, raised the surf to an unexpected height, and several boats being stove on the beach, the landing of more troops that evening became impracticable. This important object was not, however, given up, until an experiment, concerted with Commodore Rowley, was put in execution. A small transport (the Udney), was run upon the beach, in hopes that the troops might be enabled to land over her stern or under her lee. This service was performed by Lieutenant Lloyd, 2d of the Boadicea, with the usual intrepidity which distinguishes our Navy; but the violence of the weather, and natural difficulties of the situation, were such as to frustrate the intention proposed. It now became necessary, if possible, to communicate with Lieutenant-colonel Macleod, the senior Officer, with the detachment on shore, which, in landing, had the whole of their ammunition damaged, and had lost a considerable number of their arms. Lieutenant Foulstone, of the 69th regiment, in the most handsome manner, volunteering to swim through the surf, his services were immediately accepted, and that Officer accordingly conveyed my orders to the Lieutenant-colonel to take possession of, and occupy St. Marie for the night. This service was performed by Lieutenant-colonel Macleod, in a masterly and officer-like manner. I felt much anxiety for this detachment during the night; and as the practicability of disembarking more troops to windward, appeared to Commodore Rowley, as well as myself, very uncertain, the Magicienne, having on board the 2d brigade, was dispatched about ten *p. m.* to Grand Chaloupe, to which place it was determined that the Boadicea, with such transports as had military stores on board, should follow in the morning. According to this arrangement, Captain Lambert, of the Iphigenia, being left with directions from Commodore Rowley to seize the first moment of moderate weather to debark that part of the 3d brigade then on board of his ship. I proceeded with the Commodore in the Boadicea, on the morning of the 8th, with the remainder of the 3d and 4th brigades, and effected a landing to leeward, at Grand Chaloupe, about 11 o'clock A.M. With this force under my immediate command, I instantly moved forward by the mountains; at two o'clock A.M. passing over the heights, I reconnoitred the enemy's position, and by four o'clock had formed the necessary arrangements for the attack upon his capital. Major Austen, at the head of the 12th and 33d Grenadiers, and 12th Native Infantry, had received his final instructions to assail the town in the rear. Lieutenant-colonels Macleod of the 69th, and Campbell of the 33d, had already passed the enemy's strong position on the east of the town, from the Butor to No. 5, redoubt. Lieutenant-colonel Clarges was well advanced towards the west of the town with five companies of the 69th regiment to force the batteries on the sea face; and Lieutenant-colonel Drummond, commanding the 2d brigade, had reinforced with the Royal Marines of his brigade, the position so gallantly maintained by the 1st brigade, on the west of the river St. Denis. Through the exertions of Major Taynton, commanding the Artillery, and of Captain Macintosh of the Bombay Artillery, assisted by Lieutenant-colonel Clarges of the 69th regiment, and Lieutenant Lauhem of his Majesty's ship la Nereide, commanding a party of 50 seamen, I was enabled to get forward two field pieces, and one four and half inch howitzer, which were descending the mountain, and would have been in action in less than half an hour. This would have insured the result of the premeditated attack; or, in the event of any disaster, secured our retreat, which latter was, in my opinion, next to an impossibility. Affairs were thus situated, when I received a message from the left that the enemy had sent out a trumpeter, with an Officer, to demand a suspension of arms, and on honourable terms to surrender the Island. There was not a moment to be lost in saving an enemy completely in our power, and I accordingly issued immediate orders for the troops to halt. I am sorry that my situation prevented my communicating, agreeably to his Lordship's orders, with Mr. Farquhar, who was on board of the Boadicea, upon the terms which Commodore Rowley and myself deemed proper to grant to a brave though vanquished enemy. I should have mentioned before, that on my landing at Grand Chaloupe, I had detached Captain Hanna, with two companies of the 1st battalion 56th regiment, to La Possessime, the batteries of which place he took by assault in the most gallant manner. Thus, Sir, in a few hours has this rich, extensive, and valu-

able colony, been added to his gracious Majesty's dominions, with a population of upwards of 100,000 souls, and with a loss on our part comparatively trifling when the nature of the service is considered, a return of which accompanies this despatch, with a copy of the capitulation. The whole of the service has been conducted so completely to my satisfaction, that, where praise is the just claim of all, it may be considered invidious to select; however, the truly military style, and rapidity of the movements of the 1st brigade, calls for my most unqualified thanks to Lieutenant-colonel Fraser, the officers and men under his command; the same is equally due to Lieutenant-colonels Macleod and Campbell, and the troops under their orders, who landed under the greatest difficulties, opposed by the weather and an almost inaccessible beach.

[Lieutenant-colonel Keating then goes on to praise and return thanks to Lieutenant-colonel Macleod, for the gallant manner in which he took possession of the batteries of St. Marie.—Admiral Rowley, commanding the squadron for the assistance he afforded; also Lieutenant-colonel Drummond; Lieutenant Cottel of the Marines; Captains Pym, Lambert, Curtis, and Willoughby, of the Royal Navy, commanding frigates; Lieutenants Robb, and Lloyd, of the Boadicea; Chudds, of the Iphigenia; and Lauhem, of the Nereide; Lieutenant Pye, of the Marines. The Commanding Officers of corps and detachments, the heads of Departments, and the whole of the staff; Captain Parkinson, of 33d, Deputy Adjutant-general; Major Vernon, the Deputy-quarter-master-general; Captain Barry, who acted as his Aid-de-camp; Lieutenant Blackistone, senior Officer of Engineers; Captain Snow, Commissary of Provisions, who commanded the 2d battalion 12th Native Infantry; Dr. Harris, superintending Surgeon, and Mr. Surgeon Davies, of the Bombay establishment.]

The troops without exception, his Majesty's and the Hon. Company's, the Royal marines and seamen, conducted themselves with that courage and energy, so truly characteristic of British soldiers. On the 9th, agreeably to his Lordship's orders, Mr. Farquhar was sworn in Governor of this colony and its dependencies, at which ceremony Commodore Rowley and myself attended. Lieutenant-colonel Campbell, with the flank brigade, was despatched on the 10th for St. Paul's, which place he immediately occupied, causing 1300 of the enemy, composed of troops of the line, Garde Nationale, Creole Militia, &c. to surrender their arms.

I have, &c.

HENRY S. KEATING, Lieut.-col. commanding.

Head-quarters, St. Paul's, Isle of Bourbon, 21st July, 1810.

List of Officers killed and wounded.—Flank Corps, Lieutenants Spinks and Whannel, slightly wounded.—86th Regiment, Lieutenant G. Munro, killed—Major W. T. Edwards and Lieutenant J. Webb, slightly wounded; Lieutenant M. Creagh, Brigade Major, dangerously wounded; Lieutenants A. M'Lean, A. K. Blackall, and W. R. White, severely wounded.—TOTAL. 1 subaltern, 1 serjeant, 16 rank and file, killed; 1 Major, 7 subalterns, 2 serjeants, 2 drummers, 66 rank and file, 1 seaman wounded.

The garrison surrendered prisoners of war, with the honours of war; and the Governor, Colonel St. Susanne, is to be allowed a passage to the Isle of France, or to France, upon his parole, not to serve till exchanged. —145 pieces of cannon, with 195,000 lbs. of gunpowder, were found in the military stores. The despatches from Admiral Bertie include the letters of Commodore Rowley and Captain Pym, relating to the naval operations, and which evince that the most cordial unanimity and zeal prevailed between the army and navy on this service. The naval return is one marine killed and two seaman drowned.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, OCT. 27.

[Lieutenant Henry Taylor, commanding his Majesty's cutter Olympia, has reported, by a letter to John Wilson Croker, Esq. his having, on the 4th of August last, captured l'Atalante French brig, pierced for 18 guns, but only two mounted, from the Isle of France, bound to Bourdeaux with a valuable cargo.]

TUESDAY, OCT. 30.

[This Gazette contains a letter from Captain M'Kirlie, of his Majesty's ship Calliope, (transmitted by Rear-admiral Gardner) giving an account of his having on the 25th ult. captured la Comtesse d'Hambourg, of 14 guns, eight 12-pounders, and six eight-pounders, and 51 men, from Dunkirk, after a sharp running fight of two hours, in which the Calliope had only three men wounded, amongst whom was the serjeant of marines, a highly deserving and brave man, who received two musket shots through his body and one through his right arm, before he quitted his post on the forecastle with the small arm men. Captain M'Kerlie speaks in high terms of the conduct of all his officers and crew, and expresses his belief that "the capture of this vessel will be of the utmost consequence to the trade to Heligoland and the Baltic, she being a new vessel, and her first cruise, and sails remarkably well, with a most determined crew.]

WHITEHALL, NOV. 2.

This day, about twelve o'clock, departed this life, at Windsor, after a long and painful illness, her Royal Highness the Princess Amelia, his Majesty's youngest daughter, to the great grief of all the Royal Family.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, NOV. 3.

Copy of a Letter from Adm. Sir R. Calder, Bart. Commander-in-chief of H. M. Ships and Vessels at Plymouth, to J. W. Croker, Esq. dated the 30th of October, 1810.

SIR,

I have great pleasure in acquainting their Lordships of the capture of the Loup Garou French privateer, of 16 guns and 100 men, by his Majesty's sloop Orestes, of equal force. This capture does very great credit to the Captain, Officers, and men of the Orestes, from the prompt and neat manner in which it has been effected, without any loss to his Majesty's service; and confirms the good opinion I have long since entertained of Captain Lapenotiere as an Officer, whilst serving under my command at different times. I enclose Captain Lapenotiere's letter respecting the capture of the Loup Garou, which, no doubt, would have done much mischief to our trade.

I have, &c.

ROBERT CALDER.

His Majesty's Sloop Orestes, at Sea
SIR, *Oct. 27, 1810,*

In the execution of your orders, I this morning at daylight, (in lat. 48. 30. North, long. 8.56. West), fell in with a brig, which, from her manœuvre, I supposed to be a French cruiser; I made sail in chase, and had the satisfaction of bringing her to close action in less than an hour, owing to one of our shot carrying away her main haulyards; she kept up a smart fire for about half an hour, when she struck to his Majesty's sloop under my command, and proves to be the Loup Garou French privateer, of 16 guns, commanded by Charles Laurent Faures, with a complement of one hundred men, belongs to Nantz, but last from Brest, out two days, and has made no capture; she is a remarkably fine vessel; one year old, coppered and copper fastened, well found in every thing, is victualled for two months, and, I think, fit for his Majesty's service.

I cannot say too much in praise of Mr. Charles Squarey, my first Lieutenant, with the officers and men under my command, for their very steady good conduct during the short contest, which was such as will ever give me the greatest confidence in them, should fortune throw me in the way of an enemy superior to the present one. I am happy to find we sustained no loss in killed or wounded; our sails and rigging are a little damaged; the enemy had four men wounded, two of them dangerously.

I have, &c.

(Signed) J. R. LAPENOTIERE.

Adm. Sir R. Calder, Bart. Commander-in-chief, &c.

[Vice-admiral Sir J. Saumarez, Bart, and K.B. has transmitted to J. W. Croker, Esq. a letter he had received from Rear-admiral Dixon, dated 9th Oct. stating that three lugger gun-boats, sent under the direction of Lieutenant Streatfield, of his Majesty's ship Ruby, to cruise off the Island of Lessoe, had destroyed two of the enemy's privateers about that Island, captured a third, and forced the remainder to take shelter in Jutland.

Extract of a Letter from Rear-adm. Lord Gardner to J. W. Croker, Esq. dated at Yarmouth, the 21st October, 1810.

The Steinbill Danish cutter privateer, of ten guns and thirty men, belonging to Syet, has been captured by the Tweed, Captain Symonds, and is arrived in these roads.]

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

BY a decree of Bonaparte, all English goods found in France, or any of the territories under its influence, are to be burned; and persons detected in introducing English goods hereafter, are to be branded in the face, and imprisoned, for not less than three, nor more than ten years.

Bonaparte has ordered all French servants, male and female, to be registered; and in such a way, as to enable every servant to become a spy upon his master.

The Kings of Prussia, Denmark, and Saxony, have adopted the Napoleon code of proscription against British commerce.

Bernadotte has arrived in Sweden, after running some risk from the English fleet in the Belt.

Count St. Leu (Louis Bonaparte) has left Toplitz on a visit to the Emperor Francis. It was reported, that he would, at the end of this month, follow his wife to Paris.

A letter said to be written by the Ex-Queen of Holland, and addressed to Bonaparte, has appeared in the papers. She is daughter of Josephine by a former husband, and in her letter she accuses Bonaparte of having robbed her of her innocence, and afterwards, when pregnant by him, forced her to marry his brother Louis.

The Journal de l'Empire contains a copy of a circular addressed to the French Clergy, on the subject of the Empress Louisa's pregnancy; as also, a letter to Count Gairnier, President of the Senate, desiring that the intelligence may be communicated to the Members of the Legislative Body.—An article from Madrid asserts, that the French army in Portugal are marching from success to success; and another, dated Fecamp, 12th inst. announces in the same absurd strain that Lord Wellington was upon the point of evacuating Portugal.

The long-expected contest between the British and French armies in Portugal has

not yet taken place. Despatches have been received from Lord Wellington, dated up to November 10; at which time the enemy continued to occupy nearly the same positions in his front as for some time past.

As a tribute of justice to the very gallant achievements of the British Cavalry in Portugal, we insert the following copy of a Cavalry Order, which records one of many recent instances in which they have nobly upheld their long established reputation:—

CAVALRY DIVISION ORDERS.

Truqueli, Oct. 6. 1810.

Lieutenant-general Sir Stapleton Cotton was much pleased with the steady and gallant conduct of the squadrons and picquets which were engaged yesterday with the enemy's advanced guard. By the repeated and successful attacks made against the head of the enemy's column (which was supported by six pieces of artillery), he was kept in check, nor was it until his infantry came up, and the country became unfavourable to the operations of cavalry, that he ventured to push on his advanced guard.

The lieutenant-general returns his warmest thanks to the officers and men of the 16th light dragoons and hussars, as well as to those composing the picquets of the royals and 14th light dragoons, for their steady and soldierlike behaviour; and Captain Bull will be pleased to accept, and convey to the officers and men of his troop of royal horse artillery, the lieutenant-general's best thanks, for the zeal and activity which was yesterday, and has at all times been, shewn by him and the officers and men of his troop.

Lieutenant-general Sir Staple Cotton is much indebted to Lieutenant-colonel Elley, Assistant-adjutant-general, for the unremitted and able assistance which he derived from the exertions of that officer, and which tended so much to that order and steadiness displayed by the troops during a retreat of considerable distance, before a strong column of the enemy.

The lieutenant-general begs the Marquis of Tweeddale, and the rest of his staff, will also accept his warmest acknowledgments for their zealous assistance.

Extract of an Official Letter from Marshal-general Lord Wellington *to his Excellency Don* Meguel Forjaz Pereira, *dated Head quarters, Pero Negro, Oct. 27, 1810.*

"MOST EXCELLENT SIR,

"The enemy continues to occupy the same position (in front of our army) which I mentioned to your excellency in my former despatch, of the 20th inst. I, nevertheless, detached some troops to the side of Santerem, knowing that General Loison, on the 23d, had marched for the same place, with the division under his command, and it appears, according to the intelligence received from the commanding officer at Abrantes, under the date of the 24th inst. that an enemy's corps of infantry and cavalry entered Thomar on that day.—All the information received from the prisoners and deserters which have arrived at the enemy, concurs in constantly relating the miseries and difficulties which the army suffers in consequence of the great scarcity of all kinds of provisions. They also state they were preparing materials for constructing a bridge over the Tagus; but though we have a good view of the river from the different points of the position which the army occupies, and the officers and individuals employed on the left bank of the river, to observe the movements of the enemy, I have not been able to discover the place where this construction is carrying on, nor the part of the river to which it is to be applied if it should be completed.—The enemy likewise appear very anxious to obtain or construct boats, and with this view endeavoured the 24th inst. to dislodge a part of Ordenanzas from the post at Chamusca, in order to obtain possession of some boats that were there, but they did not succeed. On the side of Ramalhel and of Obidos, the excursions of the enemy's detachments are so confined and checked that he in fact possesses no ground in the country except that on which his army is posted.—By General Silveira's last reports, dated the 17th inst. it appears that every thing remains quiet on the northern frontiers, nor had the said general received any intelligence of any troops having marched into Castile. The flying parties have become more bold and enterprising than ever they were. They formed a junction in the environs of Valladolid at the beginning of October, to the number of 1,500 men, in order to retake a convoy of money and contributions which the enemy had levied in the country; they proved, however, unsuccessful in that enterprise. I have the honour to remain with particular consideration, your excellency's most obedient servant.

"Wellington."

A dreadful earthquake happened on the 12th of August, at St. Michael's, one of the Azores: 22 houses were swallowed up, and in the spot a lake of boiling water gushed forth; 32 persons lost their lives.

On the 30th ult. the Spanish Cortes dissolved the old Regency, and appointed a new one. The new Regency is composed of only three Members; viz. General Blake, Don Gabriel Ciscar, and Don Pedro Agar. The two latter are naval officers; the character of General Blake is too well known to require any particular description. The Cortes have established the Freedom of the Press, on all other than religious subjects—that only which regards their religion is subjected to a censor. They have also resolved that the South American territories of Spain form an integral part of the empire; and have decreed, that they shall be represented in the Cortes on the same principle as the Mother Country.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

OCTOBER 17.

JEFFERY, the seaman, reached Polperro, in Cornwall, where his family reside. The meeting betwixt him and his mother was extremely affecting and impassioned. The whole village came out to greet him on his arrival. Jeffery repeatedly declared that the kind attention and generosity of the Lake family, particularly of Mr. W. Lake, (uncle of the Captain) would never be effaced from his memory—that he entirely forgave Captain Lake himself, and could take him by the hand with sincere good will if he were on the spot, and imputing his conduct to a violent impulse of passion, for which he probably condemned himself when he had time for proper reflection.

23. A dreadful accident occurred at Bath, about noon, to Mrs. Nivetto, an ingenious fire-work-maker, and a young man her assistant. They were preparing sky-rockets, &c. for the approaching jubilee; when, by some means, an explosion took place of two barrels of gunpowder, which blew the house and another adjoining, to atoms. The unfortunate woman, and the young man, were both so miserably burnt and bruised, that their lives are despaired of.

25. Our beloved sovereign, this day, completed the 50th year of his reign—a longer period than any English sovereign ever swayed the sceptre, who ascended the throne at an adult age. The melancholy state of the Princess Amelia prevented the day being devoted to rejoicings.

26. At a Court of Common Council, held at Guildhall, on Friday, the report of the committee appointed to consider the propriety of extending the term allowed for the election of aldermen, from three days to eight, and for increasing the qualification from 15,000l. to 30,000l. was read and, after some discussion, agreed to without a division.

28. A seizure was made of gold to the amount of 20,000l. illegally shipped for exportation, on board a vessel at Harwich.

29. The Lord Chancellor and Mr. Perceval, in returning from Windsor, to the latter's house, at Ealing, had their carriage overturned (owing to the darkness of the night) on Hounslow-heath. They did not, however, sustain any material injury, and were able to proceed on their journey in a short time. The carriage was much broken.

The Middlesex Sessions commenced; when a young man, named Rowell, apprentice to an eminent artist, was tried on an indictment, charging him with an attempt to commit an unnatural offence. The only evidence to support the charge was a person named Mason; but three counsellors voluntarily coming forward, and declaring on their oaths they had known Mason guilty of wilful and corrupt perjury and subornation of perjury, Rowell was acquitted.

30. A fire broke out at night, in the cloister's of St. Bartholomew's hospital, which destroyed three houses, but which, by the exertions of the neighbours, and the blue-coat boys, was extinguished without doing the least damage to the hospital, or occasioning any injury to its numerous patients by alarm.

31. At a Court of Common Council, Mr. Jacks submitted his motion far placing a bust of our gracious sovereign in the Council Chamber of the City; to which Mr. Quin moved an amendment, acknowledging the exemplary qualities and numerous virtues of the sovereign, and his paternal regard for the happiness and glory of his people, but omitting that part of the motion, which he conceived went to approve the measures of the different ministers who had governed the Councils of his Majesty during the 50 years of his reign. The amendment was unanimously agreed to; after which, Sir W. Curtis proposed, that for the word *bust*, that of *statue* should be inserted, which was likewise agreed to, and orders given for carrying the resolution into effect.

At the last Old Bailey Sessions, W. Truman was capitally indicted for assaulting Mary Jackson, in St. Bartholomew's hospital, putting her in fear, and forcibly taking from her person a watch, &c. This man, a most desperate gang, in number upwards of thirty, attempted to rescue, when on his way to prison, at the time of his apprehension, by attacking the officers with knives, &c. and cutting down the body of the coach in which he was conveyed. Three of these banditti, who were brought thither by curiosity to hear the fate of their companion, Truman, were recognized by the officers in the gallery of the Court, and taken into custody.

We are sorry to state, that the negociation for an exchange of prisoners appears to have failed. Mr. Mackenzie has returned to London; and it is understood, that the unreasonable demands of Buonaparte, after repeated concessions had been made on the part of our government, rendered the rupture of the negociation unavoidable.

Nov. 2. The melancholy event, so long expected, has at length taken place. Her Royal Highness the Princess Amelia's sufferings terminated this forenoon, at a quarter past twelve. She was previously in so exhausted a state, as to render it difficult to ascertain when life was really extinguished. Her dissolution was without pain.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, was appointed by the Princess Amelia her residuary Legatee; but in order to dis-

charge all her debts, if any, and also to make some bequests to her friends, she directed her jewels and trinkets to be sold. The Prince, as one of her executors, has taken upon himself the discharge of all her trifling debts and legacies, and has made a present to the Princess Mary of the jewels and ornaments of her favourite sister.

2. A fire broke out, at night, in Bermondsey-street, Southwark, which destroyed the chandlery shop in which it first appeared, and damaged the adjoining houses. A young man, who was bed-ridden, lost his life in the flames, and another man was much hurt.

9. In consequence of the ancient custom of the City, that the Lord Mayor could not retain his situation beyond the year, supported by the opinion of the law officers of the Crown, the Lord Mayor, Lord Mayor elect (Jonathan Smith, Esq.), Aldermen, &c. proceeded in a private manner, on Friday, from Guildhall, to the Court of Exchequer, Westminster-hall, where the Lord Mayor elect was sworn into office by the Barons, and the late Lord Mayor rendered an account of his administration during the year he had been in office. There was no procession by water, nor were any of the usual civic festivities observed at Guildhall, or by the different companies of liverymen.

14. We are happy to state the safe arrival, on our hospitable shores, of that spirited and virtuous young Monarch, Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden. He made his escape from Riga on board an American vessel, and shortly after was received on board the Ruby British ship of war. On the 7th instant, he was put on board Sir James Saumarez's flag-ship, the Victory, where he was received with all due respect, and from thence sent to England in a sloop of war, which arrived at Yarmouth.—His Majesty landed this day from the Tartarus, under a royal salute. The beach was crowded with spectators, who saluted him with the loudest acclamations. Lord Gardner's carriage waited to receive him: as soon as he got into it, the populace took the horses out, and drew him to the Angel-inn. He seemed much affected, and when he got to the inn shewed himself at one of the windows, bowing with great respect several times. On his departure from Riga, the Governor accompanied him on board an American vessel; and the Emperor of Russia sent him an affectionate letter, and a purse of ducats, which he declined accepting. His Majesty left Yarmouth on Wednesday, and slept that evening at the Crown-inn, Woodbridge; on Thursday morning he passed through Ipswich for Colchester, and stopped at the Three Cups inn, accompanied by Captain Mainwaring of the Royal Navy. In compliance with a loyal custom, usual in the event of a Royal Personage passing through Colchester, the Corporation of that town presented his Majesty with a box of candid eringo roots, and which was most graciously accepted. His Majesty, by invitation, set off about eight o'clock, for Boxted-lodge, the seat of Peter Du Cane, Esq.

20. The King of Sweden arrived in London. His Majesty, at first, put up at the Clarendon hotel, Bond-street; but has since removed to Hampton Court Palace, which has been fitted up for his residence during his stay in this country.

ALTITUDES OF MOUNTAINS.—The following is a curious Table of the Altitude of the various Mountains, and the Depth of the Lakes, in Europe, above and below the Level of the Sea.

MOUNTAINS.	*Feet above the Sea.*
Ben Nevis, Inverness-shire	4,170
Snowden, Wales	3,508
Cawsand Beacon, on Dartmoor	1,792
D'Or Mountains, highest in France	6,707
Perdu Mountain, highest point of the Pyrennees	11,283
(The fall of the River *Gare*, near the foot of this Mountain, is 1,266 feet.)	
Gibraltar, highest point	1,439
Trinnester-haar-horn, highest point of the Helvetic Alps	12,210
Mount Blanc, Alps	15,680
Mount Rosa	15,555
St. Gothard	8,970
Mount Velino	8,300

LAKES.	*Feet deep.*
Lake of Constance	1,162
——— Geneva	1,267
——— Thern	1,906
——— Lucerne	1,500
——— Neufchatel	1,400

NATIONAL DEBT.—Account of the Reduction of the National Debt, from the 1st of August, 1786, to the 1st of November, 1810:

Redeemed by the Sinking Fund	£167,191,530
Transferred by the Land-Tax Redeemed	23,643,549
Ditto by Life Annuities purchased	1,279,080
On Account of Great Britain	192,114,159
Ditto ......of Ireland	7,412,310
Ditto ......of the Imperial Loan	1,107,925
Ditto .. ...of Loan to Portugal	43,618
Total	200,678,012

The sum to be expended in the ensuing quarter is £3,131,899 3s. 9d.

INDISPOSITION OF HIS MAJESTY.

We have to lament with every other subject of the realm, that our venerable Sovereign, from the excess of his sensibility at the melancholy and protracted sufferings of his amiable daughter, the Princess Amelia (now no more), has sunk, under the agitation of his mind, into a disorder, similar to that with which he was afflicted in the year 1788; and hence he is rendered incapable, at this time, of performing any of the functions of his high office. It is needless for us to remind our readers of the long and painfu state of anxiety in which every member o

the Royal Family has been kept by the melancholy state of the Princess Amelia's complaint. They have been alternately raised into hope and plunged in despair. The lively interest which his Majesty felt in these vicissitudes was observed to have an alarming influence on his feelings. Three weeks ago his Majesty received from the Physician's the afflicting report, that the Princess might be no more in an hour, or that she might languish for many days; but they felt it to be their duty to apprize his Majesty of the imminent danger in which she then was. From that time the King's agitation was manifest. He passed some days in excessive grief; and on some days, according to the gleams of hope, was equally elevated by expectation. He at times kept the Physicians with him, when they made their report, two or three hours in minute inquiries. He was accustomed to receive a report every morning at seven o'clock, and afterwards every two hours of the day. At three o'clock, regularly, he went to her Lodge to visit her—and the effect of these visits upon his heart was visible in his tears. The affecting incident of a *memento mori* ring, put upon his finger by the dying object of his tenderness, completed the shock his nature had received. On Thursday morning, the 25th of October, the Gentleman whose duty it was to be near his person, felt it necessary to communicate to Mr. Perceval an obvious alteration that had taken place in his Majesty's speech and deportment. On the 26th this became more manifest; and on the 27th, it was so alarming, that a Council was held: the Lord Chancellor was sent for; Dr. Heberden was directed to attend, and orders were given that the Physicians and medical attendants only should have access to the royal apartments. On the 29th, Lord Eldon and Mr. Perceval had a long audience of the Queen, and afterwards received the opinion of the Physicians, who all concurred in declaring, that the fever might speedily subside; but in his present state they did not consider his Majesty to be able to attend to business. Upon this report, the Ministers felt it to be inconsistent with their responsibility to submit to his Majesty, for the Sign Manual, the intended Commission for the prorogation of Parliament; and without such Sign Manual the Lord Chancellor knew that he could not put to it the Great Seal. In this melancholy suspension of the Executive Power, Messengers were despatched for the immediate attendance in London of all the Great Officers of State, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Marquis Wellesley, the President of the Council, &c. &c.; and the first Bulletin was issued, which was sent in every direction to the friends of Administration. On the 30th, another Council was held; and the report of the Physicians being, that the fever had not abated, circular letters were sent, requesting the attendance of Members in town, for the meeting of the two Houses on Thursday, Nov. 1, as it was found to be improbable that the further prorogation could take place. On that day another Council was held; and Lord Eldon, Mr. Perceval, the Marquis Wellesley, Mr. Ryder, and other Members of the Cabinet, went to Windsor, to examine the Physicians, and determine, from the state of his Majesty's health, whether it would be proper to take his pleasure on the important document which had been prepared according to his previous command. They unfortunately found this to be impossible, by the continuance of the disorder, though his Majesty had passed a better night, and the symptoms were more flattering. They accordingly returned to town, and our readers will see, by the proceedings in the two Houses of Parliament, the very delicate course that has been pursued.

HOUSE OF LORDS, THURSDAY, NOV. 1.

Their Lordships began to assemble soon after three o'clock: and about a quarter before four the Lord Chancellor took his seat on the woolsack, and the House immediately proceeded to prayers.

Strangers being re-admitted, the Lord Chancellor soon afterwards rose, and addressed their Lordships to the following purport:—"My Lords, it is necessary for me to state the particular circumstances which attend the present occasion of our being assembled. Your Lordships can have no doubt, after the general notice which was given, and the expressed intention of his Majesty previously notified, and the orders which had already been issued in the Gazettes for a Royal Commission, that it was in contemplation that Parliament should be prorogued to the 29th day of the present month. But from the peculiar situation of his Majesty's health, it was not thought proper to carry that intention into effect. It is, my Lords, with the deepest solicitude I have to state these reasons, and his Majesty's present ill health, which has been occasioned from a severe pressure of domestic calamity; but while I state it with sorrow, I entertain a confident expectation, supported by that of his physicians, that his Majesty will, in a short period, recover from his present indisposition. On this account, and the doubt which might arise upon the legality of any Commission without the Sign Manual, I thought it expedient not to affix the Great Seal. Under these circumstances, it remains for your Lordship to determine whether you will at this time adjourn; or to adopt such measures as in your Lordship's judgment this House ought to pursue upon the present occasion."

The Earl of Liverpool rose, and after dwelling briefly on the lamented situation of the health of his Majesty (caused, as it had been truly stated by the noble Lord on the woolsack, by a serious and severe domestic

calamity) stated, that there was every reason to hope for a speedy recovery from the illness under which his Majesty at present suffered. He should therefore move, that the House at its rising, should adjourn till Thursday, the 15th of November; that for that day all the Lords should be summoned; and that the Lord Chancellor should be directed to write to every noble Lord, informing him that his attendance was expected on Thursday, the 15th of November.

After a few words from Lord Holland, in approbation, the motion of the Earl of Liverpool was put and carried, and the House adjourned accordingly.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, THURSDAY, NOV. 1.

The interest and anxiety excited by the known indisposition of his Majesty, and the doubts which were generally entertained, whether the Royal Signature could be obtained to a Commission for a further prorogation of Parliament, pursuant to Proclamation, attracted a more numerous attendance of Members than, under all the circumstances of the case, could at this season have been expected. About half past three the Speaker came down, and took his seat as usual at the table. A few minutes before four o'clock the Speaker, rising from his chair at the table, addressed the House to the following effect:—

"This House is now met upon the day to which it was last prorogued. But I have to inform the House, that notwithstanding his Majesty's Royal Proclamation in the Gazette, intimating his pleasure that Parliament should be still further prorogued to a future day, we are not to expect any message from his Majesty's Commissioners on this occasion: no Commission having been issued further to prorogue Parliament. Under these circumstances it becomes my duty to take the chair of this House, in order that this House may be enabled to adjourn itself to such time as the House in its wisdom shall deem fit; and I do therefore take the chair accordingly."—(General cries of *Chair! Chair! Chair!*)

The Chancellor of the Exchequer then rose. [But as the proceedings and the result were nearly the same as in the House of Lords, it will be unnecessary for us to go into the detail.] On the 15th, both Houses (in the hope of an amendment in his Majesty's health) again adjourned till the 29th inst. But in the House of Commons, Mr. Whitbread condemned the proposal of adjournment, because it suspended the Constitution upon no authentic testimony, upon recorded evidence; in short, upon nothing but the bare statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who yet had not held forth any hope of the period at which we might reasonably expect his Majesty's complete restoration to the discharge of the Royal functions. He asked why were not the physicians examined? why were not their evidence laid before the House, to enable it to form a judgment, instead of resting upon the testimony of a member who had not seen his Majesty, but only his physicians. He concluded by deprecating the adjournment.—Sir Francis Burdett entirely coincided in the sentiments expressed by the last speaker, and declared his intention of dividing the House upon the question. The Hon. Member dwelt upon the evil of shewing the people that Ministers could transact the public business without the Executive branch of the Constitution; it was a proceeding calculated to bring the kingly office into contempt. The House was now in a predicament because it had not done its duty in the last instance by resisting the adjournment. Was it treating the House of Commons with common decency, to call on them, at a moment when the greatest and most serious events might take place, to postpone their duty to their constituents? The Hon. Member next adverted to the act passed on a former illness of his Majesty, tying down his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales from acting in his own affairs without the cooperation and controul of certain Legislators, and concluded by declaring that a state of anarchy had existed long enough, and he was desirous of restoring to the people the Government of the Constitution.—Mr. Tierney, Lord A. Hamilton, Mr. W. Wynne, Sir S. Romilly, and Mr. Elliott, spoke against the adjournment; and Messrs. Canning, Ponsonby (who recommended an adjournment of one week), Bathurst, Wilberforce, Fuller, and Sheridan, in its support. The latter Gentleman insisted upon the dilemma in which they would be involved, should they proceed to provide for the suspension of the Executive functions in the ordinary way. He also stated, that on the recovery of his Majesty on a former occasion, how gratifying it had been to his feelings, to be informed that no inquiry had been made into his situation. The question being then loudly called for, the House divided—For the adjournment, 343; against it, 58; majority, 285.—Adjourned till the 29th.

BULLETINS OF THE STATE OF HIS MAJESTY'S HEALTH.

From the numerous inquiries, dictated by the most anxious solicitude to learn the state of our beloved Sovereign's health, it was deemed proper, on Monday, October 29, to issue a Bulletin, signed by the Physicians, and which has been continued every following day. We have subjoined each day's account, that our readers may have, on this interesting subject, every possible degree of information:—

Monday, Oct. 29.—"The King has been indisposed for a few days past. His Majesty has had fever, and his nights have been restless; but he has had several hours sleep this morning."——*Tuesday, Oct.* 30.—"The King has passed a restless night, and his Majesty is much the same to day as yes-

terday."——*Wednesday, Oct.* 31.—"The King has passed a restless night, but his Majesty's fever is not increased."——*Thursday, Nov.* 1.—"His Majesty has passed rather a better night, and is much the same to-day as yesterday."——*Friday, Nov.* 2.—"The King has passed a night with very little sleep, and is much the same to-day as he was yesterday."——*Saturday, Nov.* 3.—"His Majesty passed a better night, but his fever is not diminished." These were all signed—"H. HALFORD—W. HEBERDEN—M. BAILLIE." That issued on *Sunday, Nov.* 4.—"The King is in no respect worse to-day, though his Majesty has passed the night with very little sleep," had the name of "H. R. REYNOLDS" added to the other Physicians.——*Monday, Nov.* 5.—"The King has had a good night; his Majesty has been rather better the last twenty-four hours."——*Tuesday Morning, Nov.* 6.—"His Majesty has passed the night with very little sleep, and is not better this morning."——*Tuesday Evening.*—"His Majesty has had some sleep, and has appeared a little better throughout this day."——*Wednesday Morning, Nov.* 7.—"His Majesty had more sleep last night, and continues fully as well as in any part of yesterday."——*Wednesday Evening.*—"His Majesty is much the same as he was in the morning." [This Bulletin had Dr. FRANCIS WILLIS's name added to those of the other four Physicians.]——*Thursday Morning, Nov.* 8.—"His Majesty has had a little sleep, and continues nearly in the same state as yesterday."——*Thursday Evening.*—"His Majesty has had a considerable degree of fever in the course of this day, but has slept since six o'clock."——*Friday Morning, Nov.* 9.—"His Majesty has had several hours sleep, and is rather better to-day."——*Friday Evening.*—"His Majesty has had several hours sleep, and has continued rather to improve.".——*Saturday Morning, Nov.* 10.—"We consider his Majesty to be better this morning than he has been for the last five or six days past."——*Saturday Evening.*—"His Majesty continues much the same as in the morning."——*Sunday Morning, Nov.* 11.—"His Majesty is still a little better this morning than he was yesterday."——*Sunday Evening.*—"His Majesty has a little more fever this evening than he had in the morning."——*Monday Morning, Nov.* 12.—"Although his Majesty has passed the night with very little sleep, yet he appears in no respect worse than he was yesterday."——*Monday Evening.*—"His Majesty has had some hours sleep in the course of this day; and, upon the whole, appears better than he has been since the commencement of his illness."——*Tuesday Morning, Nov.* 13.—"His Majesty has had little or no sleep in the night, but continues as well as on the two preceding days."——*Tuesday Evening.*—"The King has had a little increase of fever this day, but his Majesty is now rather better."——*Wednesday Morning, Nov.* 14.—"The King has had some sleep in the night, and his Majesty is better this morning."——*Wednesday Evening.*—"His Majesty is still better to-day, and appears to be in a state of progressive improvement."——*Thursday Morning, Nov.* 15.—"His Majesty is much the same to-day as he was yesterday."——*Thursday Evening,* "His Majesty has had a little increase of fever this afternoon."——*Friday Morning, Nov.* 16.—"His Majesty has had some sleep in the night, and his fever is again a little abated."——*Friday Evening.*—"His Majesty has had a little increase of fever this evening."——*Saturday Morning, Nov.* 17.—"His Majesty has had a sleepless night, and, upon the whole, been more feverish than for the last two days."——*Saturday Evening.*—"His Majesty's fever is continued, but without any increase this evening."——*Sunday Morning, Nov.* 18.—"His Majesty has had some sleep in the night, and there is a little abatement of fever this morning."——*Sunday Evening.*—"His Majesty has had several hours sleep in the course of the day, and is better this evening."——*Monday Morning, Nov.* 19.—"His Majesty has passed a quiet night, though with little sleep, having slept several hours yesterday evening. This morning he is quite as well as he was yesterday."——*Monday Evening.*—"His Majesty's fever has rather increased in the course of this day."——*Tuesday Morning, Nov.* 20.—"His Majesty has had some sleep in the night, and has rather less fever this morning."——*Tuesday Evening.*—"The King's fever has not increased in the course of the day. His Majesty has had some sleep this evening."——*Wednesday Morning, Nov.* 21.—"His Majesty continues much in the same state as he was yesterday."——*Wednesday Evening.*—"His Majesty continues as he was in the morning."——*Thursday Morning, Nov.* 22.—"His Majesty's disorder continues with little variation since yesterday."——*Thursday Evening.*—"No change has been observed in his Majesty's complaint since the morning."——*Friday Morning, Nov.* 23.—"His Majesty has had a little increase of fever this morning, after a bad night."——*Friday Evening.*—"His Majesty's fever has continued undiminished throughout the day."——*Saturday Morning, Nov.* 24.—"His Majesty has passed the night almost without sleep; but his fever is not increased this morning."——*Saturday Evening.*—"His Majesty has been in a sound sleep for the last six hours."——*Sunday Morning, Nov.* 25.—"His Majesty has passed a quiet night, with some more sleep, and is better this morning."—Signed, H. R. REYNOLDS, HENRY HALFORD, W. HEBERDEN, M. BAILLIE, R. WILLIS.

[The immediate cause of his Majesty's indisposition is said to arise from the following affecting incident:—The Princess Amelia, wishing to leave her Royal Father some memorial of her duty and affection, caused a ring to be made, in which was inserted, under a crystal, a lock of her hair, and

and, on the inside, her name, with the inscription "*Remember me.*" On his Majesty making his usual daily visit, he approached the Princess's bed, and held out his hand to her, as was his custom. Her Royal Highness embraced this opportunity to put the ring on her father's finger, without saying a word. His Majesty was perceived to be extremely agitated by this affecting occurrence.

The following form of prayer, for his Majesty's recovery, has been prepared by the Archbishop of Canterbury:

A PRAYER, to be used immediately before the Litany, when it shall be read; and when it shall not be read, immediately before the prayer for all Conditions of Men; in all cathedral, collegiate, and parochial churches and chapels, in England and Ireland, as soon as the ministers thereof shall receive the same; and to be continued during his Majesty's present indisposition:

"O God, who commandest us, when we are in trouble, to open our hearts, and to tell out our sorrows unto Thee in prayer, and dost promise to listen with compassion to our humble supplications, give us grace so to approach Thee, that we offend not in word or thought: put away from us every impatient feeling, silence every unworthy expression: let not our prayers assume the language of complaint, nor our sorrows the character of despair.

"Upon Thee, O God, and upon the multitude of Thy mercies, we repose our grief. To Thee alone we look for that blessing, for which our hearts bleed. Raise, we implore Thee, our beloved sovereign from the bed of sickness and of affliction; soothe his parental cares; restore him to his family, and to his people.

"And of Thy great mercy, O God! look down with pity and compassion on the accumulated sorrows of the Royal Family. Give them strength, and courage, and virtue, to meet with pious submission the grievous trial to which they are exposed; and whether it shall seem fit to thine unerring wisdom presently to remove from us this great calamity, or for a time to suspend it over us, teach both them, and us, patiently to adore Thy inscrutable Providence, and to bless Thy holy name for ever and ever.

"These prayers and supplications we humbly address to Thy Divine Majesty, in the name, and through the mediation of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. *Amen.*"

FUNERAL OF THE LATE PRINCESS AMELIA.

LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S OFFICE, NOV. 14, 1810.

Last night, the body of her late Royal Highness Princess Amelia, was privately interred in the Royal Chapel of St. George, in Windsor.

At eight o'clock a procession was formed from Augusta Lodge to the Royal Chapel, in the following order:

Servants and Grooms of their Majesties and the Royal Family, in State Liveries.

Trumpets of the Royal Horse Guards, Blue.

(On each side of the procession: Staffordshire Militia, every 6th man bearing a flambeaux.)

Escort of Royal Horse Guards Blue — THE HEARSE. Drawn by the King's set of eight English Black Horses, fully caparisoned, driven by Richard Gray the State Coachman. — Escort of Royal Horse Guards Blue

Escort of Royal Horse Guards Blue — One of His Majesty's carriages, drawn by a full set of English Black Horses, conveying their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge, the Executors of her late Royal Highness. — Escort of Royal Horse Guards Blue

One of His Majesty's carriages, conveying Lady Albinia Cumberland, Miss Goldsworthy, Mrs. Williams, and Mrs. Adams, attendants of the late Princess.

One of His Majesty's carriages, conveying Miss Byerly, Miss Gaskin, Mrs. Robinson, and Mrs. Davenport, attendants of the late Princess.

Carriages of their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and Duke of Cambridge, each drawn by six Horses.

Upon arrival at the Chapel, the Servants, Grooms, and Trumpets, filed off without the south door.

At the entrance, the Dean and Prebendaries, attended by the choir, received the body; and the remainder of the Procession having previously been formed, the whole proceeded,

down the south aisle, and up the nave into the choir, in the following order (the Procession being flanked by the Royal Horse Guards, Blue, every fourth man bearing a flambeaux):

Poor Knights of Windsor.
Pages of the Royal Family.
Pages of their Majesties.
Solicitor to her late Royal Highness,
Charles Bicknell, Esq.

Apothecary, Robert Battiscombe, Esq. — Surgeon, David Dundas, Esq.

Curate and Rector of the Parish of Windsor.
Rev. Mr. Gosset. Rev. Mr. Plymley.
Physicians who attended her late Royal Highness,
Dr. Baillie. Dr. Sir Henry Halford, bart.
Equerries of the Royal Family.
Equerries of their Majesties.
Grooms of the Bedchamber to the King,
Honourable General Finch. General Campbell.
Honourable R. F. Greville. Charles Herbert, Esq.
The Queen's Vice-Chamberlain,
Lieutenant-Colonel Disbrowe.

Comptroller of His Majesty's Household, Lord George Thynne. — Treasurer of His Majesty's Household, Earl of Courtown.

The Queen's Master of the Horse,
Earl Harcourt.
Lords of His Majesty's Bedchamber,
Right Honourable Lord Arden. Right Honourable Lord St. Helens.
Right Honourable Lord Rivers. Right Honourable Lord Boston.
Captain of the Yeoman of the Guard,
Earl of Macclesfield.
Choir of Windsor.
Prebendaries.
Dean.

The Vice-Chamberlain of His Majesty's Household, acting as Lord Chamberlain, Lord John Thynne. — The Lord Steward of His Majesty's Household, Earl of Aylesford.

Gentleman Usher of His Majesty, bearing the Coronet of her late Royal Highness, upon a black cushion,
Vere Warner, Esq.

Supporters of the Pall, Lady Eliz. Thynne. — Supporters of the Pall, Viscountess Cranley.

THE
Body,
in a Coffin covered with Crimson Velvet, and a Black Velvet Pall, adorned with Eight Escutcheons of her Royal Highness's Arms, the Coffin carried by Eight Yeomen of the Guard.

Lady George Murray. — Countess of Ely.

Supporter to the Chief Mourner, veiled, Countess of Ilchester. — Chief Mourner, Countess of CHESTERFIELD, veiled, Her train borne by a Baronet's wife, Lady Halford, veiled. — Supporter to the Chief Mourner, veiled, Countess of Macclesfield.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, in a long black cloak, the train borne by one of His Royal Highness's Gentlemen.
His Royal Highness the Duke of York, in a long black cloak, the train borne by one of his Royal Highness's Gentlemen.
His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, in a long black cloak, the train borne by one of his Royal Highness's Gentlemen.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, in a long black cloak, the train borne by two of his Royal Highness's Gentlemen.
His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, in a long black cloak, the train borne by one of his Royal Highness's Gentlemen.
His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, in a long black cloak, the train borne by one of His Royal Higness's Gentlemen.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex,
In a long black cloak, the train borne by one of
His Royal Highness's Gentlemen.

Marquis Cornwallis. Marquis of Abercorn, K. G.
Marquis Wellesley, K. G.
Earl of Chesterfield, K. G. Earl of Westmoreland, K. G.
Earl Camden, K. G. Earl Bathurst.
Earl of Wilton. Earl of Liverpool.
Earl of Harrowby.
Lord Bishop of Salisbury, C. G.
Right Hon. Lord Mulgrave. Right Hon. Lord Walsingham.
Right Honourable Lord Eldon.
Right Hon. Charles York. Right Hon. Spencer Perceval.
Right Hon. Robert Dundas. Right Hon. Richard Ryder.
Right Honourable Sir David Dundas, K. B.
Lieutenant-General Calvert.
Count Munster.
Major Price. Colonel Taylor.
Ladies Attendants on her Majesty and the Princesses, viz.
Lady Albinia Cumberland.
Miss Goldsworthy.
Mrs. Williams.
Honourable Mrs. Egerton. Honourable Mrs. Fielding.
Honourable Miss Townshend.
Mademoiselle Beckendorff. Madame Beckendorff.
Miss Knight. Mrs. Adams.
Miss Planta. Miss Montmollin
Miss Byerly. Miss Gaskin.
Mrs. Robinson. Mrs. Davenport.
The Queen's and Princesses' Dressers.

Upon entering the choir, the body was placed on tressels, the head towards the altar; and the coronet and cushion were laid on the coffin. The chief mourner sat at the head of the corpse; her supporters on either side; and the supporters of the pall in their places near the body.

During the service, which was read by the Honourable and Rev. the Dean of Windsor, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and his Royal Brothers, as well as the Knights of the Garter present, occupied their respective stalls. The Nobility, Privy Councillors, and officers of the household, as well as others who had followed the body, were placed in the vacant and intermediate stalls. The ladies attendants were in the seat below the stalls, on the north side nearest the altar; the Grooms of the Bedchamber, Physicians, Rector and Curate of Windsor, Surgeon, Apothecary, and Solicitor of her late Royal Highness, in the seat below the stalls on the south side, nearest the Altar; the Equerries, and the Queen's and Princesses' other Attendants, in the front seats on either side; the Pages were arranged below the Altar.

The part of the service before the interment, and the anthem being performed, the procession moved out of the choir in the order in which it had entered, and proceeded up the north aisle of the choir, flanked by the Royal Horse Guards, Blue, to the place of burial, behind the Altar.

The body being deposited in the vault, and the service concluded, Sir Isaac Heard, Garter, after a short pause, pronounced, near the grave, the style of her late Royal Highness, as follows:—

Thus it hath pleased Almighty God, to take out of this transitory life, unto his Divine Mercy, the late Most Illustrious Princess Amelia, 6th and youngest Daughter of his Most Excellent Majesty, George the Third, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith; whom God bless and preserve with long Life, Health, and Honour, and all worldly Happiness.

After which, the Royal Princes, the Nobility and others, who had composed the procession, returned, having witnessed that every part of this mournful and afflicting ceremony had been conducted with great regularity, decorum, and solemnity.

BIRTHS.

THE Countess Cowper, of a daughter. ——Lady Leveson Gower, of a daughter.——Viscountess Hereford, of a son. ——The Lady of Sir Wm. Geary, Bart. of a son and heir.——At Totteridge, Herts, the wife of Thomas Cadell, Esq. of a son. ——Hannah Brown, who keeps a chandler's shop, No. 12, Belton-street, Long Acre, was delivered of two girls and a boy, who, with the mother, are all likely to do well.—The husband is a footman in a gentleman's family.——At Homerton, Mrs Headen, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

HENRY Buckley, Esq. of the Lawn, South Lambeth, to Anne, only daughter of Samuel Wolfe, Esq. of the East India House.——Sir T. Trowbridge, Bart. to the daughter of Sir A. Cochrane, K. B. Governor of Gaudaloupe.—J. Winter, jun. Esq. of St. Swithin's-lane, Lombard-street, to the daughter of C. Gordon, Esq. of Gower-street, Bedford-square.—J. Downie, Esq. Assist.-com.-gen. &c. to the daughter of the late A. Gibson, Esq. of Paisley.——At Kingscote, Gloucestershire, the Rev. J. Haggitt, Rector of Ditton, to the eldest daughter of the late Sir H. Peyton, Bart.——Sir T. E. Winnington, Bart. M. P. of Stanford Court, Worcestershire, to the second daughter of J. Taylor, Esq. of Moseley Hall.——Sir B. Reginald Graham, of Norton Conyers, Yorkshire, to the third daughter of the late G. Clarke, Esq. West Hatch, Essex.——Sir J. Fleming Leicester, to the youngest daughter of Colonel Cottin.——At Turvey House, Dublin, the Hon. R. Leeson, of Clermont, Wicklow, to the youngest daughter of the Rev. J. Neve, D. D. of Middleton, Oxfordshire.——The Hon. Miss Ffrench, and the Hon. Miss Rose Ffrench, daughters of the Right Hon. Lord Ffrench—the elder to Edw. J. Beytagh, Esq. of Cappagh, in the county of Galway; and the younger to Francis Blake Foster, Esq. of Ashfield, in the same county. ——Mr. J. Rees, son of J. Rees, Esq. of Haverfordwest, to Martha, second daughter of Samuel Tomkins, Esq. of Winchester-street.——Richard Tattersall, Esq. of Grosvenor-place, to Mary Grace, eldest daughter of Horatio Robson, Esq. Piccadilly.——Mr. George Morgan, of Ludgate-hill, stationer, to Miss Harrison, of Kensington.

MONTHLY OBITUARY.

LATELY, at Hampstead, Lady Catherine Lennox, only daughter of the Earl of Lennox.——At Walmer, near Deal, Rear-admiral Keeler.——At Trew, in the parish of Killyman, in the county of Tyrone, E. Rafferty, at the advanced age of 105; and (singular to relate) the only circumstance he had to regret was, that of sleeping one night out of the parish he was born in. He was perfectly sensible to the last moment of his life, and never had an hour's sickness.——At Gallon, in the county of Mayo, in the 40th year of his age, J. Browne, Esq. of Brownestown in that county, Major in the Mayo Militia.——The son of Mr. Woolfitt, farmer, of Harmston, near Lincoln. As he was ringing the sermon-bell at Welingere church, he suddenly desisted; saying, "The bell is so heavy, I am quite fatigued." He never spoke more, but died a few minutes after in the church-yard.——After suffering an imprisonment of 23 years in the Tower, a remarkably fine black leopard of his Majesty's; of whom we find the following mention made by Mr. Pennant, in his History of London:—"In April, 1787, there was a leopard, of a quite unknown species, brought from Bengal. It was wholly black; but the hair was marked, on the back, sides, and neck, with round clusters of small spots, of a glossy and the most intense black; the tail hung several inches beyond the length of the legs, and was very full of hair."—This noble beast's skin is now being stuffed; after which it is to be again placed in the Menagerie in the Tower.——At Frindsbury, in Kent, Mrs. Gunning, wife of George Gunning, Esq. aged 52.——At Ewes Farm, Yorkshire, Mr. Paul Parnell, farmer, grazier, and maltster, aged 76; of whom it is truly said, that in his time he quaffed, out of one old family silver cup, upwards of 2000l. sterling worth of genuine Yorkshire stingo, of which he was remarkably fond. This was the bon vivant whom O'Keeffe celebrated in more than one of his Bacchanalian songs, under the appellation of Toby Philpot.——At New Hailes, Scotland, Dame Helen Fergusen, relict of the Hon. Sir David Dalrymple, of Hailes, Bart. late one of the Senators of the College of Justice.——In consequence of her clothes taking fire, Mrs. Parker, wife of Mr. Parker, grocer, of Whitchurch, Shropshire, and only child of Mr. J. Wright, stationer.—She survived 24 hours after experiencing the most excruciating pain.——Mrs. Capper, widow of Richard Capper, Esq. of Bushey, Herts. ——At Chepstow, in her 104th year, Jane

Jefferys.——At Clones, county of Monaghan, at the advanced age of 87, the Hon. and Rev. Richard Henry Roper, Rector of that parish for upwards of 60 years.——At Dorchester, Josiah Ritchie, Esq. late of Greenwich, aged 23.——Of an exhausted constitution and a broken heart, Mr. Johnston, the machinist, late of Drury-lane Theatre. He had been reduced to the greatest extremity of distress before he apprized the Performers at the Lyceum of his condition. They all zealously subscribed for his support, as soon as they heard of his situation; but their assistance came too late for any hope of his recovery. He was a very ingenious artist, and a worthy man. He was one of the victims of the calamity that befel Drury-lane Theatre, being thereby thrown out of employment; and had been confined for debt several months. ——At Castle Connel, the Lady of Humphrey Minchin, Esq. of the city of Dublin.——At Weybridge, Mr. Allidav, Steward to the Proprietors of the River Wye for 20 years.

Oct. 6. Mr. Thomas, of Cheyne-walk, Chelsea, surgeon.——At Newtown, near Kilmacthomas, in the 95th year of his age, Denis Macnamara, commonly known by the name of Ruadh, or Red-haired. During 70 years, at least, of such a rare course of longevity, this extraordinary man had been looked up to by his cotemporaries in Irish literature, as possessing that poetical eminence which ranked him among thé most celebrated of the modern bards.

9. In Caithness, Mr. Marcus Gunn, Tacksman of Dalemore, within one day of completing the 95th year of his age. It is singular, that he and his predecessors had possessed that farm for seventeen generations in succession. He is succeeded in it by his son, who makes the eighteenth!

11. At Brighton, John James, eldest son of Sir David Wedderburn, Bart. of Ballindean.——At Brighton, aged 73, Charles Fox, Esq. many years a magistrate of the county of Northampton, and one of the Verderers of Rockingham Forest.

12. Charles John Frederick Jansen, Lieutenant in the 2d light battalion of the King's German Legion, married to Marianne, youngest daughter of Rich. Cumberland, Esq. in whose house he died, and who attended him to the grave.

14. Mary Ann, aged six years; and on the 24th, Jane, aged nine years, of the scarlet fever, daughters of Samuel Deverell, Esq. of Winchester.

15. At Kingswood Lodge, near Windsor, Gideon Bickerdike, Esq. formerly an eminent merchant in Manchester.

16. In St. Martin's, Stamford Baron, in the 52d year of his age, the Rev. Joseph Plumptre, Rector of Newton, in the Isle of Ely, and of Stretton, in the county of Rutland.

17. At Bear Port, Sussex, of a dropsy in the chest, the Lady of Sir James Bland Burgess, Bart.

18. Samuel Pousett, Esq. of Stockwell, in the 65th year of his age.——In the 49th year of his age, Sir Charles Jacob, Bart.——Mr. Jacobs, belonging to the Ewry in his Majesty's household.——John M'Taggart, Esq. of Mincing-lane, and Knotts Green, Essex.——Oldfield Bowles, Esq. of North Aston, in the county of Oxford.——At Shardeloes, Buckinghamshire, after a few hours illness, T. D. T. Drake, Esq. M. P. for Amersham.

19. At Exeter, Mrs. Christopher, aged 30, wife of Henry Christopher, Esq. Commander of the Honourable East India Company's ship Sir William Pulteney.——The wife of Mr. Frederick Turner, of Bloomsbury-square, solicitor, in the 29th year of her age. ——At Pentonville, in the 74th year of her age, Mrs. Holman, mother of Mr. Holman, late of Covent Garden Theatre.——In Soho-square, in the 63d year of his age, Jonas Dryander, Esq. librarian to Sir Joseph Bankes, and to the Royal Society, and a Vice President of the Linnean Society. His eminent attainments in that branch of science, which he chiefly cultivated, had long placed him in the first rank among the Naturalists in Europe; and his Catalogue of the Banksian Library, which is before the public, will be a lasting monument of erudition, perseverance, and sound judgment.

20. At Beaumaris, in his 78th year, Sir Samuel Brooke, Bart.——At Addington-place, near Maidstone, Kent, in his 83d year, Leonard Bartholomew, Esq.

21. In Edinburgh, Sir James Hay, Bart. of Smithfield and Haystoun, in the 86th year of his age.——Mr. S. Hall, of Castle-court, Budge-row, solicitor.——In the 74th year of her age, Margaret, relict of the late John Hawes, Esq. of Stratford-green.

22. Mr. John Hall, haberdasher, No. 49, Cheapside, aged 47 years.——At Guildford, Mr. Charles Booker, sen. one of the Aldermen of that place.

23. At Aveley, Essex, of a typhus fever, Mr. Thomas Woodthorp, jun.

24. In Lamb's Conduit-street, William Wilkinson, Esq. aged 69.——At Clifton, in the 15th year of his age, W. Bligh, son of Thomas Bligh, Esq. and nephew to the Earl of Darnley.

25. At Teviat-row, Edinburgh, Mrs. Brown, widow of G. Brown, Esq. and daughter of the late James Dundas, Esq. of Dundas Castle, West Lothian.—Mrs. Brown has left one son, Robert Brown, Esq. now in India, and three daughters, Viscountess Hampden, Lady Wedderburn, and the Hon. Mrs. Alexander Hope.——At his Vicarage, Kentish Town, in the 75th year of his age, the Rev. Dr. Champneys, Sub-Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral.

26. Mr. John Scott, of Cornhill, aged 52. ——At Edinburgh, Mrs. Grace M'Donald,

wife of Mr. James Ralston, stabler in Edinburgh.—Mr. Ralston's afflictions have of late been uncommonly severe; on the 13th of October he lost one daughter, and on the 14th another: both after very short illnesses.

27. Mrs. Jemima Dollman, wife of Mr. John Dollman, of St. James's-street.——At Kennington, John Tetlow, Esq.——At Barnet's-place, Sussex, Fasham Nairn, Esq. in the 81st year of his age.

28. The Hon. Captain Francis Hay Drummond, of Cromlin, only brother to the Earl of Kinnoul. He was drowned about nine o'clock in the morning, in the neighbourhood of Perth, in crossing the Earne by a ford, on which the water had been deepened by the rain of the preceding evening. It is conjectured, from the report of a boy, who was in the neighbourhood, that the horse which he rode having got beyond his depth, Captain Drummond kept his back while he swam across; but was unseated in the violent struggles of the terrified animal to get up the bank at a steep and unfavourable place. Captain Drummond had spent the preceding day with Lord Ruthven, at his seat of Freeland, and was prevented, by the badness of the evening, from returning, as intended, to Duplin Castle, where he lately arrived on a visit to his brother, after escaping the dangers of war both in Walcheren and Portugal.

29. In Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, in the 65th year of his age, Alexander Williams, Esq.——At Scotland Green, Enfield, Mrs. Sarah Fuller, the last surviving daughter of the late Wm. Fuller, Esq. Banker, Lombard-street.——At Brandon House, near Coventry, in his 30th year, the Right Hon. Henry Yelverton, Lord Grey de Ruthyn, Baron Hastings, Wyford, and Valance, Lieutenant-colonel Commandant of the 4th regiment of Warwickshire Local Militia, and an active magistrate for the county of Warwick. His lordship was grandson to the third and last Earl of Sussex, and was married in June, 1809, to Maria, daughter of Wm. Kellam, Esq. of Ryton, by whom he has left an infant daughter. His lordship passed three weeks in Coventry with his regiment, during which period he had a slight attack, but had immediate relief. After his return to Brandon House, he was again seized with a violent hemorrhage, which terminated his existence in five days.

30. The Rev. Richard King, Rector of Worthen, Shropshire, and Vicar of Steeple Morden.——Samuel Dendy, Esq. of Dorking, Surrey.——At his house in Masham, Jeremiah Batley, Esq. of Lamb's Conduit-street, London, and formerly of Bull-close, near Halifax, Yorkshire. In the year 1780, he was the author of a Letter to Mr. Wyville, on the subject of Parliamentary Reform, afterwards published; and several other political tracts.

31. At Croom's Hill, Blackheath, Christopher Chapman Bird, Esq. aged 73 years.

——At his seat in Cornwall, where he had gone for the recovery of his health, the Right Hon. George Legge, Earl of Dartmouth, and Viscount Lewisham. He was called up as a Baron to the House of Peers in 1801, during the lifetime of his father, and appointed President of the Board of Control in the same year. In 1804, he succeeded his father in his titles. He was Lord Chamberlain to his Majesty, and a Knight of the Garter; and was born October the 2d, 1755; was educated at Oxford, and obtained the Degree of M. A. in 1775.

In 1774, he was returned for the Borough of Plymouth; and, in 1780, for Staffordshire; in two years after, was appointed one of the Lords of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales; and, in 1789, Lord Warden of the Stannaries. In 1783, he was nominated one of the Commissioners of Mr. Fox's new Board of Admiralty, who were to be assisted by a subordinate Board of nine Directors.

In the summer of 1807, he resigned the Colonelcy of the Loyal Birmingham Volunteers, on account of ill health. His lordship was a man of the mildest and most amiable manners: he married Frances, sister to the Earl of Aylesford, by whom he had a numerous family. He is succeeded in his title and estates by his son William, Viscount Lewisham, now in his 26th year.

The following lines were written on the late Earl, by the Earl of Carlisle, when they were boys at Eton School:—

"Mild as the dew that whitens yonder plain,
Legge shines serenest 'midst your youthful train;
He whom the search of fame with rapture moves,
Disdains the pedant, though the Muse he loves—
By nature form'd with modesty to please,
And joins with wisdom unaffected ease."

——In the 71st year of her age, the Lady of Benj. Hareno, Esq. of Foot's-Cray-place, Kent.——In Mary-street, Dublin, Philip Adams, Esq. barrister at law—he had been long in a declining state of health, and was found dead in his bed.——At Raith, in Fifeshire, Robert Ferguson, Esq. of Raith. On the Monday preceding, he was apparently in the enjoyment of perfect health; but on that day he suffered a paralytic stroke, which at first was not alarming, but it terminated his life on the second day. His second son, the gallant Major-general Ferguson, was with him in his last moments.——In Spital-square, in her 83d year, Mrs. Addington, relict of the late Dr. Addington, of Grove House, Mile End.——Of a fit of apoplexy, Mrs. Morgan, of Savage-gardens.——Aged 85, Mr. Thomas Turner, Collector of Dock Dues at Hull. The early part of Mr. Turner's life was at sea, he having entered into the service, as a Clerk on board a King's vessel, in 1735, when only ten years old. He was

18 years clerk of different vessels; and afterwards Purser, seven years in the Sapphire, and fifteen in the Juno, of 32 guns each. He went into the William yacht, as Clerk, in 1736, and was on board her when the mother of his present Majesty was brought over and landed at Greenwich. In 1755, he went Clerk in the Royal Carolina yacht, which in the following May took his late Majesty on board at Harwich, and landed him at Helvoetsluys, and in September brought him back to England, the last time his Majesty visited his continental dominions. He was on board the same yacht when she brought over her present Majesty to England. In the beginning of 1771, being then Purser of the Juno, he sailed in that vessel at the time she went to take possession of Falkland Islands, and returned in her to Plymouth.

Nov. 1. Mr. F. Chalie, wine merchant, Mincing-lane. He was sitting on his horse, and inquiring after one which was to be sold at Mr. Hall's, in Grosvenor place, when he dropped off, in an apoplectic fit, as it is supposed, and died in a few minutes. [See a portrait, &c. of this gentleman in Vol. LVII. p. 83]——At Kentish Town, at the advanced age of 93, Mr. Charles Grignion, an eminent Engraver, and Father of the Art. ——At Castle Menzies, Perthshire, Mrs. Menzies, wife of Lieutenant-colonel Menzies, and daughter-in-law, of Sir R. Menzies, Bart. ——Suddenly, at Wareham, aged 65, Mr. J. Laurence, the Mayor of that Borough; which office he had several times before filled. ——At College green, Bristol, Lieutenant-colonel Frith, of the North Hampshire Militia.

2. Deeply regretted, Mrs. Mary Smallbone, wife of Wm. Smallbone, Esq. of Walworth Common, aged 52.——Mr. Thomas Adams, aged 51, many years partner with Mr. J. Munt, hat-maker, Leadenhall-street. ——At Epping, in the 79th year of her age, the Lady of Sir Thomas Coxhead.

3. In Beaumont-street, in the 87th year of her age, Mrs. Shipley, mother of Colonel Sir C. Shipley.——At his apartments in St. James's Palace, —— Crompton, Esq. principal page to the Queen.

4. In Waterford, the Rev. B. Dickinson, minister of the congregation of Anabaptists in that city. This respectable man died while employed in the discharge of the sacred functions of his office. Mr. Dickinson had advanced but a short way in his discourse, when he suddenly fell down in his pulpit, and instantly expired. Medical aid, though promptly procured, was totally unavailing. He has left a widow and five children.——Mr. Thomas Hemmans, of the Bank of England.

5. In the Precincts, Canterbury, in her 61st year, Mrs. Stretch, widow of Major Stretch, and daughter of the late Admiral Ward.

7. At Pentonville, George Service, Esq. in the 60th year of his age.——Mr. Hobart, shoemaker, of Crow-street, Newington. As he was serving a customer with a pair of shoes, he fell down in a fit and instantly expired. ——In the 67th year of his age, John Perry, Esq. of Moor Hall, Essex.——George Thorn, upholsterer, of Bear-yard, Lincoln's-inn fields; his death was occasioned by exerting himself at a late fire in the above place. This poor man has left a wife and ten children to lament his loss.

8. At Camberwell, Mrs. Rich, wife of Mr. Rich, of Ludgate hill.——Charles Moore, Esq. one of the auditors of public accounts, and brother of the late General Sir John Moore.

9. At Church Eaton, Staffordshire, the Rev. Mr. George Taylor, of Mardge, Devonshire, rector of Church Eaton, and Aldford, Cheshire.

10. At Hammersmith, Mr. R. Voyce, aged 76.——At Upper Homerton, Mrs. Le Mesurier, widow of the late Alderman Le Mesurier.

11. At Strand-on-the Green, near Kew-bridge, Johan Zoffani, Esq. R. A.——In Charles-street, Westminster, Captain John Orton, of the royal marines, aged 43 years.

12. At Wimbledon, where he had been to meet a party of friends, Mr. Taylor, a gentleman who resided at Merton.——Mrs. West, wife of William West, Esq. of Bride-lane, Fleet-street.

13. At Kentish Town, Mrs. Tate, wife of Mr. Robert Tate, of Salisbury-street, Strand.——In Montague-square, J. L. Douglas, Esq. admiral of the Blue.——At Hartwell, of a dropsy, after having lingered several years in a very bad state of health, the Countess de Lille, her Most Christian Majesty. She displayed in her last moments that firmness, piety, and resignation, which are the characteristics of the House of Bourbon. Her Majesty's death-bed was attended by the Count de Lille, and all the Princes and Princesses of the Royal Blood, of whom she took the most affectionate leave.——At Falmouth, on her return from Cadiz, the Lady of Lieutenant-colonel Cameron, of the 79th regiment.——In the House of Correction, at Durham, where he had been confined upwards of seven years, under sentence of transportation for life, James Allen, a character well known in most parts of the united kingdom, but particularly in Northumberland. He went by the name of Jemmy, the Duke's piper, and was, in his early life, a great proficient on the pipes. He was capitally convicted of horse-stealing at the assizes at Durham, in 1803, and received sentence of death; but was afterwards pardoned, on condition of transportation for life; but on account of his age and infirmities, his sentence could not be carried into execution. He had nearly completed his 89th year, and for the greater part of his confinement was afflicted with a complication of diseases.

14. In Charles-street, Francis Baring, Esq. second son of John Baring, Esq. of Mount Radford, near Exeter.——In Dublin, Lieutenant-colonel Connell, of the Limerick county militia.

15. At May place, Kent, the Right Hon. Lady Fermanagh, aged 73.——In Portland-street, M. Franks, Esq. many years chief-justice of the Bahamas.

16. Of an apoplexy, at his brother's, in Upper Wimpole-street, Bernard Shirley, Esq. in the 58th year of his age.——In Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, in his 84th year, John Barnard, Esq.——At Bromyard, Herefordshire, Mr. T. C. Jenks, in the 74th year of his age.

17. Mrs. Sheppard, wife of Mr. Walter Sheppard, of New Ranelagh, Millbank.——The Rev. J. W. Askew, A. M. Fellow of University College, Oxford.——At Camberwell, Mr. Richard Ladyman, at the advanced age of 81.

18. In Hart-street, Bloomsbury, deeply regretted by all who knew him, T. W. Fletcher, Esq. in his 51st year.

19. At Windsor, J. B. Parkhurst, Esq.——At Brighton, after a few days illness, Charles Teister, Esq.——Joseph Allan, Esq. aged 74, of Upper Thornhaugh-street, Bedford-square; the oldest liveryman in the plumbers' company.——In Doctors' Commons, Henry Stevens, Esq. Senior Proctor, and Registrar of the Arches Court of Canterbury.

20. Of a billious fever, Charles Runnington, Esq. barrister at law.

21. At Rochester, John Nicholson, Esq. town clerk of that city, aged 34 years.

22, At Cranbrooke-house, Ilford, John Marmaduke Grafton, Dare, Esq.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Naples, on the 19th June, in the 70th year of his age, the Right Rev. Luke Concannon. This venerable prelate had been appointed about two years ago, and consecrated bishop of New York, by the present sovereign Pontiff, Pius VII. No sooner was he appointed, than he tried all means in his power to repair to his flock; but the unhappy circumstances of wars and revolutions always prevented him from attaining the object of his most ardent desires; till at length he had reason to believe, after a series of disappointments, that the long wished for period had arrived, which would enable him to obtain a passage to New York. Naples, in Italy, was the port from which he contemplated sailing, whither he repaired, in order to avail himself of the opportunity of a vessel there, bound for the United States. He had already secured his passage; when the government of Naples, informed of his arrival and intention, arrested, declared him a prisoner, and ordered him, under the severest penalties, not to embark in any vessel. This disappointment affected him so sensibly, that he fell dangerously ill, and a few days terminated his life, in the great Convent of St. Dominick. Dr. Concannon was the first Catholic bishop of New York, appointed immediately by the Apostolical see for that diocese. His desire of being useful, induced him, at the age of nearly 70 years, to take the resolution of going to America, after having resided nearly forty years at the Court of Rome, where he had acted as agent for the bishops of Ireland and England, to both of which countries he had rendered the most signal and important services.

Lately, at Guadaloupe, of a fever, Major Henderson, of the York Rangers. He was interred with military honours, the governor and admiral on the station, attending on the occasion.——In St. Ann's, Jamaica, Mr. W. Buchanan. He was choaked by a live sprat, which, in fishing, he attempted to hold in his teeth.——At Bourdeaux, of a cholic, a woman of 106 years of age. The French papers say she never was indisposed, and never had bad health; she was extremely gay and lively, and much beloved; she very lately sang the songs that were sung in the time of Louis XIV, and danced the PASSE-PIED. She was a native of Libourne, or thereabouts; and was an inhabitant of Bourdeaux upwards of 80 years,

OCT. 15. At Jersey, Daniel Budd, Esq. late his Britannic Majesty's Consul, at Alicant, whence he was driven with his whole family at the breaking out of the war.

18. At St. Germains, in the 82d year of his age, Noverre, the celebrated Maitre de Ballet some years ago at our Opera.

MARCH 24. At the settlement of Hobart, while sitting in his chair, conversing with his medical attendant; after a short illness of six days, Lieutenant-governor Collins, colonel of marines. His funeral was attended by all the officers of the settlement. Lieutenant Lord, of the marines, following the bier as chief-mourner; upwards of 600 persons attended to pay the last duties of respect to their revered governor. Colonel Collins's "Account of the English Colony in New South Wales," is the only authentic history that we have on that subject. He was himself a most amiable and excellent man, and has left behind him a widow in London, a very accomplished lady, of considerable literary talents. See page 380.

JUNE 21. At sea, on board his Majesty's ship Dromedary, Colonel William Paterson, lieutenant-colonel of the 102d regiment, Fellow of the Royal Society, Member of the Asiatic Society, and many years Lieutenant-governor of New South Wales; from which Colony he was returning to England in the command of the 102d regiment.

Joyce Gold, Printer, Shoe-lane, London.

DAILY PRICE OF STOCKS FROM OCTOBER 26, TO NOVEMBER 24, 1810, BOTH INCLUSIVE.

Days 1810	Bank Stock	3 perCt Reduc	3 per Ct Consols	4 perCt Consol	Navy 5 perCt	Long Anns.	Imp. 3 perCt	Imp. Anns.	Irish 5 perCt	India Stock.	India Bonds.	So. Sea Stock.	So. Sea Ann.	Exche. Bills.	StateLot. Tickets.	CityFr. Tick.	Omn.	Cons. for Acc.
Oct. 26	holiday																	
27	—	65 7/8	66 1/2 a 3/4	82 1/2	100 1/8	17 15-16	—	—	—	—	25s pr.	—	—	11s pr.	—	8l 15s	5 1/2 dis.	66 3/4
29	—	65 5/8	66 5/8 a 3/8	82 3/8	100	17 7/8	—	—	—	—	26s pr.	—	—	11s pr.	—	8l 15s	5 5/8 dis.	66 3/4 a 1/2
30	254	65 3/4	66 3/8 a 5/8	82 3/8	100	17 7/8	—	—	—	183	25s pr.	—	—	11s pr.	—	8l 15s	5 1/2 dis.	66 5/8 a 3/4
31	—	65 5/8	66 1/2 a 65 7/8	82 1/4	99 3/4	17 13-16	—	—	—	182	25s pr.	—	—	11s pr.	—	8l 15s	6 1/2 dis.	66 5/8 a 66
Nov. 1	holiday																	
2	—	65 1/2	66 1/8 a 3/8	82 1/8	99 3/4	17 3/4	—	—	—	—	26s pr.	—	—	11s pr.	—	8l 15s	6 dis.	66 1/4 a 1/2
3	252 1/4	65 1/2	66 1/4 a 3/8	82 1/8	99 7/8	17 3/4	—	—	—	182	26s pr.	—	—	12s pr.	—	8l 15s	5 3/4 dis.	66 1/8
5	holiday																	
6	251 3/4	65 3/4	66 1/4 a 3/8	82 3/8	100	17 7/8	64 1/8	6 1-16	—	—	26s pr.	—	—	12s pr.	—	8l 15s	5 5/8 dis.	66 3/8 a 3/4
7	249 1/2	65 3/4	66 3/8 a 5/8	82 3/8	100	17 7/8	—	—	—	181 1/2	27s pr.	—	—	13s pr.	—	8l 15s	5 5/8 dis.	66 5/8 a 3/8
8	249 1/2	65 3/4	66 1/2 a 5/8	82 1/4	100	17 13-16	—	—	—	181 1/2	27s pr.	—	—	11s pr.	—	8l 15s	5 5/8 dis.	66 1/2 a 5/8
9	holiday																	
10	249	65 3/4	66 1/2 a 5/8	82 3/8	100 1/8	17 13-16	—	—	—	180 1/2	28s pr.	—	—	13s pr.	—	8l 15s	5 5/8 dis.	66 1/2 a 5/8
12	249 1/2	65 7/8	66 5/8 a 3/4	82 3/8	100 1/4	17 13-16	—	—	—		28s pr.	—	—	13s pr.	—	8l 15s	5 1/2 dis.	66 5/8 a 3/4
13	249	66	66 5/8 a 7/8	8 5/8	100 3/8	17 13-16	64 3/8	6 1-16	—	181	—	—	—	13s pr.	—	8l 15s	5 3/8 dis	66 3/4 a 7/8
14	—	66 1/8	66 3/4 a 67	82 1/2	100 3/8	17 13 16	—	—	—	—	27s pr.	—	—	13s pr.	—	8l 15s	5 1/4 dis.	66 7/8 a 67
15	248	66 1/4	67 1/8 a 66 7/8	82 5/8	100 3/8	17 7/8	—	—	—	181	27s pr.	—	—	12s pr.	—	8l 15s	4 7/8 dis.	67 1/8 a 67
16	—	66 3/4	67 1/4 a 1/2	82 5/8	100 1/2	17 7/8	64 7/8	—	—	182	26s pr.	—	—	13s pr.	—	8l 15s	4 5/8 dis	67 7/8 a 5/8
17	—	66 3/4	67 3/8 a 5/8	82 5/8	100 5/8	—	65 1/4	6 1-16	—	—	28s pr.	—	—	15s pr.	—	8l 15s	4 1/8 dis.	67 5/8 a 1/2
19	—	66 5/8	67 1/2 a 3/8	82 1/2	100 5/8	17 13-16	—	—	—	—	28s pr.	—	—	15s pr.	—	8l 15s	—	67 1/2 a 5/8
20	245 1/2	66 3/4	67 3/8 a 1/2	82 5/8	100 1/2	17 7/8	—	—	—	183	27s pr.	—	—	16s pr.	—	8l 15s	4 3/8 dis.	67 1/2 a 3/8
21	245	66 1/2	67 1/4 a 66 7/8	82 1/2	100 1/2	17 13-16	64 7/8	—	—	183 1/4	27s pr.	—	—	14s pr.	—	8l 15s	4 5/8 dis.	67 3/8 a 66 7/8
22	244 1/2	66 1/2	67 1/4	82 1/2	100 1/2	17 13-16	65 1/8	6 1-16	—	182	26s pr.	—	—	12s pr.	—	8l 15s	4 5/8 dis.	67 1/4
23	215	66 3/8	67 1/4 a 67	8 1/2	100 5/8	17 3/4	—	—	—	—	26s pr.	—	—	12s pr.	—	8l 15s	4 7/8 dis.	67 1/4 a 67
24	246	66 1/4	67 1/4 a 67	82 1/2	100 1/2	17 13-16	65 1/8	6 1-16	—	182	26s pr.	—	—	11s pr.	21l 0s	8l 15s	—	67 1/8 a 67

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